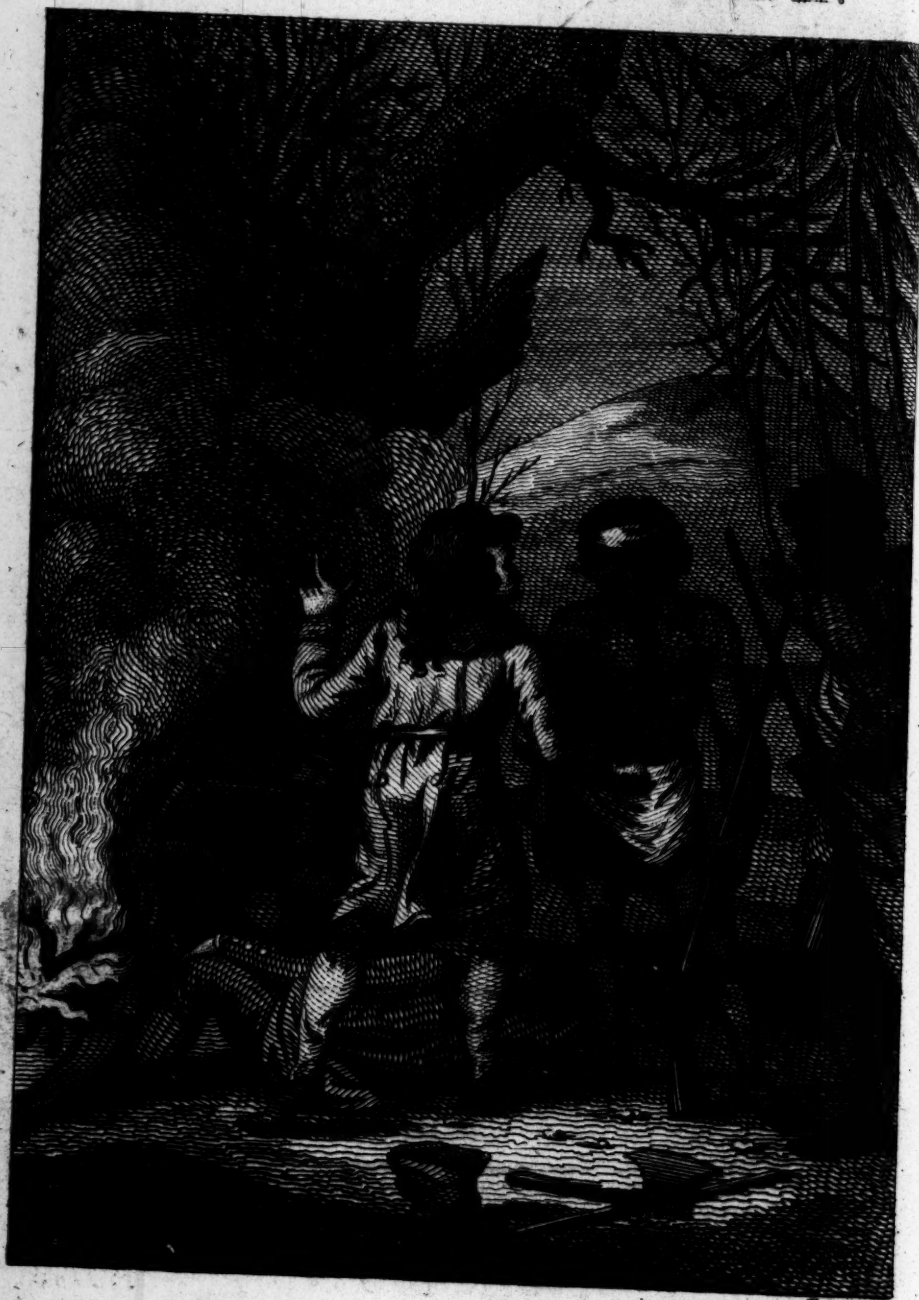


FRONTISPIECE. Vol. II.

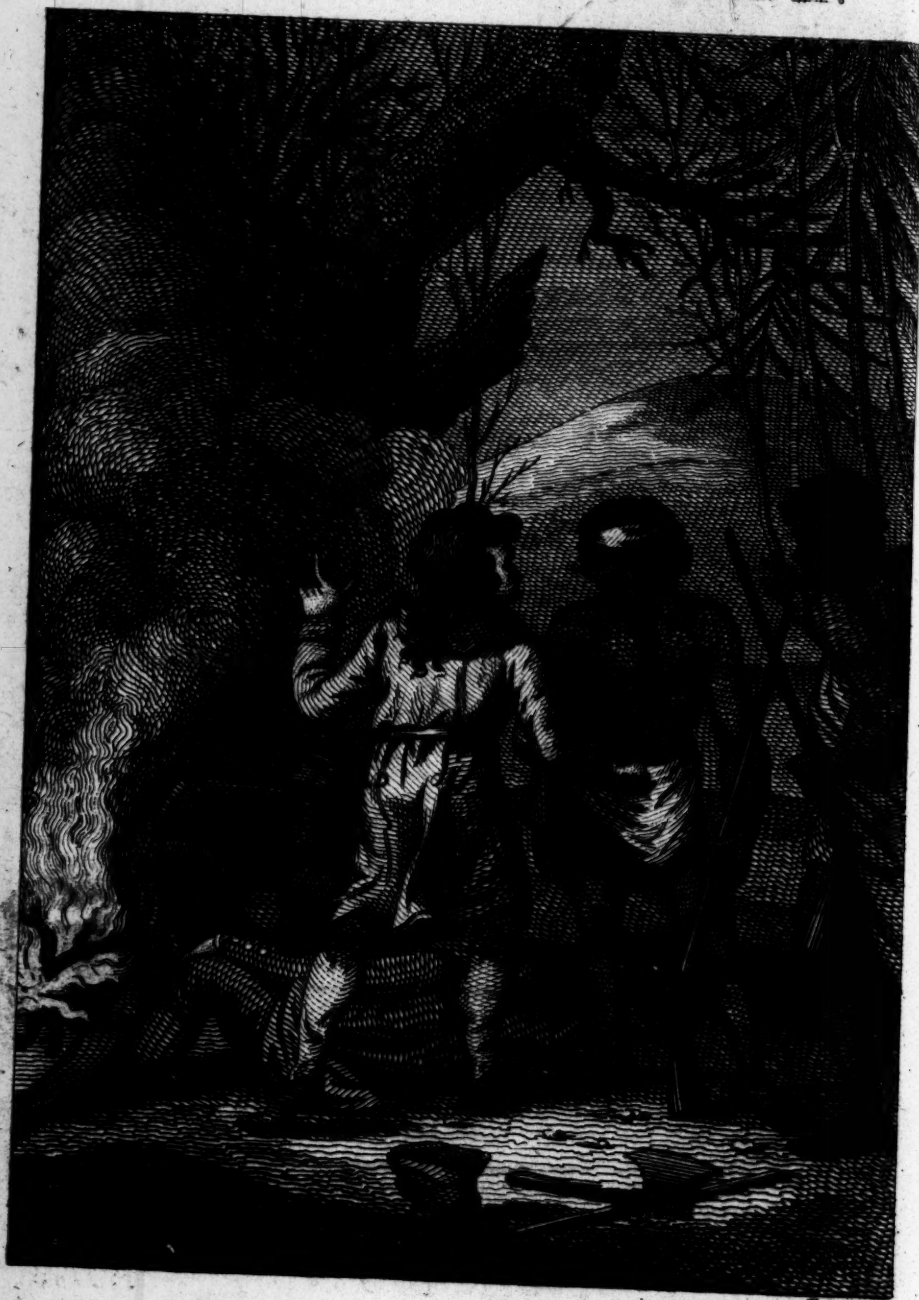


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THE
FRIEND OF YOUTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN;

COMPLETE
IN TWO VOLUMES.

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, POULTRY; J. STOCKDALE,
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F R I E N D O F Y O U T H .



NARRATIVE OF A SHIPWRECK.

ON the 17th of November, 1780, I embarked on board the St. Lawrence brigantine, then lying in the basin of Quebec, and bound to New York, being charged with dispatches from General Haldimand, commander in chief in that province, to Sir Henry Clinton. The same day, on receiving our sailing orders, we weighed anchor, and dropped down to the harbour called Patrick's Hole, in the island of Orleans, in company with a schooner bound to the same port, on board of which was an Ensign Drummond, of the 44th regiment, with duplicates of General Haldimand's dispatches. In this place we were detained six days by a contrary wind; at the expiration of which time the frost had set in with prodigious severity, and the ice was forming fast in all parts of the river. Had the wind continued unfair for a few days longer, we should have been entirely blocked up by it, and had happily escaped the calamities which afterwards befel us.

On the 24th, the wind being fair, we got under weigh, and proceeded down the river St. Lawrence, as far as the Brandy Pots, islands so called, about forty leagues from Quebec. At this place the wind veered about to the north-east, which obliged us again to anchor. The weather continued intensely cold; and the vessel, being leaky, made so much water as to render it necessary to keep one pump continually going. A change of wind soon after enabled us to proceed on our voyage, and to make the island of Anticosti, which is at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence; when the

wind coming round again to the eastward, we were obliged to beat off and on between this island and Cape Roziere for four days; our vessel at the same time increasing her leaks to such a degree, that we were under the necessity of rigging the other pump, and of keeping them both constantly at work. Being now in a higher latitude, the severity of the cold had increased in proportion, and the ice began to form so fast about the ship as to alarm us exceedingly, lest we should be entirely surrounded by it; which we only prevented by cutting and breaking vast quantities from her sides. To this task, with that of keeping the pumps at work, the crew, together with the passengers, were scarcely equal, only nineteen persons being on board, of whom six were passengers, and the remainder very indifferent seamen. As for the master, from whom in the present emergency we might have expected some degree of exertion, instead of attending to his duty and the preservation of his ship, he remained continually in a state of intoxication in his cabin.

On the 29th the wind came round to the north-west, and we proceeded down the gulf of St. Lawrence, with two feet water in the ship's hold. The wind kept gradually increasing till the 1st of December, when it blew a perfect gale from the north-west quarter; and the ship's crew being now almost overcome with cold and fatigue, seeing no prospect of gaining upon the leak, the water having already increased to four feet in the hold, nor a possibility of making any port, they came to the resolution of working no longer at the pumps; which was unanimously agreed to by all the foremast men. They accordingly left off working, and declared themselves quite indifferent about their fate, preferring the alternative of going to the bottom together with the vessel, to that of suffering such severe and incessant labour in so desperate a situation. Their fatigues, it must be confessed, from the 17th of November had been excessive; and though hope might still remain, yet our present circumstances were such as to exclude all probability at least of saving the vessel. However, by the force of persuasion and promises, together with the timely distribution of a pint of wine per man, which I had fortunately brought on board, they were diverted from

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from this desperate resolution, but with great reluctance, saying, with some truth, as we afterwards experienced, and with more than they themselves were aware of, that whether the vessel filled or not was a matter of no consequence. This delay, though not exceeding a quarter of an hour, had increased the depth of water another foot; but the men added to their exertions, being encouraged by the wine, which was issued to them every half hour, succeeded so far as to reduce the water in the space of two hours to less than three feet. The captain still remained in his cabin.

During the 2d and 3d of December the gale seemed to increase rather than diminish. The ice formed so thick on the ship's sides, as to impede her way very much through the water; which furnished us with a new labour, that of cutting it off, as fast as it formed, with saws and axes. The leak continued to gain ground. The schooner that was in company, far from being able to afford us any assistance, was in as leaky a condition as our own vessel, having struck upon some rocks at the island of Coudres, through the ignorance or neglect of her pilot. A heavy snow beginning to fall, it was with the utmost difficulty we could get sight of each other, though at no great distance, and, in order not to part company, fired a gun every half hour. The schooner at length made no answer to our guns, whence we concluded she had foundered; nor were we wrong in our supposition. There were sixteen persons on board, every one of whom perished.

On the following day the gale increased prodigiously, and the sea began to run high, with a heavy fall of snow, so as to prevent our seeing twenty yards a-head of the vessel. The men being excessively fatigued, the water had risen to its usual quantity of between four and five feet. The mate, whom I have not yet taken notice of, an intelligent young man, and well acquainted with his profession, judged, from the distance we had run, that we could not now be far from the Magdalen Islands, which lie about midway in the gulf of St. Lawrence. These islands are nothing more than a cluster of rocks, some appearing above, and others hidden under the water, and have been fatal to many vessels. Seamen wish often to make them in fine weather, as they

serve to take a new departure from; but in foggy or blowing weather they as studiously avoid them. The mate's conjecture was but too well founded; for in less than two hours we heard the sea breaking upon the rocks, and soon after discovered the principal island, called the Deadman, close under our lee, the point of which it was with the greatest difficulty that we weathered. Having happily cleared the main island, we were still far from thinking ourselves secure; for being unable, on account of the heavy fall of snow, to see many yards a-head of the vessel, and being in the midst of the small islands, there appeared very little probability that we should pass clear of them all in the same manner. Not being able to distinguish any one in time to avoid it, we were obliged to leave the vessel to the direction of Providence, and fortunately, I might say almost miraculously, ran through them all without damage. The anxiety and perturbation of mind that the crew and passengers were in, while in the midst of these rocks, may be easily conceived: and now that the danger was over, it turned out to be a fortunate occurrence for us; for, by this time, the sailors being ready to sink under the accumulated distresses of cold and fatigue, and depressed by the little hopes they had of saving the vessel, had nearly determined a second time to quit the pumps, and leave the vessel to her fate, when acquiring fresh spirits from the danger we had escaped, and, as the vulgar are generally inclined to superstition, attributing what was perhaps accident alone to the immediate interposition of Providence, they agreed to continue their efforts a little longer; towards which they were likewise not a little encouraged by the wine which I distributed to them occasionally.

During the night the gale continuing, and the sea running very high, we were apprehensive of being what seamen call pooped, or having the stern or poop of the vessel beaten in by the waves; which happened in fact as we apprehended: for about five in the morning of the 5th, a large wave broke on the ship's quarter, which stove in our dead lights, filled the cabin, and washed the master out of his bed, where he had remained ever since the commencement of the gale. This accident was attended with worse consequences than we at first imagined;

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gined; for we soon discovered, from the increase of the leaks, that the stern-post had been started by the impulse of the sea. Having nothing in the after-hold, no other resource was left but that of attempting to stop the leaks with beef, which we cut into small pieces for that purpose: but this expedient we soon found ineffectual, and the water continued to gain on us faster than ever. The sailors finding all their labours fruitless, and the leak, which was constantly increasing before, now rendered by our late misfortune entirely irreparable, abandoned themselves totally to despair; and again refused to work at the pumps any longer. They had not however, long remained inactive before we contrived once more to persuade them, to make another effort to clear the vessel; when, to our great surprise and consternation, we found the pumps so hard frozen that it was impossible to move them.

All endeavours now to keep the ship clear were ineffectual, so that in a very short time she filled to the water's edge. Having no longer, as we imagined, the smallest foundation for hope, we resigned ourselves with as much fortitude as possible to our fate, which we expected every moment to be that of going to the bottom. Notwithstanding, when the vessel was quite full, we observed she was very little deeper in the water than before; and then recollecting a circumstance, which the trouble and confusion we had been in had almost obliterated, namely, that we had a quantity of lumber on board, we immediately accounted for the phenomenon of her not sinking beyond a certain depth in the water, and began to recall hopes of saving our lives at least, if we could but prevent her from oversetting till we could make the island of St. John's, or some other island in the gulph. Having no guns on deck, and not much lumber, to render the ship top-heavy, we contrived to prevent her from oversetting, by steering directly before the wind; though not without some difficulty, as, from the little way she made through the water, the waves frequently washed clear over the decks. Besides taking care to keep the vessel steady, we used every precaution to secure our boat from being washed overboard, the loss of which would in our present circumstances be a dreadful misfortune. The cabin, being raised above the

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level of the main deck, was tolerably clear of water, and afforded us some little shelter from the severity of the weather. Thither we retired, leaving only one man upon deck to govern the helm, who was fastened by a rope to prevent his being carried away by the waves, which at times made a free passage over us.

The gale still continued without remission, the snow falling so thick at the same time, as to prevent our seeing to the mast-head. We knew from the distance we had run, that we could not be far from land. The captain imagined from our course, during the night, and since the ship filled in the morning, that we must be near the island of St. John's, which lies between the Magdalen islands and the gut of Canso. This gave us hopes of saving our lives, in case we could run ashore on some sandy part of it, till they were dashed by the further information we had from the captain, that the north-east side of the island was nothing but a continued reef of rocks from one end to the other, and that there was but one harbour where ships could put in, which he recollected was on the opposite side of the island. In a few hours after, we observed the waves grew shorter and break higher, which is always found to be the case on approaching the shore; and likewise a number of gulls and ducks flying about, a further sign we could not be far distant from it.

We now concluded that we were about to run upon the rocks, which, the captain informed us, skirted the north-east side of the island, and on approaching the land laboured under greater dread and apprehension, than amidst all the dangers we had before experienced, the idea of being cast upon those tremendous rocks being more terrifying than that of being buried, as our companions were, in the bosom of the ocean. The ship had still made considerable way through the water, though full, and with no other sail set but a close-reefed fore-top-sail, which was the only one we could display; and the canvas being new, it had hitherto stood the gale. The captain proposed bringing the ship to, to keep her off the land; which I opposed, as well as the mate, urging the probability that we should overset her in the attempt; and that moreover, should we be able to effect it, she must after all drive ashore, as in her present state
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it was impossible to make any way to windward. Our opinion, however, was rejected, and an attempt was made to brace about the fore yard; but it was found impracticable, the ropes and blocks being covered with ice. We were therefore obliged to let it remain as before; and the water having suddenly changed its colour, we expected the ship to strike every instant. Small as our expectations were of saving our lives, I thought it incumbent on me to take every precaution to save the dispatches I was charged with, and therefore ordered my servant to open my trunks, and collect all the letters they contained, which I put into a handkerchief, and fastened about my waist. He at the same time offered me the money he found in them, to the amount of one hundred and eighty guineas, which I desired him to dispose of as he thought proper, thinking it in the present emergency rather an incumbrance than a matter worthy of preservation. My servant, however, thought otherwise, and took care to secure the cash, which was afterwards of more service to us, than at that time I could possibly have imagined.

The weather continued thick as usual till about one o'clock, when suddenly clearing up, we discovered the land, at about three leagues distance. This sight gave us no small satisfaction, taking it at first to be the island of St. John's, which being inhabited by several French and English families, we might have expected some assistance from them; but on a nearer view found, from the plans we had on board, that it had not the least appearance of that island, there being no such mountains and precipices laid down, as we discovered. On drawing nigher, we observed the sea break high, and have a very dismal appearance about three miles from the land. As it was necessary for us to pass through those breakers ere we could gain the shore, we expected that our fate would be determined there; but, contrary to our expectations, there was a considerable depth of water, so that we went over the reef without touching, though not without shipping many heavy seas, which, had not the vessel's timbers been strong, and her loading light, must infallibly have dashed her to pieces. The land now began to have a dreadful appearance, seeming at the distance we were off to be high and rocky; but on

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approaching within a mile of it, we had the pleasure of descrying a fine sandy beach and a bold shore. The sea ran high, but not to such a degree as on the reef we had already passed. As we advanced, the water continued to have a depth beyond our most sanguine wishes, so as to allow us to come within fifty or sixty yards of the beach before we struck. Now was the time for every man's apprehensions to be on the rack, as we might expect, on touching the shore, that the ship would go to pieces. At length she grounded with a violent concussion. On the first stroke the main-mast went out of the step, and on the second the fore-mast; but neither of them fell over the side, the deal boards in the hold being stowed so close together that the masts had no room to play below; at the same time the rudder was unshipped with such violence as to be near killing one of the sailors. As soon as the ship had grounded, the sea began to beat over her in every part, each wave lifting her four or five feet nearer the shore. In a short space of time the stern was beat in by the sea; and then, having no shelter in the cabin, we were obliged to go upon deck, and hang by the shrouds, lest we should be washed overboard. In this uncomfortable situation we remained till the vessel was beat so high by the waves, that we could venture to walk upon deck. We now perceived that the ship's keel was broken, which we imagined would occasion her to go to pieces: this, however, did not happen for the present; which I can only attribute to the boards in the hold being so interwoven with each other, and frozen together by the ice, as to give a degree of solidity to the vessel.

Our first care now was to get out the boat; which was not to be accomplished without difficulty, on account of the quantity of ice that was in and about it, and our reduction in number of effective hands by the intoxication of several of the crew, who had thought that the most effectual method of getting rid of the apprehensions they laboured under. Our vessel had, from the violence of the waves dashing against her, broached-to, with her broadside to the wind, so that she afforded some shelter for the boat to the leeward. Having with much labour cleared the boat of ice, and prepared her for launching, I ordered some liquor to be distributed
to

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to those who were yet sober, and then asked, if any were willing to embark with me in the boat, and make the attempt to gain the shore. The sea running so high, that it appeared scarcely possible for the boat to live in it for a minute, very few were willing to make an experiment so full of risk; so that all who offered themselves were the mate and two sailors, together with my servant, and a boy, who was a passenger on board. What gave us the greatest embarrassment in this undertaking was the surf which broke over us every moment, and the intenseness of the cold, which froze every drop of water immediately, so as to cover our cloaths with a sheet of ice. At length we got the boat into the water, and having thrown into it an axe and a saw, I leaped in, followed by my servant and the mate. The boy followed us, but not springing far enough, fell into the water: he did not however sink immediately; and we contrived to drag him into the boat, but not without difficulty; our fingers being so benumbed with the cold, that we had scarcely the power of using them: and this accident was, in the issue, by the chill it gave him, of fatal consequence to the unfortunate youth. The two sailors, who had agreed to go with us, next leaped into the boat; and all the rest seemed ready, notwithstanding their former hesitation, to follow the example, when I found it necessary to shove her off from the ship's side; for, being very small, she certainly would have sunk, had so many persons crowded in together. The ship was lying about forty yards from the shore; but before we got half-way to it, we were overtaken by a wave that almost filled the boat, and the next drove us on the dry sand.

To find ourselves once more safe upon the land gave us no small satisfaction, though in so destitute a state; the joy at having escaped those dangers which so long had been the chief objects of our dread, made us for a few moments forget that we were snatched from them merely to be exposed to others more inevitable; that we had escaped one species of death, probably to undergo another more lingering and painful. What most affected us was the distress of our companions whom we had left on board, whose lamentations and cries for help we could hear very distinctly. But it was impossible for

us, however anxious, to afford them any assistance. Our boat being beat high upon the sand could now be of no use, either to us or to them, while the sea was running to such a degree, that it was not in the power of a human being to relieve them.

The night was now approaching, and we had not long remained in this situation ere we found ourselves getting stiff with cold; and the gale continuing as severe as ever, we were obliged to wade with extreme difficulty, up to our waists in snow, to the shelter of a thick wood about two hundred and fifty yards from the beach. This afforded some relief from the piercing north-west wind; yet a fire was still wanting to warm our frozen limbs, and we had not wherewithal to kindle one. We had, indeed, taken the precaution to put a tinder-box in the boat, but the water had rendered it totally useless. Freezing as we stood, there was nothing to be done, but to keep the blood in motion by exercise: I therefore recommended it to the men to move about, being better acquainted with the nature of cold climates, and that of frost, than any of my companions. My advice was strictly adhered to for about half an hour, when the young passenger, whom I have already mentioned, being overcome with the severity of the weather, threw himself down, in order to sleep; for extreme cold always occasions a sleepy sensation that is not easily to be resisted. I used my utmost endeavours both by persuasion and force to rouse him, and make him stand on his legs, but all to no purpose; so I was obliged to let him pursue his inclination. After walking about for half an hour longer, during which time I felt such a strong desire to sleep, that I should have lain down myself, had I not been aware of the fatal consequences attending it, I went to the place where the boy lay, and putting my hand on his face, and finding it quite cold, I observed to the mate, who was close by, that I believed he was dead. To which the youth answered immediately, that he was not yet dead, but would be so very shortly; and requested I would write, if I survived, to his father at New York, and inform him of the circumstances of his son's misfortune. In about ten minutes we found that he had expired, and, as I imagined, without any pain whatever, at least without any acute

acute sensation of it. These trivial matters would be unworthy of notice, but as they serve to shew the effect of intense cold on the human body, and to prove that freezing to death is not always attended with so much pain as is commonly supposed.

The death of the boy could not deter the rest of my fellow-sufferers from giving way to this drowsy sensation; and three of them lay down in spite of my repeated exhortations to the contrary. Finding it impossible to keep them on their legs, I broke a branch, and desiring the mate to do the same, our employment during the remainder of the night was to prevent them from sleeping, by beating them continually with the branches. This was an exercise useful to ourselves, at the same time that it preserved the lives of our companions. The day-light, which we looked for with such anxious expectation, at length appeared, when I desired the men to pull down their stockings, and let me examine their legs, as they observed they had no feeling in them. As soon as I cast my eyes on them, I perceived very clearly that they were frozen at least half way up; and desired they would immediately rub them with snow, which they did for a considerable time, but to little purpose; for it was impossible to restore them to their feeling.

I then went with the mate down to the beach, to see if we could discover any traces of the ship, and our companions whom we had left on board, and to our great surprise and satisfaction found she had not yet gone to pieces, though the wind continued with unabated severity. My first study now was how to get them ashore, our own safety as well as theirs depending on it. I was almost stiff with cold, but found feeling in every part, and was therefore certain I could not be frozen. What seemed greatly to facilitate the undertaking was, that the vessel had, by this time, beat much nigher the shore, so that the distance was but very small at low water. It was high flood when we arrived on the beach; we were therefore obliged to wait till the tide was out, when we advised the people on board to fasten a rope to the jib-boom, by which they might swing themselves one by one towards the shore. They accordingly adopted this expedient, and by watching the motion of the sea, and seizing the opportunity of

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swinging

swinging themselves, as the waves retired, they all got safe on the land, except a carpenter, who was a passenger in the vessel. He did not think proper to venture in this manner, or was unable, having the night before made rather too free with the bottle. We were happy, however, to get so many of them on shore, every one of whom, a few hours before, we concluded must have perished.

The captain had fortunately, before he left the ship, put some materials for striking a light in his pocket. We therefore went to work in cutting wood, and gathering the branches that lay scattered upon the ground, of which we made a fire with all possible expedition, and were happy for some time in hovering about it, and warming our benumbed limbs. Considering the extreme cold we had endured for such a length of time, no luxury could be equal to that of the fire; but this gratification was, like many others, to several of my companions followed by the most excruciating pain, as soon as their frozen parts began to thaw. Several of those who had remained all night in the vessel, as well as those who came ashore with me in the boat, had been frozen in different parts of their members. The distress that was now painted in the faces of these unfortunate men, from the tortures they underwent, was beyond expression: this I knew would be the case before I heard them complain; but, as there was no remedy, did not think it necessary to give them any intimation of it.

When we came to examine into our numbers, I observed that a Captain Green, a passenger, was missing; and was informed that he had fallen asleep on board the vessel, and had been frozen to death. We were rather uneasy about the man who still remained on board, yet had some hopes of saving his life, in case the ship did not go to pieces, at the return of low water; but it being too difficult to undertake in the night, we were under the necessity of waiting till the following day. This night we passed a little better than the last; yet, notwithstanding we had a good fire, we found extreme inconveniency from the total want of covering, as well as from hunger, a new misery, that we had hitherto been unacquainted with. Besides which, the
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greatest part of our number were in the most wretched state imaginable, from the sores occasioned by the frost.

The next morning, as many of us as were able went to the beach to contrive some means to extricate the carpenter, whose voice we heard on board the vessel. The sea still running with the same violence as before, we could not put out the boat to his assistance, and were therefore obliged to wait the return of low water, when we persuaded him to come on shore in the same manner as the others had done; but this he accomplished with much difficulty, being very weak, and frozen in different parts of his limbs. We still remained without any kind of provisions, and began to be reduced in strength for want of nourishment.

The 7th and 8th the gale continued as boisterous as ever; and in the night between the 8th and 9th of December, the ship went to pieces from the stern to the main-mast, from the extreme violence with which the sea broke against her. By this part of her going to pieces, we obtained some provisions which washed on shore, viz. some pieces of salt beef, likewise some fresh meat that hung over the stern, and a quantity of onions that the captain had on board for sale. This relief was very seasonable, it being now the fourth day since we had eaten any kind of provision whatever. Having no utensils, we dressed our meat in the best manner we could, and made what we thought a most delicious repast. The sense of hunger being alluaged, we set to work in collecting all the provision we could find scattered upon the beach, being apprehensive that we should not soon get a supply from any other quarter. This done, our next care was to get ourselves under cover, and form some kind of shelter from the piercing blast. This task was not an easy one, so many of our company being unable to move, and of the remainder none but the mate and myself capable of any active exertion, being all more or less bitten by the frost; and our number reduced to seventeen, by the loss of two persons, as already mentioned. A quantity of deals had floated on shore from the wreck: of these we carried about two hundred and fifty into the wood, and by ten at night completed a kind of house, about twenty feet long and ten wide; which was constructed in the following

swinging themselves, as the waves retired, they all got safe on the land, except a carpenter, who was a passenger in the vessel. He did not think proper to venture in this manner, or was unable, having the night before made rather too free with the bottle. We were happy, however, to get so many of them on shore, every one of whom, a few hours before, we concluded must have perished.

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greatest part of our number were in the most wretched state imaginable, from the sores occasioned by the frost.

The next morning, as many of us as were able went to the beach to contrive some means to extricate the carpenter, whose voice we heard on board the vessel. The sea still running with the same violence as before, we could not put out the boat to his assistance, and were therefore obliged to wait the return of low water, when we persuaded him to come on shore in the same manner as the others had done; but this he accomplished with much difficulty, being very weak, and frozen in different parts of his limbs. We still remained without any kind of provisions, and began to be reduced in strength for want of nourishment.

The 7th and 8th the gale continued as boisterous as ever; and in the night between the 8th and 9th of December, the ship went to pieces from the stern to the main-mast, from the extreme violence with which the sea broke against her. By this part of her going to pieces, we obtained some provisions which washed on shore, viz. some pieces of salt beef, likewise some fresh meat that hung over the stern, and a quantity of onions that the captain had on board for sale. This relief was very seasonable, it being now the fourth day since we had eaten any kind of provision whatever. Having no utensils, we dressed our meat in the best manner we could, and made what we thought a most delicious repast. The sense of hunger being alluaged, we set to work in collecting all the provision we could find scattered upon the beach, being apprehensive that we should not soon get a supply from any other quarter. This done, our next care was to get ourselves under cover, and form some kind of shelter from the piercing blast. This task was not an easy one, so many of our company being unable to move, and of the remainder none but the mate and myself capable of any active exertion, being all more or less bitten by the frost; and our number reduced to seventeen, by the loss of two persons, as already mentioned. A quantity of deals had floated on shore from the wreck: of these we carried about two hundred and fifty into the wood, and by ten at night completed a kind of house, about twenty feet long and ten wide; which was constructed in the following

lowing manner. We cut two poles of the abovementioned length, and, having no nails, tied them at a proper height on the outside of two trees, at the distance of twenty feet from each other: the interval between the poles, which was equal to the breadth of the trees, served for the smoke of our fire to go through; the fire itself being laid in an oblong position, extending itself nearly the whole length of the house. Against these cross poles we placed boards with a slope of about sixty degrees towards the ground, which constituted the two principal sides. The two other sides were composed of boards placed perpendicular, the trunks of the trees being taken in, and forming part of each side: on one of these sides, that looked towards the south east, we left a vacancy for the entrance.

This business being over, we examined the quantity of provisions we had collected, and had the satisfaction to find that we had in store between two and three hundred pounds of salt beef, and a considerable stock of onions. As to bread, we had none; for, when the vessel went to pieces, the casks were stove and the bread lost. Economy and good management were now highly necessary to make our little stock last as long as possible, it being quite uncertain when we could get any relief; and, in consequence, it was determined, that each man, whether sick or well, should be confined to a quarter of a pound of beef and four onions per day, as long as the latter should last. This wretched allowance, but just enough to keep a man from starving, was the utmost we thought it prudent to afford ourselves, lest we should be in an uninhabited country; for as yet we were rather uncertain on what coast we were cast away; though afterwards, on comparing circumstances, we concluded it must be on the island of Cape Breton.

On the 11th of December, being the sixth day after we landed, the gale abated, and gave us an opportunity to launch our boat, and get on board what remained of the vessel. Three of us accordingly embarked, having with much labour launched the boat, and cleared her of the sand and ice. As soon as we got on board the wreck, we went to work at opening the hatches, and having but one axe, and the cables being frozen over them in a solid lump of ice, it took the whole day to accomplish it.

it. The next day, the weather being still moderate, we went again on board, and having cleared away the remainder of the cable, we cut up part of the deck, in order to make room to get out two casks of onions, with a small barrel of beef, containing about one hundred and twenty pounds, and three barrels of apples, shipped by a Jewish merchant of Quebec. We likewise found a quarter cask of potatoes, a bottle of oil, which proved very serviceable to the men's sores, another axe, a large iron pot, two camp kettles, and about twelve pounds of tallow candles. With much difficulty we got this great supply on shore. On the 13th we made it our business to get our provisions stowed away in a corner of the hut, when, on opening the apple casks, we found their contents, to our great surprise, converted into bottles of Canadian balsam, a more valuable commodity to be sure than apples, but what we could gladly have exchanged in our present situation for something more friendly to the stomach than to the constitution. This disappointment, as may be supposed, extorted a few hearty good wishes towards the Jew; yet we found afterwards some use for his Canadian balsam, though somewhat different from what he intended it should be applied to.

The considerable supply we got from on board the wreck enabled us the next day to add four onions to our daily allowance. We went on board once more on the 14th, and cut as much of the sails as possible from the bowsprit, with part of which we covered our hut, and made it tolerably warm and comfortable, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. By this time the sores of the men who had been frost-bitten began to mortify, and caused their toes, fingers, and other parts of the limbs affected, to rot off, their anguish being at the same time almost intolerable. The carpenter, who came on shore after the others, had lost the greatest part of his feet, and on the 14th, at night, became delirious, in which unhappy state he continued, till death released him the following day from his miserable existence. We covered him with snow and branches of trees, having neither spade nor pickaxe to dig a grave for him; nor would it have been possible, if we had been provided with them, the ground being in this climate so hard

hard frozen during the winter as to be almost impenetrable. Three days after, our second mate died in the same manner, having been delirious some hours before he expired. We felt but very little concern at the death of our companions, either on their account or our own: for, in the first place, we considered it rather a happiness than a misfortune to be deprived of life in our present wretched situation, and, in the second, because there became the fewer mouths to consume our little stock of provisions: indeed, had not some paid the debt of nature, we should in the end have been reduced to the shocking necessity of killing and devouring one another. Though not yet reduced to this necessity, our condition was so miserable, that it seemed scarcely possible for any new distress to make a sensible addition to it. Besides the prospect of perishing through want in that desolate place, and the pain arising from a perpetual sense of hunger and cold, the agony that the greatest part were in, from the sores occasioned by the frost, was beyond expression, while their groans were almost equally distressing to the remainder—but what affected me more than all our other miseries, was the quantity of vermin, proceeding from the men's sores, and continually increasing, which infested us in every part, and rendered us disgusting even to ourselves. Several, however, who had been but slightly frozen, recovered in a short time, with the loss of a few toes and fingers; no one having entirely escaped the frost but myself. On the 20th another sailor died, after having been, like the others, some time in a delirium, and was buried, or rather covered, in the same manner. Our number was now reduced to fourteen persons; yet we did not think it prudent to increase the allowance of provisions, but still kept it at the rate originally fixed on, of a quarter of a pound of beef *per diem*.

The mate and I had frequently gone out together, since we were shipwrecked, to try if we could discover any traces of inhabitants, but hitherto without success. About a fortnight after we had fixed ourselves in the hut, we took the opportunity of a fine day to walk ten or twelve miles up a river, upon the ice, where we observed many tracks of moose-deer and other animals, some of which we might have killed, had we been provided

vided with arms and ammunition. In our progress up the river we discovered several trees cut on one side, as we imagined, by an axe, which gave us reason to think there might be Indians near at hand. On going up to the place we could plainly perceive, that there had been some there lately, by their wig-wam, which still remained with some fresh bark about it. We likewise found the skin of a moose-deer hanging across a pole. We travelled a good way further, in hopes of making some more discoveries of this nature, but to no purpose. It gave us, nevertheless, some satisfaction to find, that we were in a place where inhabitants had been lately, as it was probable they might again return there. In case this should happen, I cut a long pole and stuck it in the ice upon the river; then with my knife, which I always took care to preserve, as it was the only one amongst us, cut a piece of bark from a birch tree, and forming it into the shape of a hand, with the forefinger extended and pointing towards our hut, fixed it on the top of the pole, and took away the moose-skin, in order that they might perceive that some persons had been on the spot since they left it, and the route they had taken on their return. We then pursued the way to our habitation, and communicated this agreeable information to our companions, who were not yet able to move about: trifling as the hopes were which we could in reason derive from this discovery, yet it gave them considerable satisfaction. Twenty days being elapsed since our shipwreck, and our provisions being very much reduced, I began to entertain a suspicion, that there was some foul play during my absence at different times from the hut in search of inhabitants. I was therefore determined to find out the truth, if possible, by keeping a constant watch at night; by which means I at length discovered, that the depredators were no other than the captain and two sailors, who had consumed no less than seventy pounds, besides a quantity of onions, in so short a space of time. To prevent such unfair practices for the future, the mate and I never went out together, one of us constantly remaining in the hut.

We continued in a state of suspense from our last discovery for some days, when giving up at length all hopes of seeing any Indians or inhabitants in this place, having

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having provisions only for six weeks longer, and a few of our men, together with the captain, being recovered, I proposed leaving our habitation, with as many as could work in the boat, in search of inhabitants. This proposal was unanimously assented to; but when we came to think how it was to be put in execution, a new difficulty started itself, namely, that of repairing the boat, which had been beat in such a manner by the sea upon the beach, that every seam was open. We first attempted to stop them with dry oakum, but soon found that it would not answer the intended purpose, and having saved no pitch from on board the wreck, we began to despair of the possibility of repairing them. I, at length, thought of making a kind of succedaneum for pitch of the Canadian balsam, which, as I before mentioned, had been shipped for apples, and had been by us brought on shore under that deception. We accordingly went to work in making the experiment, and boiled a quantity of the balsam in the iron kettle we had saved, and frequently taking it off the fire to cool, we soon brought it to a proper consistence. A sufficient quantity of it being prepared, we turned up the boat, and having cleaned her bottom, gave her a coat of the balsam, which effectually stopped up all crevices for the present. This done, we got a small sail rigged to a mast, which shipped and unshipped occasionally; and then pitched upon the persons who were to go with me in the boat.

By the 1st of January, with much difficulty and fatigue, we got our boat in tolerable condition, so that she could swim without making much water; likewise our mast and sail rigged, in case we should happen to get a fair wind, which we could not often expect on this coast at the present season of the year; for, during the winter months, it blows almost constantly from west to north-west, which is immediately on the land. We could not expect therefore to have much occasion for our sail; nevertheless it might sometimes be serviceable, and afford some relief to the rowers. We had agreed to take six in the boat, viz. the captain and mate, two sailors, myself and servant: of the others none were so far recovered as to be judged equal to the fatigues we might expect in this expedition. Our shoes being

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all nearly worn out, my employment, during the whole of the next day, was to make a kind of mowkifins, or Indian shoes, of canvas. My needle was nothing more than the handle of a pewter spoon, which I had fashioned as well as I could for the purpose, and the same canvas supplied me with thread. As soon as I had made twelve pair, which was two for each man in our party, we divided the provisions that remained into fourteen equal parts, which amounted only to a quarter of a pound of beef *per* day for six weeks; those who were to stay behind, sharing as much as we who were to go in the boat, notwithstanding the great fatigue which we had every reason to expect. Every necessary preliminary being adjusted, we proposed setting off the next day; but the wind blowing fresh at north-west, were obliged to remain where we were till the 4th. By this time the ice, floating in prodigious quantities on the coast, and in some places collecting, and blocking up the bays, rendered our undertaking extremely hazardous; yet we thought it more adviseable to face any danger, and to encounter any hardship, than to remain in our present situation with a certainty of starving.

In the afternoon of the 4th, the wind moderating, we got our provisions, and whatever little matters might be of service to us, into the boat; and, having taken leave of our companions, set off on our expedition. Having got about eight miles from the place of our shipwreck, the wind began to increase and blow very hard at south-east, which was immediately off the shore. The boat, as well as the oars, being none of the best, we were on the point of being blown out to sea, but by dint of rowing made shift to get into a deep bay about a mile a-head, where we thought we might pass the night with safety. Having got every thing on shore, we hauled our boat up as high as our strength would permit, so as to prevent the sea from doing her any more damage. This done, we set to work in lighting our fire, and cutting our wood for the night: we likewise cut some pine-branches, the smaller of which served us to lie on, and the larger, in the form of a wigwam, to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather.

The place we had landed on was a fine sandy beach, with little or no snow on it. Having observed some
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small pieces of wood cast on shore by the tide, that had formerly been cut with an axe, and a number of long poles scattered along the edge of the bank, which had likewise been cut in the same manner, I thought it likely there might be some inhabitants near at hand; and proposed, as soon as we had taken a little refreshment, to go along the beach to a high point of land at about two miles distance, which was clear of wood, and appeared to be cultivated; thinking from thence we might make some useful discoveries. I accordingly set out soon after with two of the men; and, before we had proceeded a mile, saw the remains of a shallop, or Newfoundland fishing-boat, almost covered with sand, which seemed to have been set on fire. This gave us hopes of discovering something else to our satisfaction, and we proceeded as fast as we could to the point of land. Having gained the top of it, we descried, to our inexpressible joy, a few houses about half a mile distant, towards which we directed our course, having no doubt but that we should now meet with some relief; but on coming up to them, found they were only the remains of some old storhouses, which had been built there for the curing of cod fish; and, to all appearance, had been abandoned some years before.

This was a mortifying disappointment to us. We determined, however, to make the most of our discovery; and observing a number of old casks lying about in different parts, we searched them, as well as the houses, very minutely, in hopes of finding some provisions; but to no purpose. As we walked along the point, we gathered about a quart of cranberries, some of which we eat, preserving the remainder for our companions. Having reconnoitred every part of this point, without any further success, we returned to our boat, and communicating the discoveries we made to our companions, gave them their share of the berries we had gathered. Even these discoveries gave us much satisfaction, as they tended to confirm our hopes of finding some inhabitants in the course of our voyage along the coast.

In the mean time, the wind came round to the north-west, and blew with such violence as to prevent us from proceeding on our voyage. It continued so for two days,

days, when, happening to get up in the middle of the night, I was astonished on observing, while the wind continued blowing as hard as ever, that the sea was entirely without agitation. I immediately awoke the mate, to inform him of this extraordinary phenomenon; and going down to the beach together to know the cause, we found the sea all covered with ice, nothing but a large sheet of it being to be seen for leagues around. This was an alarming circumstance, as it seemed to preclude all possibility of proceeding any farther, and might give us cause even to regret having left our habitations: for, though we were so near, it was impossible to return by land, besides other impediments, on account of the depth of snow, which was impassable unless with snow-shoes.

The wind continued to blow from the same quarter for two days longer; and at length, on the 9th, it became perfectly calm. Next morning the wind came round to the south-east, which was directly off the land, and in a short time blew extremely hard, so that by four o'clock in the afternoon, there was not a piece of ice to be seen along the coast, the whole of it being blown out to sea. This was a very pleasing sight to us, as it gave us a prospect of being extricated from our present dreary situation. However, the violence of the wind prevented us from moving till the 11th of January, when the weather being moderate, and a fine light breeze blowing along the coast, we launched our boat with much difficulty, being greatly reduced in strength for want of a due degree of nourishment. Having got round the clear point of the land, we hoisted our sail and put before the wind.

The weather being very moderate, and little or no sea running, we made tolerable way, and had not proceeded far before we descried an extremely high point, about seven leagues a-head, with a continued precipice along the coast, so that it was impossible for us to land on any part of it, before we came to that headland. This made it very dangerous to attempt the passage; for if the wind should happen to come round to the north-west, we must infallibly have perished amongst the rocks. But danger was no longer an object to be considered by us; so we got out two oars, not being

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able to use any more, as the boat had been so much damaged, that two men were constantly employed in keeping her clear of water, and with the assistance of a fair wind made the point about eleven o'clock at night; but finding no place that we could possibly land on, we were obliged to keep along the coast till two in the morning, when the wind increasing, and a stony beach appearing, on which we should not have thought it expedient to land had the wind been moderate, we were obliged to put ashore, and immediately got our provisions out of the boat. The beach was of some height from the surface of the water, the sea having beat the gravel up into a kind of bank; which rendered it impossible for us to haul our boat up. We were therefore obliged to leave her to the mercy of the sea.

The place where we landed was a beach of about four hundred yards in length, bounded at the distance of about fifty yards from the water's edge, by a precipice of at least one hundred feet in height, which inclosed it on all sides. If the wind should come round to the north-west, we knew that we should be entirely deprived of shelter, yet, as it blew too fresh for us to attempt putting to sea again, we were obliged to remain there, notwithstanding these inconveniences.

On the 13th the wind came round to the north-west, and blowing very hard, the sea beat with such violence against the shore, as to drive our boat twenty yards higher than she was, and to beat several holes in her bottom. Now was the time for us to feel all the miseries of our present situation; for being surrounded by precipices, which prevented us from sheltering ourselves in the woods, and having so little covering, and no firing but what we collected from some pieces of timber, which floated accidentally upon the shore, we could but just keep ourselves from absolute freezing. The same weather continued for eight days, with a prodigious fall of snow, a circumstance that added to our other inconveniences. At length, on the 21st, the weather became more moderate, and the snow ceased, having in the course of this last week fallen to the depth of three feet perpendicular. This gave us an opportunity of cooking our provisions, which we had done but once since our landing. Even this was a great loss to us, as the
water

water that the meat was boiled in afforded us almost as much nourishment as the meat itself.

Next day we contrived, with much labour, to turn our boat halfway over, in order to examine the damage she had received, which we found considerable; the coat of balsam being entirely rubbed off, and several holes made in her bottom. We expected the ice would go to sea, as it had done once before, when ever the wind should come round to the southward; and therefore thought, if we could but get our boat repaired, that we might still have some chance of meeting with inhabitants. But the great difficulty was how to repair it; for we had no pitch or balsam left, and but little dry oakum, which was of no service to us without the former. After trying various methods, we at last gave it up as a thing entirely impracticable, and began to turn our thoughts towards some other means of getting out of this bleak and barren place, to search for relief in an uninhabited country.

Though it was impossible for us to climb the precipice by which we were encompassed, yet, if we were determined to abandon our boat, we imagined, that we might easily get into the woods, by walking along shore upon the ice, which still covered the sea, and had strength sufficient to bear any weight. In fact the mate and I proposed walking a few miles on it, in order to make the experiment. We accordingly set out, and had not proceeded far before we came to the entrance of a river, and a fine sandy beach, where, had our good fortune directed us to land, we might have lived more comfortably, and have preserved our boat. But what was to be done now that we could get into the woods? We could not think of walking across them in search of a cultivated country: besides that we should be entirely ignorant how to direct our course, the depth of snow, which had by this time increased to six feet in the wood, rendered it impossible for us to travel without snowshoes. After consulting together, we at last came to a resolution of taking, the next day, what provisions we had upon our backs, and coasting along the ice, till we could discover some inhabitants, expecting, from its present appearance of strength, that it would remain for some time longer: and the wind having drifted the
greatest

greatest part of the snow off it, we computed that we should be able to walk about ten miles a day, even in our present weak and reduced condition.

This being fully resolved, we were to set out the morning of the 24th; but on the night preceding it, the wind came round to the south east, and blew hard, attended with snow and rain; so that in the morning, as I already apprehended would be the case, that whole sheet of ice, which the night before looked so firm, was demolished, or driven out to sea. Thus were all our schemes frustrated—neither ice to walk on, nor boat to carry us through the water; not even a possibility of moving from this place, where we were embayed, and surrounded by insurmountable precipices. Thus circumstanced, we were again obliged to turn our thoughts towards some scheme for repairing our boat: upon that our only hope depended. We had plenty of oakum to stop up the holes and seams, but nothing to substitute in the room of pitch, to prevent the water from penetrating. I at length thought of a plan, which I imagined might have the wished-for effect, namely, that of throwing water over the oakum, and letting it freeze into a cake of ice. As soon as day appeared, I resolved to put this scheme to the test, and having cleared the boat of snow and gravel, immediately went to work. The men in general made light of my undertaking, and assisted with much reluctance, thinking that they were throwing away their labour. However, I soon convinced them to the contrary; for by four o'clock in the afternoon, by continually throwing water over the oakum, we froze up every seam and hole in such a manner, that not a drop of water could enter, as long as the weather continued freezing, as at present.

On the 27th of January, the weather being moderate, and a light breeze directly off the shore, we got our boat very carefully launched, and set off early in the morning from this ill-omened bay. We had the pleasure to observe that the boat made little or no water, so that we were enabled to keep our four oars continually at work. As we advanced along the coast, we found it still bordered by nothing but barren precipices, with every four or five miles perhaps a small sandy beach.

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The weather continued very moderate all the day of the 27th, so that by six o'clock in the evening, we computed that we had rowed about twelve miles from where we departed in the morning. This indeed would be but an indifferent day's work for people in health and vigour, but a great deal for those in our circumstances; not only being extremely weakened and reduced, but the boat itself being very heavy and unwieldy, from the quantity of ice in it. We put ashore about six o'clock upon a small sandy beach, and by placing oars under our boat, dragged her carefully some yards from the water; so that she lay very safe while the wind continued as it then was. We next cut some branches, and having made a fire, sheltered ourselves as well as possible in the wood. Our tinder being nearly consumed, I was obliged to furnish a fresh supply, by cutting away the back part of my shirt, which I had worn ever since we left the ship.

A shower of rain the next day unfortunately melted all the ice off our boat: we were therefore prevented from going any farther till a return of the frost, and had the mortification to lose the benefit of a fine day, in the course of which we might have proceeded with a good boat several leagues more on our journey. What made the matter worse was, that our provisions were now reduced to two pounds and a half of beef for each man. On the morning of the 29th, the mate having wandered a little distance from our fire, returned in haste to inform me, that he had discovered a partridge perched on the bough of a tree, which he thought I might possibly devise some method of catching. I immediately went to the place where he had seen it, and found it in the same situation as before. Observing that the bird was very tame, and not above fourteen feet from the ground, I cut down a long pole, and taking part of the rope-yarn that fastened my canvas shoes, made a running loop of it, and fixed it to the end of the pole; then walking softly under the tree, and lifting the pole gently up, I fixed the loop about the partridge's neck, and giving it a sudden jerk, closed the loop, and secured the bird. The mate, as well as myself, as soon as I had caught it, laughed very heartily, for the first time that either of us had any inclination to smile since

our shipwreck. We then went towards the fire with our prize, and boiled it in some melted snow, together with a little salt water, to give the broth a relish: having divided it, when dressed, into six equal parts, and cast lots for the choice of each, we sat down to what we found a delicious meal; the only one, excepting the quart of cranberries, for which we were indebted to chance, or providence, since we had been cast upon the island.

On the afternoon of the 29th it began to freeze hard, when we took the advantage of the frost to stop the boat's leaks as before; and the wind still continuing moderate, we launched her as soon as that business was completed, and put to sea. The day being almost spent before we set off, we could not make above seven miles to a sandy beach and thick wood, which seemed to afford a tolerable shelter. In this place we passed the night; and the next day, the weather being still favourable, we launched our boat betimes in the morning, in order to get before night as far as possible on our journey; but we had not proceeded above six miles, before the wind freshening up from the south-east, obliged us to put ashore, and haul up our boat.

A heavy fall of rain, which continued the whole day, rendered our situation extremely uncomfortable, and melted again the icy calking of the boat. We were therefore to console ourselves, as well as we could, in the certainty of remaining here till a return of the frost, and mean while proposed to reconnoitre, as far as our reduced state would allow us, into the country. In this, however, we were prevented by the quantity of snow which still lay on the ground, and was not yet sufficiently frozen to bear our weight without rackets or snow-shoes. Towards the spring of the year, in these cold climates, they may, for the most part, be dispensed with, when the snow has become more condensed by its own weight, the influence of the sun, and the rains which begin to fall at this season. The frost then returning, after the thaw, forms a kind of incrustation on the surface, that will bear a man's weight without sinking. Had this season been arrived, we should have abandoned our crazy boat, and, taking the little provision we still possessed, have made an attempt to dis-

cover

cover inhabitants, by a march into the heart of the country; perhaps it was fortunate we could not attempt it, as in all probability we should have perished in the woods.

Not having it in our power to wander towards any other part, we walked along the shore as far as we were able, and saw nothing that could attract our notice but some stumps of trees, from which the trunks might have been cut some years before: from this circumstance we could collect no very sanguine hope of being near an inhabited country. Soon after, the wind coming round to the north-west, and bringing the frost along with it, we were once more enabled to repair our boat, and to prepare for launching it, as soon as the wind should abate its violence. This happening in some degree on the 1st of February, we immediately embarked, and pursued our coasting voyage; but the severity of the cold having formed a quantity of ice, it was with extreme labour that we contrived to get five miles before night, one of our party being employed in breaking the ice with a pole, and clearing it from the bows of the boat.

The following day, the wind blowing fresh from the north-west quarter, prevented us again from proceeding any farther till the 3d, when, coming round to the west, which is directly along the shore, and the most favourable that could blow for us, we were enabled to embark, and pursue our voyage. Our boat, notwithstanding all our diligence in calking, made now so much water, that we were obliged to keep one man constantly at work in baling it out with a camp-kettle. The wind, however, was as fair as we could wish, and being neither too slack nor too violent, we for some time went at the rate of four miles an hour, with the assistance of our oars; but soon after, the wind increasing, we laid in our oars, and ran under our sail alone, at the rate of about five miles an hour.

After having run above sixteen miles, we discovered an exceeding high land, about six leagues distant, with several other mountains and large bays between us; and it being yet early in the day, a fine wind, and no great sea, we were in hopes, if the wind should not increase too much, that we should be able to reach it before night.

night. As we proceeded along the coast, we found it in every part high and rocky, which made us very uneasy lest the wind should rise before we could make the headland. About two o'clock in the afternoon, when we supposed we were within three leagues of it, we discovered an island about twenty miles from the main; and, on comparing circumstances, we concluded that the island must be that of St. Paul, and the high land the north point of Cape Breton. The prodigious height of the land led us into an erroneous computation of its distance; for, notwithstanding we had supposed that we were within three leagues of it when we first discovered the island of St. Paul, we found, before we reached it, that we had run near five leagues.

It was almost dark by the time we reached the North Cape; where finding no place to land, we were obliged to double the Cape and continue our journey. The wind now began to freshen, and we had a heavy sea from the north-east to encounter, as soon as we came opposite to the Cape. After having doubled it, our course lay in a very different direction from what it had been in the morning; so that we were obliged to strike our sail, and take to the oars. The wind at the same time blew so hard off the high lands, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could keep along the coast: had we not been assisted by a heavy swell, that came from the north-east, we must certainly have been blown out to sea.

Finding no place to land during the night, we continued rowing as close as we could to the rocks, till about five in the morning; when hearing the sea run on the shore very long and heavy, we imagined that we must be off a sandy beach. We accordingly rowed towards the land, and at the distance of fifty yards, for it was yet dark, were able to discern a beach at least four miles in length. It was not, however, a convenient place for us to put in, on account of the surf, and a long and heavy sea that rolled on it; yet being so much fatigued with rowing, that we were incapable of proceeding any farther, we were obliged to attempt a landing. This we effected with more ease than we looked for, and suffered no other inconvenience but that of having our boat nearly filled with water on the beach.

Having

Having landed, our first care was to haul up the boat, that she might meet with no further damage from the sea. We then got into the woods, which lay close to the shore; and as I had taken the precaution to put our tinder-box in my bosom, before we landed, to preserve it from the water, we contrived to kindle a fire; a refreshment we had much occasion for, having got wet in landing, and being in so weak and reduced a condition, that it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep ourselves awake for a few minutes when before the fire; so that we were under the necessity of watching in turn, lest, all being asleep together, the fire should go out, and we should be frozen to death. Having now time to consider every circumstance, and finding, as soon as daylight appeared, that the land still continued to have an opposite bearing to that on the other side of the point, we had no doubt remaining, but that we were upon the north cape of the island of Breton, which, together with Cape Roy, on the island of Newfoundland, marks the entrance of the gulph of St. Lawrence.

Our provisions were now entirely consumed, and having not the most distant prospect of getting any more, we were ready to abandon ourselves to despair. As we were certain of being on an inhabited island, we might have flattered ourselves with the hopes of getting relief, by persevering in our dilatory progress, had we wherewithal to provide for our immediate subsistence. Having weighed the necessity of the case, and the misery of perishing by hunger, I was of opinion, as well as the mate, that it would be most adviseable to sacrifice one for the preservation of the rest; and that the most proper method would be by casting lots, which should be the unfortunate victim. But this shocking, though prudent, resolution, we agreed to put off to the last extremity.

We had not been able to secure our boat so effectually, but that the sea had beat her higher up on the beach, and filled her with sand. We were obliged, therefore, to set two of the men to work in clearing her, and afterwards in stopping the leaks, as already described; while the remainder of our party were detached by different routes along the shore, to see if they could find any kind of provision. The mate and myself travelled along the sandy beach till we were prevented from going any

farther by an inlet of water, when we were a good deal surpris'd to observe the tide ebb and flow every ten minutes. We were not, however, at present, in a disposition to pay much regard to this or any other extraordinary appearance of nature; and seeing a great quantity of oyster-shells lying upon the shore, we searched them diligently, in hopes of finding some that were full; but without success. This again made us curse our destiny, that we should have been cast away on so barren and miserable a country, and in such an unlucky time of the year, when we were not only deprived of the relief we might have got, at any other season, from the natural productions of the earth; but when even the animals, inhabitants of both elements, had retired to their holes and hiding places, to shield themselves from the intense cold which prevails during the winter in this inhospitable climate.

We still continued our search, notwithstanding the ill success we had hitherto experienced, and contriv'd at length to gather about two quarts of hips, or wild rose-buds, by throwing up the snow, and searching in different parts of the bank. Having with this sorry food allay'd, in some degree, the keen sense of hunger, and the wind having become somewhat more moderate, we got into our boat and push'd off, the day being already drawing towards a conclusion. Our progress was, however, soon impeded by the quantity of ice that floated upon the water; which oblig'd us to put ashore on another part of the same beach. In landing I had the misfortune to let the tinder-box fall from my bosom into the water, by which means we were unable to kindle a fire; and being exceedingly wet, as was generally the case when we landed, we were in this place in a most uncomfortable situation, and suffer'd much from the cold. We therefore thought it best to get into our boat again as fast as possible, and return to the spot from whence we came, in hopes of finding some fire still remaining.

It was with the greatest difficulty we got back, being the whole way under the necessity of breaking through the ice, which had by this time formed almost into a solid sheet. We were very anxious lest our fire should, meanwhile, have gone out, and thought it a lucky circumstance we had not been able to go any farther from it.

NARRATIVE OF A SHIPWRECK.

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it. On our arrival at the place, we had the satisfaction to find it was not totally extinguished: had this been the case, we must have perished in the course of the night. The fire being repaired, I cut up the remainder of my shirt to make some more tinder; and, as the damage it got had nearly proved fatal to us, was resolved to be more particular in my care of it for the future.

On the 8th of February, the wind came round to the south-west, which cleared off the ice, and enabled us to leave this place by ten o'clock in the morning. As we proceeded along the shore, we found it was not quite so rocky as it had been on the other side of the north cape. We were therefore able to land this night without difficulty within a large rock, by which we were sheltered from the wind and sea. We were here very comfortably situated, in every respect, except our want of provisions. The next day, the weather continuing moderate, we had again proceeded about eight miles on our journey, when the wind beginning to blow so hard as to raise a considerable swell, we were obliged to steer to the shore; and in landing had the misfortune to lose two of our oars, which were washed overboard by the surf.

On the following day the wind lulled; and we immediately took the advantage of it to put to sea. We had now but two oars remaining; which being double-manned, we contrived to get about six miles before night. This was a very hard day's work, considering our present weak condition; for having been a length of time without tasting any kind of nourishment, we were so much reduced in strength, that when we got on shore, we could scarcely walk for fifty yards together.

The weather being unfavourable on the 11th, we were under the necessity of remaining the whole day in the same resting-place; and having leisure to search about the shore, we were fortunate enough to find a few rose-buds, which we esteemed at present a great delicacy. Had we not met with this supply, it would have been absolutely requisite to put our abovementioned scheme into execution. We thought ourselves extremely unlucky in not having found, in the course of our wanderings, so much as the body of any dead animal: nor, except the partridge, did we see any live one, that we

had the smallest chance of capturing. At different times we had hopes of catching some of the otters that we frequently saw on the ice, particularly on the small rivers and inlets: but we never found them at any distance from the holes, which they continually kept open, to give themselves a free passage in and out of the water. We likewise discovered, at different times, some beavers houses; but could not ensnare any of the animals.

On the 12th the wind became moderate, and we proceeded once more on our journey. The coast seemed to diminish in height as we passed along it, which made us hope we were now approaching the cultivated part of the island. Next day the weather got milder, with a fall of rain: so that it was with difficulty we could get our boat to swim, the ice thawing gradually off the bottom. This obliged us to put ashore long before night; and when we had landed, and made a fire, we found no other immediate want but that of provisions, having consumed all the hips or rose-buds that we had gathered at our last landing-place.

Having reconnoitred very carefully all around, and searched in every part under the snow, we were not able to procure ourselves even that miserable sustenance. Being now driven to the last extremity, we were obliged to sacrifice our prospect of travelling any farther to the immediate preservation of our lives. About a dozen tallow candles remained, which we had hitherto employed in stopping the leaks of our boat, as fast as she sprung one in any particular place. Of these we divided a small part among us; which gave us some relief for the present. The two following days we coasted for a few miles, searching for a place where we could meet with some hips; but our search proved ineffectual. This was the only kind of food we could now expect; and had we discovered any place that abounded with them, it was our intention to draw up the boat there, and remain till they were consumed.

We began now to be fully sensible of our desperate situation, and to expect that our fate would be that of perishing with hunger. Notwithstanding that idea was horrid enough, yet what gave me the most uneasiness, was, that my friends would probably for ever remain uninformed of

of our wretched catastrophe. It may appear to those, who have not been in similar circumstances, that this would take up but a small part of one's reflection, in comparison with the dread of such a death; yet, however it might have been with the rest of my companions, it was that idea that chiefly preyed upon my spirits. In order to prevent it, as far as possible, I took every occasion of cutting out my name on the bark of the largest trees. The fatigue of cutting it, as well as the preservation of my knife, which I observed before was the only one amongst us, would not allow me to be more particular. But on the walls of the store-houses, which we had discovered in the beginning of our progress, I wrote a short account of our disasters in English and French, and requested, if any persons should fall in with it, that they would transmit it to my father at Quebec.

On the 17th we made another division of a part of the tallow candles that yet remained; and on the following day, the wind being favourable, we proceeded about five miles; where finding a fine flat country, and a sandy beach that extended for a considerable way, and being so much debilitated, that we knew it would be impossible for us to go much farther, we put on shore, with a determined resolution to perish on this place, unless some unforeseen accident should bring us relief. To attempt drawing up our boat would, in our present weak condition, be a vain undertaking, so we were obliged to leave her exposed to the mercy of the sea. All that we could preserve was our axe, a saw, and the sail of the boat, which we generally made use of as a covering.

As soon as we landed, we made it our business to clear away the snow from a particular spot in the entrance of the wood, where we intended to remain; and having cut some small branches of pine to lie upon, together with some larger to serve for a shelter, which we stuck into the bank of snow that surrounded us, we made our fire. This done, we all went in search of hips, and had the good fortune to find about a pint of them, which, boiled up with a couple of tallow candles, afforded us a tolerable meal.

The next day we passed without any kind of provision, and being apprehensive that our little remaining

strength would soon desert us, we employed ourselves in cutting and piling as much wood as we were able, to supply the fire. Mean while the waves had beat our boat so high upon the beach, as to be quite dry as soon as the wind subsided, and to deprive us of the power of putting to sea again, had we been disposed to do it: for our strength was by no means equal to the task of moving her a single foot.

We again employed the whole day of the 19th in search of hips: but it was not attended with any success. Our tallow candles were, therefore, the only resource we had left, and by this time they became reduced to two. We found ourselves so much weakened the following day, that we could make no further use of our axe, and were under the necessity of creeping about in our turns, to gather for our fire the rotten branches of trees, that lay scattered upon the ground. As we had not a proper quantity of fuel, the fire that we kept up was but just sufficient to preserve us from freezing: for, though the season was so far advanced towards the spring, yet, excepting some particular days, the weather was as cold as in the month of December.

Having now no more than two tallow candles remaining, and finding no longer a possibility of gathering any hips, being too weak even to search for them, we thought it likely that we might derive some degree of nourishment from the kelp-weed, of which there was a quantity lying upon the shore. We accordingly collected a little of it, and with melted snow boiled it for a few hours in a kettle; but, at the conclusion, found it very little tenderer than at first. We then melted one of our tallow candles in the liquor, and having supped it up, and eat a quantity of the weed, our appetite became somewhat satiated: but in about two hours time we were all affected with a very uneasy sensation, and were soon after seized with a fit of vomiting, without being able to bring the offending matter entirely off the stomach. This fit of vomiting having continued for about four hours, we found ourselves tolerably easy, but, at the same time, exceedingly exhausted.

On the 22d we made use of some more kelp-weed and our last tallow candle. It still operated in the same manner, but not to so violent a degree as it had done before.

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The next day the wind blew very moderate from the north-west, and brought a severe frost along with it. We had now an opportunity to repair our boat; and, if our strength had been sufficient to launch it into the water, we should have changed our resolution, and have quitted the place. We made, indeed, a faint attempt to launch the boat; but, on finding that we could not move her an inch from where she lay upon the shore, we were obliged to give over the design. Our candles being all consumed, we were under the necessity of boiling the kelp-weed without the mixture of tallow, which, however nauseous at any other time, afforded us then, not only some kind of nourishment, but even an exquisite relish.

Having for three days tasted of no other food but the kelp-weed, we began to swell to an alarming degree. This we were at a loss whether to attribute to the kelp-weed, or to the cold (for we were not able to keep a sufficient fire): however, I thought then, and do still believe, that it proceeded from the former; for, notwithstanding we had often before been exposed to the utmost severity of the frost, and sometimes without any shelter whatever, yet we had never found ourselves affected with this extraordinary symptom; but, on the contrary, were as much reduced in bulk as we were in strength: whereas in a few days, the swelling had increased to such a degree all over our bodies, that, notwithstanding the little flesh we had upon our bones, we could sink our fingers two inches deep on the skin; the impression of which remained visible for above an hour after. Hunger, nevertheless, still obliged us to make use of the kelp-weed. I have never since consulted with any naturalist or physician about the extraordinary effects of this weed; yet doubt not but they may be accounted for from natural causes.

We passed a few days more in the same manner; at the expiration of which we were so much swollen, as to be almost deprived of our sight, and so reduced in strength, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could keep our fire in by crawling about in turn, and breaking the rotten branches that lay scattered upon the snow. The time was now arrived, when I thought it highly expedient to put the plan beforementioned into
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execution ; but on feeling the pulse of my companions, found that some of them were rather averse to the proposal ; the desire of life still prevailing above every other sentiment, notwithstanding the wretched condition they were in, and the impossibility even of preserving it by any other method.

I thought it an extraordinary instance of infatuation, that men should prefer the certainty of a lingering and miserable death, to the distant chance of one more immediate and less painful. However, on consulting with the mate what was to be done, I found, that though they objected to the proposal of casting lots which should be the victim, yet all concurred in the necessity of some one being sacrificed for the preservation of the rest. The only question was how it should be determined ; when, by a kind of reasoning more agreeable to the dictates of self-love than of justice, it was agreed on, that, as the captain was now so exceedingly reduced, as to be evidently the first who would sink under our present complicated misery ; as he had been the person to whom we considered ourselves in some measure indebted for all our misfortunes ; and further, as he had, ever since our shipwreck, been the most remiss in his exertions towards the general good, he was, undoubtedly, the person who should be first sacrificed.

I must confess, that I thought at that time, there was some colour of truth in this conclusion : yet I was not a little shocked at the captain's intended fate, although I had more reason than any one else to be incensed against him, not only on account of his neglect of duty, and his mal-practices at the hut in purloining our provisions, but for another reason likewise. After our shipwreck, I had discovered by some papers, which had been washed on shore, that, though the captain's pretended destination was to New York, yet his real one was to the West-Indies, if he could possibly effect it. Thus would he have baffled General Haldimand's intentions, in sending me with dispatches, that might be of the first consequence to this country ; and not only have disappointed, but also have defrauded me of the money which I paid him for my passage.

The determination now made was kept secret from the captain ; and it would have been impossible for us to

live

live many days longer without putting it into execution, had we not happily met with relief from a quarter whence we little expected it. On the 28th of February, as we were all lying about our fire, we thought that we heard the sound of human voices in the woods; and soon after discovered two Indians, with guns in their hands, who did not seem yet to have perceived us. This sight gave us fresh strength and spirits: so, getting up, we advanced towards them with the greatest eagerness imaginable.

As soon as we were perceived by the Indians, they started back, and seemed fixed for a few moments to the ground with surprise and horror. This indeed is not to be wondered at, when it is considered, that, besides the amazement they must naturally have felt on suddenly meeting with white men in this uninhabited part of the island, our appearance itself was enough to alarm the most intrepid: our cloaths being almost entirely burnt off, so that we were bare in several parts of our bodies, our limbs swollen to a prodigious bulk, our eyes from the same cause almost invisible, and our hair in a confused and dishevelled state about our heads and shoulders, particularly of those who wore it long; for we had not been able to comb it since our shipwreck. As we advanced towards the Indians, some of us wept, while others laughed, through joy. Being a little recovered from their surprise, they did not shew much inclination to accost us, till I got up to one of them, and took him by the hand; when he shook it for some time very heartily; the usual mode of salutation among the Indians.

They began at length to shew marks of compassion at our distressed appearance; and I imagine their shyness at first proceeded from the repugnance which it naturally inspired: for, these Indians being converted to Christianity, I will not attribute it to a motive so contrary to that doctrine, as the idea of the trouble they might expect, without any compensation, in relieving us. They then walked with us to our fire, and, sitting down by it together, one of them, who could speak a little broken French, desired we would inform him whence we came, and the particulars of the accident that brought us there. I accordingly gave him as concise an account as possible

of

of the disasters and fatigues we had undergone : during the relation, he seemed to be very much affected at our sufferings.

Having finished my narration, I asked the Indian, if he could furnish us with any kind of provisions : to which he answered in the affirmative. Observing that we had very little fire, he suddenly started up, and took our axe in his hand ; when looking at it, and laughing heartily, I suppose at the badness of it, he threw it down again, and taking his tomahawk from his side, which is a small hatchet that the Indians always carry about them, he went, and, in a short time, cut a quantity of wood, which he brought and threw upon our fire. This done, he took up his gun, and, without saying a word, went off with his companion.

This would have been a very alarming circumstance to persons ignorant of the Indian manners ; but I was so well acquainted with the humour of these people, who seldom speak when there is not an absolute occasion for it, that I doubted not but they were gone for some provisions, and that we should see them again very shortly. Notwithstanding the length of time we had been without nourishment, I must confess, that I felt but little inclination to eat : the fire which the Indian had made, was the greatest refreshment to us, as we had been for many days without a good one.

After about three hours had elapsed, during which interval some of our party were not without anxiety, lest the Indians should never return, we perceived them coming round a point at a small distance in a bark canoe. Being arrived and landed upon the beach, they took out of their canoe some smoked venison, and a bladder of seal oil, which they brought up to our fire-place : having put some of the meat into our kettle, they boiled it in melted snow, and then gave each of us a very small quantity of it, together with some oil. I knew very well their reason for being so sparing of their meat ; for eating a quantity of gross food in our present state might be attended with the most fatal consequences. It gave me no small pleasure to find that the Indians were so careful of us.

This light repast being ended, the Indians desired three of us to embark in their canoe, that being all she could

could carry at a time, and proceed from this place to their hut, which lay five miles farther by water, and about a mile from the shore, in the middle of the woods. We were received at the sea side by three other Indians, and about twelve or fourteen women and children, who had been there waiting our arrival. Having landed from the canoe, we were conducted by these last to their habitation in the wood, which consisted of three huts or wigwams, there being that number of families amongst them: meanwhile the same two Indians as had brought us, went back in their canoe for the three remaining men of our party. On arriving at the hut, we were treated with the greatest humanity by these people; they gave us some broth to sup, but would not suffer us to eat meat, or any kind of substantial food whatever.

The two Indians being come back with our companions, and having all received a tolerable refreshment, I was desired, at the request of a very old woman, who appeared to be mistress or mother of the families present, to give them an account of our transactions since the day of our shipwreck. I accordingly gave a more particular account than I had done before in French to the Indian whom I have already mentioned; and he explained it in his own language to the other Indians. In the course of my relation I could perceive that the old woman was exceedingly affected at certain parts of it; which gave me much satisfaction, as I thence derived hopes that they would continue to treat us with the same humanity. As soon as I had done speaking, the old woman rose up, and after supplying us with some more broth, desired the interpreter to explain to us the shipwreck of the famous French partisan St. Luc Lacorne on his passage from Canada to France.

He informed me that this gentleman, of whose shipwreck I had already heard something, was cast away directly upon the North Cape; that a great number of persons perished on the occasion, amongst whom were two of Mr. St. Luc's children, who were drowned in his arms, as he was attempting to carry them on shore. He likewise informed me, that after his having remained five days there, and suffered much from cold and hunger, he himself had relieved him, and conducted him to Louisbourg; for which service, he said, Mr. St. Luc

was

was indebted to him thirty pounds, which he promised to remit from Hallifax, but had never performed it. Whether this part of the Indian's story be true or not, it is impossible for me to determine: the gentleman himself is the best acquainted with it. But this I am certain of, that the poor Indians must have earned the money very dearly, in conducting him so far, at the season of the year in which the journey was performed.

These people did every thing in their power to reduce the swelling from our limbs; which they at length accomplished after much difficulty. Having provided for our own immediate wants, our thoughts recurred to those unfortunate men whom we had left by the wreck. We were under much anxiety for them, lest by this time they might have perished with hunger. However, in case they should be still alive, I was determined no means should be omitted for their preservation; and having described to the Indians the part of the island we were cast away upon, asked them, if it was possible to go to their relief?

From the description I gave the Indians of the situation of the river, and of a small island that lay nearly opposite, they said, that they knew the place perfectly well; that it was above one hundred miles distant, through very difficult paths, over rivers and mountains; and that, if they undertook the journey, they must expect some compensation for their trouble. This indeed was but reasonable: for it could not be expected, that the Indians should leave their hunting, by which alone they subsisted their wives and families, to undergo a fatigue of that kind through pure benevolence: and as to their account of the distance, I could easily give credit to it, as I knew we had come above one hundred and fifty miles by water. I then informed them, for the first time, for in fact it did not occur to me before, that I had some money, and that, if it would be any object to them, I would pay them for their trouble. They seemed much pleased when I told them that I had money, and desired me to let them look at it. Then taking the purse from my servant, I shewed them the hundred and eighty guineas that it contained; and observing an eagerness in their countenances at the sight of the coin, which I had little expected amongst Indians, and that the women
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in particular seemed to have taken a strong fancy to it, I presented them with a guinea each; for which they expressed their satisfaction by laughing, the only method among the savages of displaying every sentiment of that nature.

However, I was determined at all events to save the people, if any of them remained alive, though the Indians should be ever so exorbitant in their demands; and made an agreement with them at last, that they should set off the next day, which was the 2d of March, and that they should receive twenty-five guineas at their departure, and the same sum on their return. This being adjusted, they immediately went to work in making a proper number of mawkins and snow shoes, for themselves and for the men; and three of them went off the next morning, having received the sum of money agreed for.

After these people knew that I had money, my situation amongst them was not near so comfortable as before: for they became as mercenary as they had hitherto been charitable, and exacted above ten times the value for every little necessary they furnished for myself and the rest of my companions. Besides which, I was under constant apprehension, lest they should be incited by this extraordinary passion for money to plunder us, and leave us in the same destitute condition in which they found us. The only circumstance on which I founded my hope of better treatment from them, was their religion: for, as I mentioned before, they were Christians, and rigid Catholics, having been converted by the French before we got possession of the island. But, perhaps, it was this very circumstance of their communication with Christians that had inspired them with that vehement love of money. They shewed, indeed, every mark of attachment to their faith, being very assiduous at their devotions both night and morning; and frequently gave us cause to wish they had not been quite so devout, by disturbing us with their psalm-singing the whole night. I was very much afraid at times, if they had learnt that tenet of their sect, of keeping no faith with heretics; that their profession of Christianity would be of little service to us. My servant being an Irish Catholic, they were exceedingly fond of him, and heaped their favours upon him very profusely. He joined them for the most part in their roaring, for I
cannot

cannot with propriety call it singing, and in their prayers; though he did not understand a word of either. Indeed, I question much whether they themselves understood them, for they were the most confused jargon I ever heard, compounded of their own and the French language, with the mixture of a few broken Latin phrases, which they had picked up from their converters, the Jesuits.

These insular savages bore in general an exact resemblance in their persons and manners to those on the continent of America. The principal points in which they differed were, in having their hair long, which is peculiar to the women alone among the continental Indians, and in wearing caps and breeches. Their language was very different from that of those nations, or tribes, which I was acquainted with; though I doubt not but it might have a resemblance to some others upon the continent. I found afterwards, when we got into a part of the island where it was to be had, that they had the same strong propensity to spirituous liquor, so universal among the Indians.

It was some time before we had recovered any degree of strength, or could digest any substantial food. The only kind we could get from the Indians was the flesh of moose-deer, and seal oil; on which they subsist entirely during the time of hunting. Notwithstanding that we found ourselves, after our late miseries, pretty comfortably situated amongst those savages, yet I was anxious to get away, on account of the dispatches I was charged with, which I thought might be of the utmost consequence to his majesty's service; particularly, as I knew that the duplicates were lost. I continued, however, in so weak a condition, that it was impossible for me to move for some time; and found, as well as my fellow sufferers, that such a shock to the constitution was not easily to be repaired.

After being absent near a fortnight, the Indians arrived with three men, who were the only survivors of the eight who had been left behind at the hut. They were in a very reduced and miserable condition, and informed me, on enquiring the particulars of their transactions from the time we left them, that after having consumed all the beef, they lived for some days on the
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skin of the moose-deer, which we had left entire, not thinking it worth while to make a partition of it. This being consumed, three of them died in a few days of hunger, and the others were under the necessity of subsisting on the flesh of the dead men, till they were relieved by the Indians. One of the remaining five was so imprudently ravenous, when the Indians came to their assistance, as to eat such a quantity of meat, that he expired in a few hours, in the greatest agonies imaginable; and another soon after shot himself accidentally with one of the Indians' guns. Thus was our number, which originally consisted of nineteen persons, reduced to nine; and I rather wonder how so many persons could, for the space of three months, go through such complicated distresses, from excessive cold, fatigue, and hunger.

We all remained another fortnight among the Indians, during which I was obliged to pay, as before, a most exorbitant price for our diet, and for every necessary that we were provided with. By this time my health being somewhat reestablished, and my money at the same time very much reduced, I was resolved to postpone my own convenience to the good of the service, and to proceed as fast as possible with General Haldimand's dispatches, though it was now the most unfavourable season of the year for travelling. I therefore made an agreement with the Indians to conduct me to Hallifax; for which I was to pay them forty-five pounds, and to furnish them with provisions, and all necessaries, at every inhabited place on our way.

It was settled that I should depart on the 2d of April, with two Indians, for Hallifax, accompanied by Mr. Winlow, a young gentleman who had been a passenger on board the vessel, and was one of the three survivors at the hut, together with my own servant. The Indians were to conduct the remainder of our party to a settlement on Spanish river, about fifty miles distant, where they were to remain till the spring, when an opportunity might offer for them to get by sea to Hallifax. Previously to parting I gave the captain cash for a bill on his owner at New York, to provide for the immediate subsistence of himself and the sailors; which bill was afterwards protested by the owner, on the pretence, that

that the ship being lost, neither master nor crew were entitled to any wages.

We accordingly set off on the day appointed, each carrying four pair of Indian shoes, or mawkins, a pair of snow-shoes, and provisions for fifteen days. The same day we got to a place called by the English Broad Oar, where we were detained the following day by a snow storm. On the 4th we again proceeded through the woods about five leagues; and on the 5th arrived at a place named Broad Deck, which lies at the entrance of a very fine salt-water lake, called Lake St. Peter. This lake communicates by a narrow inlet with the sea, from which it is distant about sixteen leagues. At this place we met with two families of Indians, who were hunting there, and purchased of them a bark canoe for five pounds; the Indians having informed me, that some parts of this great lake are never frozen, and that it was requisite to have a canoe to pass over those places; and as we were to travel over the ice in other parts of it, I was obliged to purchase two Indian sleighs, in which we were to place the canoe, and drag it after us.

Having remained two days in this place, and provided ourselves with a few other necessary articles, we proceeded on the 7th for a few miles along the lake; but the ice being bad, we were soon obliged to take to the woods. A thaw coming on soon after, with rain, made the snow, which lay to the depth of six feet in the woods, so soft and heavy, that we could travel no longer on our snow-shoes, the snow sticking to them in large quantities. We were therefore obliged to make a fire, and remain here; and the thaw continuing for the space of four days, made us very apprehensive lest the ice should give way altogether: for the spring was now too far advanced to travel any longer upon the snow, unless during a frost. We should then have been under the necessity of waiting till the ice was entirely cleared off the lake; which would have taken at least a fortnight or three weeks from the time of its breaking up; in which case we might have been reduced to a condition equally distressed with that we had been in after our shipwreck, except that we were provided with arms and ammunition.

However,

However, the frost returned on the 12th, and the next day we set off, and travelled about six leagues, sometimes on floating pieces of ice, and at others in our canoe, where the lake was open. On the 14th our provisions being nearly exhausted, I proposed going in search of some game, as the country abounded with deer: for the Indians in general never think of providing for the next day's wants, but eat on without reflection whilst they have a morsel of food remaining. I accordingly went with one of the Indians into the woods. We had not been three hours on the hunt, before we discovered a very fine moose-deer; and the Indian shot him in about an hour after. We skinned this animal, which weighed about six hundred pounds, loaded ourselves with some of the best parts of its flesh, as well as the blood, which the Indian took care to collect, putting it in the bladder of the beast; and returned to our canoe. We then sent the other Indian, Mr. Winslow, and my servant, for some more of the meat, of which they brought about an hundred pounds.

Being now well stocked with provisions, we had no reason to apprehend that we should want, in case a return of mild weather should render it impossible for us to travel either upon the lake or in the woods. On the 15th we set out very early in the morning, and pursued our journey about six leagues, in the same manner as before. The greatest inconvenience that we felt was the want of bread, which the Indians of this country never make use of whilst they are hunting; and being now much wearied with travelling, our strength having been greatly exhausted by our past fatigues, we agreed to make a halt for a day or two in the woods. What renders the travelling through the woods in these cold climates more tolerable than might be supposed during the winter season, is the number of pine-trees and other evergreens, which are interspersed in different parts; the branches of which serve, not only to lie upon, but also as a shelter from the severity of the weather. We chose a spot abounding with these trees, and it is almost inconceivable in how short a time the Indians made us a comfortable habitation of the boughs, called in their language a *wigwam*. Their method of constructing them is as follows: having chosen the spot for their
fire,

fire, they first clear off the snow, throwing it up into a bank in a circular form, leaving a vacant space, or passage, to leeward: and it is to be observed, that the more snow there is on the ground the better, as it makes the best part of the shelter. They then cut branches of pines, of a proper length, and placing the thicker ends of them in the bank of snow, bend and interweave them towards the top. These branches are crossed by others, and interwoven with smaller ones, in such a manner, as to afford a sufficient shelter from the wind and from the falling snow. The fire is made in the middle of the wigwam, and the smoke of it goes out by the passage to leeward. The wigwams thus made are very comfortable, even in the coldest weather, and are proof against any thing but a heavy rain; beside which, a change of wind is the only inconvenience they are liable to.

We proceeded again on our journey on the 18th, and, during that and the following day, travelled several miles, without meeting with any thing remarkable. I had now leisure to observe the beauties of this lake, which was one of the finest I ever saw in America; though at this season of the year it could not appear to the best advantage. As far as I could judge, it is about twenty leagues in length from north to south, and eight wide from east to west. A number of small islands are scattered about in different parts of it, and give it somewhat the appearance of the lake of Killarney, and other fresh-water lakes in Ireland. These islands have never been settled on; yet appear to be very fruitful, and must be a most delightful residence in summer, except for the want of fresh water; which, perhaps, may be the reason they have never been inhabited. Had the lake been properly frozen, we might have saved ourselves the trouble of travelling several leagues, by crossing over from point to point, and from one island to another: but, this not being the case, we were obliged to travel round the greatest part of the bays on one side of it.

On the 20th we arrived at a place called St. Peter's, where there are four or five French and English families settled. I was here received very politely, and entertained at the house of a Mr. Cavanaugh, a merchant,

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NARRATIVE OF A SHIPWRECK.

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who was so good as to take my draught for two hundred pounds upon my father, though I was a perfect stranger to him. To this harbour vessels of the greatest burthen can come with safety, and a considerable fishery was formerly carried on here, till, on the breaking out of the present war, the American privateers put a stop to it. The force of these privateers, even taken collectively, is but trifling; and it is much to be regretted, that government cannot spare a vessel or two of force to cruize about here, and protect the fisheries; which, together with some other branches of trade, might be carried on with as much vigour, and much more benefit, than before the war. This Mr. Cavanaugh, but a short time before I arrived, was plundered to the amount of three thousand pounds, by two privateers from Boston; who came in at their leisure, and took what they wanted out of his stores. These American privateers have likewise driven all the settlers away from Louisburg, who had also subsisted by the fishery; and it is somewhat remarkable, that this place, which was, during the two last wars, such a bone of contention between us and the French, has not at the present moment so much as a single inhabitant.

I should have taken a shallop or fishing-boat from this place, and gone to Halifax by sea, but that there was almost a certainty of being taken by some privateer along the coast. This lake St. Peter is but half a mile from the ocean, to which we were to carry our canoe through the woods, and to proceed by water to the gut of Canceau. While the French were in possession of the island, they had formed a design of cutting through this narrow neck of land, and opening a communication on that side between the ocean and the lake, in order to bring in their large ships of war, to lie during the winter in the lake of St. Peter; for there is a sufficient depth of water in the harbour of St. Peter for the largest ships of the line to ride, though there is not water enough in the inlet, by which the lake communicates with the ocean, to enable them to pass up to the harbour.

After stocking ourselves therefore with as much provisions, and other necessaries, as we had occasion for, we set off on the 22d in our bark canoe, and arrived the same day at a place called by the French, Grand Grave;
where

where there is a family or two of that nation. The wind blowing hard, we were obliged to remain here all night, and on the 23d proceeded along the coast to a settlement called Discouffe, where we were detained another day by some floating ice.

On the 25th we got to a place called Narrashoc; where we were as hospitably entertained as we had been at St. Peter's. I here exchanged the remains of my regimental coat for a brown suit of cloaths, intending to pass for the master of the ship, in case I should happen to be taken by any of the American privateers at Canceau: and as the inhabitants of this place gave me to understand, that the people of Canceau were very much disaffected to government, I took every precaution to disguise the appearance of an officer.

We proceeded in our canoe, on the 26th, to the point of Isle Madame; intending to cross the great passage of Canceau. This passage is called the Gut of Canceau, from an Acadian settlement of that name on the continent; and separates the Island of Cape Breton from Acadia, or, as it is now called by the English, Nova Scotia. The island of Madame lies in the middle of the gut, but rather nearer to Cape Breton than to the main; and the passage to this island is called the Small, that from the Island to Canceau, the Great Passage. On making the point of Isle Madame, we found that there was still a great quantity of floating ice in the Great Passage, and, not thinking it prudent to venture in our frail vessel amongst it, we returned to Narrashoc, in order to procure a small sloop or vessel that could resist the ice.

Having accordingly provided one, we embarked our little canoe in it, and, on the 27th, the wind being as favourable as we could wish, got across the passage, which is eight leagues, in three hours. The men, who navigated the vessel to the other side, were very apprehensive of some American privateers lying in the harbour of Canceau, having seen several in the bay two days before. Upon this intelligence, I gave my dispatches and papers to one of the Indians, knowing well, that they never attempt to search or plunder any of these people. We were, however, so fortunate as to see no privateers on entering the harbour.

On

On landing at Canceau, I went to the house of a Mr. Rust who is the principal man at this place, and acts as a justice of the peace under government, for which he receives about 100*l. per annum*. The inhabitants on the other side, as well as the people who brought us over, having informed me that this gentleman always supplied the New-England cruizers with every necessary that his stores could afford, I was determined to be very cautious in every thing I said in his presence. Having paid the person who brought us over the gut, and thanked him for his private intelligence, I was conducted to the house of this Mr. Rust to whom I passed myself for the captain of the ship. He asked me a number of questions the tendency of which I could easily perceive; and therefore gave him as evasive answers as possible. I found that he had a brother-in-law who was a first lieutenant on board a sixteen-gun brig belonging to Boston, which had gone out of the harbour of Canceau the day before.

We remained in this place till three o'clock the next morning, when, being apprehensive of treachery on the part of our pretended friends, we set off without any intimation of it to Mr. Rust. From this gentleman I had purchased a piece of salt pork and about eight pounds of biscuit, which he said was as much as he could spare, and for which I was obliged to pay him at least thrice its value. We were now to proceed in our canoe along the coast to Hallifax, and had reason to fear that we should be again distressed for provisions. However, we were so lucky as to find, as we coasted along, plenty of lobsters and other fish which the Indians caught with prodigious dexterity, killing the flat fish with a pointed pole, and the lobsters with a cloven one. We were ten days going from Canceau to Hallifax, during which interval we did not meet with any settlement, and saw nothing worth mentioning, except a number of picca-rooms on various parts of the coast.

The Indians remained for a few days at Hallifax; when, having received the balance due to them, they took their departure for the island. I was obliged to continue here for two months longer, till an opportunity served for a passage, in the Royal Oak, to New York;

where I delivered my dispatches (in a very ragged condition) to Sir Henry Clinton.

The rest of my fellow sufferers in the shipwreck soon after arrived at Hallifax in a shallop from Spanish River. The captain, conscious of the reception he would meet with, did not think proper to go to his owner at New York, to give an account of the loss of his vessel; but took his passage in a ship from Hallifax to London, and now serves as a pilot on the Thames. The mate was, on account of his good conduct during the whole of our transactions, appointed by a gentleman in Hallifax to the command of a ship bound to the West-Indies.

JULIA MONTAGUE to EMILY BEAUMONT.

MY DEAR EMILY,

HAVE you then forgotten your promise to come down to the country, and spend a few days with me in the beginning of spring? Perhaps the fine folks in town do not suppose that the spring is come yet. I can account for their mistake. Nothing but the sun can convince them of its approach, and they keep themselves so mewed up in their apartments, that they think very little of consulting him. As for us, we enjoy his kindly beams already. The country, which was so dull for some months, has resumed all its charms. The trees have shaken off winter's squalid dress to put on, once more, the livery of the spring. The birds returning in crowds form the most agreeable concerts, while they hide their nests under the thick foliage of the groves. What can you be doing in town? Were you to pass the whole day at your window, breathing the fresh air, would you suppose that you enjoyed the spring? Cast your eyes round you, what do you see? a sky clouded with smoke, dirty streets, in short, the same objects that you have seen all the winter. The house tops, it is true, are no longer covered with snow and icicles, but your dun tiles, even with this advantage, afford no very brilliant prospect. Do you see, as

I do,

I do, the sun's rising beams deck the fresh leaf with purple and gold; do you see the dew drops shine like pearls, before his warmth dries them up; do you see him when he emerges from behind the hill inundate the vast horizon with a torrent of light? I suppose your town idlers, who have stuck so long to their fire sides, begin to trust themselves at length to the park, though they still shudder with the cold that they have felt; but look at them attentively, you will find that one winter has made them old. Here, on the contrary, every thing seems to have grown young again. The brooks have purged their muddy waters, the meadows are enamelled with new flowers, the pale primrose adorns every bank, and even the prickly hawthorn prepares to dress itself in the blossoms of May, in order to soften its rugged aspect. How pleasing, after the dull silence that reigned through all nature, to hear the bleating of the flocks that are seen climbing up the green slopes, and the clamorous joy of the children and youth who come out to enjoy their accustomed sports in the fields. Our house is built upon an eminence, exposed to the earliest beams of the sun. I might, if I chose, receive his morning visits in my chamber, but I like better to rise with the dawn, and pay him my respects in person upon the top of the hill; and thither I repair in the evening also to take my leave of him.

These, my dear Emily, are some of the pleasures that the country affords, but I feel the want of a friend to enjoy them with me. Make haste, therefore, and come down. Do not suppose that whatever time you spend here will be lost to your improvement: I learn here a thousand things, of which I am ashamed that I have hitherto been ignorant. Our little accomplishments too, I am very sure, will not contract rust in this air. The sweet songs of the nightingale will remind us of cultivating our voices more attentively. The little lambs, that bound and frisk round their mothers, will give us an example of ease, grace, and agility; while the landscape, varying before us at every step, will invite us to exercise our pencils, and vie with the colouring of nature: such rivals as these may, perhaps, humble our vanity, but they take no pride to themselves from our inferiority, and therefore we can forgive their

excelling us. Try to prevail upon your mama to come down along with you: we expect you both with the most earnest impatience. Adieu, my dear Emily. The moment that I can suppose my letter to have reached you, I will go and post myself at the end of our avenue to wait your coming. You will do wrong to let me moan there long, like the turtle for its absent mate. Once more adieu. Believe me unalterable in the friendship which I have vowed to maintain for you while I remain

JULIA MONTAGUE.

EMILY BEAUMONT to JULIA MONTAGUE.

I HAVE not forgotten the promise that you mention, my dear Julia, and if I have not performed it, I am pretty sure, when you hear the reason, you will not think me deserving of your reproaches. I chose rather to appear deserving of them, than to wound your tender breast with my sorrows. These I can now impart to you, as they are at present totally dissipated. You know how tenderly I love my worthy mother. Well, my dear friend, I have been upon the point of losing her for ever, and shudder still at the thoughts of my danger. Since the death of my papa, her health had been constantly on the decline, but I flattered myself that the amusements of the country, your mama's agreeable company, and the pleasure of seeing me happy in your society, might in some measure divert her grief, and contribute to the recovery of her health. This hope it was that made me talk last winter, in such high spirits, of the pleasures that we were to enjoy in the spring. The first approaches of this charming season revived in my mind the most delicious ideas. I was busy, the other day, preparing for our jaunt; and mama, with her usual good nature, seeing my impatience, was as earnest on her part, when, as she was packing up her things, a bundle of letters of my father's, which she has always preserved, fell into her hands. It was late in the evening; she therefore sent me to bed, that she

might

might peruse them more at her ease. I have since learned that she was reading them the whole night. They must have agitated her spirits most powerfully; for, in the morning, a fever appeared on her in all its violence, and reduced her in two days to the last extremity. Judge what I must have suffered in seeing her delirious the whole time, and hearing her pronounce my papa's dear name with a voice scarcely audible. I trembled every moment lest I should lose her as well as him. What would have become of me, deprived of that dear mother, who seems to care for life on no other account than that of her affection for me? I had ever been sensible of her fondness, but at that moment how much did I feel my love and gratitude encrease! Although her situation rendered her unconscious of my care and tenderness, yet I exerted myself in the melancholy office as much as if she had repaid me by her fondest caresses. My father, whose image was so strongly painted in my remembrance, seemed to thank me for her. I never left her bedside a single moment, and I have now the pleasure to see her recover perceptibly. I cannot express to you what new sentiments this revolution in my mother's health has given birth to in my breast. The names of mother and daughter sound in my ears with a sweetness that I never found in them before. Whatever reminds me of the tender ties of nature, excites in my soul more melting emotions than I have ever hitherto experienced. Of this I had a proof yesterday, which I shall long remember.

Mama took me to spend a day out of town at Lady D——'s, who had testified the strongest concern for her during her illness. I had always heard this lady mentioned with expressions of respect and affection, but my age's levity had hindered me from making remarks upon her character with any attention. I now resolved, however, to study it observantly. We found her at our arrival in a company of near twenty visitors, some of whom were united to her by the ties of friendship, others common acquaintances who had occasionally matters of business to transact with her husband. Her countenance, which was constantly brightened with a smile of candour and good nature, encouraged even strangers to be at their ease in her company. I admired with what

ease she could address all by turns, in the very style which their several circumstances made the properest, forgetting no person in so numerous a company, and yet, in the midst of all these various attentions, overlooking her young family with the care of a mother, though she did not appear in the least engaged with them. In the evening, when the company was retired, mama yielded to the request of her friend who pressinglly entreated her to prolong the pleasure that she enjoyed in being once more in her society. Lady D—— had just received agreeable news from two of her sons who were on their travels. Her husband was returned the same day from a short journey into the country. These two circumstances threw her into a most delicious frame of mind, and her happiness was equally painted in the smile that hung upon her lips, and in the sweet drops that bedewed her eyes. It seemed as if her soul, replete with love, feared to contract her joy within herself, and would therefore diffuse it upon all around to make them partners in her happiness. The impression was so pleasing that you could not avoid cherishing it as your own proper sensation. Her feelings had the same effect as a fine evening, in which nature takes pleasure to breathe into every bosom the sweets that she dispenses. A light and lively cheerfulness quickly succeeded to this tender mood, and from that air of nobleness, that character of dignity and good sense, which was to her so natural, and which she had supported to so much advantage in the general conversation of the afternoon, I saw her with the same grace descend to the most playful good humour and the most intimate familiarity. Mama was touched with the affectionate part that she took concerning the happy return of her health; I confess, I myself was touched with the flattering instances of friendship that I received from her lips; but I know not how, she found the secret of making her own pleasure become still more sensibly interesting to us. Sometimes by caresses she would encourage her daughter to display, before her father, the accomplishments which she had acquired in his absence: sometimes by ingeniously irritating her, as it were, she would elicit from her daughter's vivacity a thousand strokes of native wit and delicacy. Amiable artifice of maternal tenderness, that endeavour

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deavourest to adorn children in all their graces before the eyes of a delighted father, in order to render him, in his turn, more dear to his children by the encrease of his affection! How well didst thou become that pure, ingenuous soul, which was so much a stranger to artifice of every other kind!

The rest of the evening was spent in a variety of little amusements, and I entered into the spirit of them more I think than I should have done in any other house, because they generally appear to be no other than expedients to beguile the wearisome time away, whereas the cheerfulness, spirit and cordiality, with which they are seasoned by Lady D——, renders them real and genuine pleasures. At length, however, the moment of our departure arrived, and I confess to you, not without costing me a very lively regret. We had hardly been seated in the carriage when, dearest mama, cried I, throwing my arms round her neck, how much do I thank you for having made me a witness to the happiness of that respectable family! I know I shall love you still more for it than ever I have. You see, my Emily, answered she, pressing me tenderly to her bosom, how much the sweets of nature and of friendship excel all other pleasures. My heart felt the same impression, and ever does when I am in the company of my worthy friend. I never leave her but I find myself more inclined to practise my duty, and better instructed by her example in the means of succeeding. Ah, mama, how delightful are those duties, and how easy do they appear from the manner in which Lady D—— performs them. I think, to be in her company one single day, would be a sufficient inducement to any woman upon earth to seek the same happiness. You are right, my dear, such is the charm of true virtue, that at sight of her all ingenuous souls feel the most willing inclination to follow her example. But many are soon disheartened by some difficulties which wear a formidable aspect, and this merely for want of a sufficient steadiness of principle. Lady D—— had the courage to form her principles in her earliest youth, and never to swerve from them during the rest of her life. With all the pleasing qualities and accomplishments that were capable of making her shine in the world, a fortune sufficient

to supply even thoughtless dissipation, and in spite of the examples which she might have pleaded in her excuse, she was early sensible that her own esteem, that of her husband, her family and her friends, were of more solid value to such a mind as hers. All her thoughts, all her actions, have been directed by this virtuous determination. Her efforts became every day easier to her, and the success of them was the beginning of her reward. The more she has tasted the happiness of this reward, the more lively dread she has felt of losing it, were she to deviate a single moment from her plan of rectitude. Hence her courage has never been daunted at any difficulty. All her children have been brought up at her own breast. They have never been sick but her embrace consoled them. She formed their earliest ideas, their earliest sentiments; she has incessantly watched over the minutest particulars of their education; and even at this day their happiness is her only solicitude: to that her generous affection would sacrifice the dearest considerations of her own happiness; and from the calm in which so many subjects of inward satisfaction sustain her mind in the midst of all its activity, proceeds that air of serenity and cheerfulness, that candid ingenuous manner, which gains your esteem at the first look. Being, therefore, always certain of meeting with good will and respect from others, as she finds nothing in herself unworthy of these sentiments, she needs only to pursue the natural bent of her disposition in order to be sure of pleasing: and to these means of pleasing, with which nature has endowed her, she has united all those that are in the gift of reason, cultivated by reflexion, reading and experience. It seems as if nothing were beyond the reach of her faculties, in the same manner as there is nothing which her feelings do not interest. Her conversation is as touching as instructive. One would say that all her ideas pass by her heart, and there clothe themselves in the expression of the most noble and delicate sentiment. An unalterable equality of temper, an amiableness ever new, bind her husband's affections to her in the sweetest captivity, nor ever allow him to wish for other relaxation from his cares than he finds in her company. In effect, what sight can he find, when
from

from home, capable of engaging him so much as his own house; when he sees his friends, fatigued amid the bustling scenes of the world, come to this asylum of peace and honour to seek the pleasure which those scenes could not afford them? The air of frankness and becoming liberty that you find in this house, disposes all hearts to become susceptible of generous sentiments, and still farther to open themselves with the most unreserved confidence. You are there safe both against others and yourself, as in a temple where every thing inspires the respect and love of a beneficent Deity whom we should dread to offend even in our most secret thoughts. Instead of the jealousies and claims of precedence which raise discord amongst other women, those whom she has chosen for her acquaintance only feel, in her presence, the desire of meriting her esteem daily more and more; and this, being equally the business of all, attaches them to each other by new ties, and leads them to offer her their united tribute of gratitude and friendship: thus every thing conspires to afford her the sublimest happiness that a soul, endowed with sensibility, can taste. Happy as a wife, happy as a mother, happy as a friend, all around her forms an empire as it were, the subjects of which resign their hearts to her governance, that she may fill them with virtuous sentiment, and emulation of her noble qualities.

Notwithstanding the vivacity with which my mother delivered me this portrait of Lady D——, it made so powerful an impression on me, that I have found it again this morning quite fresh in my memory. I hasten to send it to you, requesting you at the same time to shew it to your mother. I confess to you, I should be happy to see it in the hands of all honest people. Nay, I think, we owe this public homage to virtue, that we should paint the pleasures which it bestows, both in order to encourage those who practise it, and to invite others to do so by the hopes of the same happiness. The only person from whom I should wish to conceal it is my Lady D—— herself, and that for fear of offending her modesty; if, after all, this very quality would permit her to discover her own resemblance in the picture. Her friends alone would be struck with the likeness, and would thank me for having *given them back the image of*

those sentiments which they all entertain of her in their hearts. Honest people in general would applaud me for having shewed, by a living pattern, that virtue is not a stranger upon earth, that it may be allied to the most amiable character, and enjoy the purest bliss that the condition of humanity is capable of tasting.

Let us, my dear friend, who have the happiness to find the same principles in our parents, profit by this new example, and be still further animated to tread in their steps. We are in that happy age of life, when our instructions and occupations are so many amusements; when our first duty is to follow the pleasing bent of gratitude and tender affection to those who gave us birth, and whose only ambition is to adorn us by virtues and accomplishments. To these sentiments let us join those of the friendship which unites us: it began in our infancy; we shall shortly renew it in the country, and in the most smiling season of the year. All these circumstances should add a force and a delicacy to it, which may extend both its duration and its happiness to our whole life. It hath taught you to share the pain that I have felt from our separation; let it also teach you to partake of the joy which my heart alone would not be sufficient to contain, that of going next week to receive your embrace.

EMILY BEAUMONT.

THE

THE HONEST FARMER.

A DRAMA, in FIVE ACTS.

The Subject of this Piece is taken from *De Eerlyke Landman*. See the *Nieuwe Spectatoriale Schouwburg*, a Collection of Miscellaneous Pieces in Dutch, printed at Amsterdam, 1782, without the Author's Name.

CHARACTERS.

Squire PARKS,	STEWARD to Squire Parks.
Farm. THOROWGOOD, <i>his Tenant</i> ,	
MARTHA, <i>the Farmer's Wife</i> ,	
VALENTINE, <i>their supposed Son</i> ,	HUMPHRIES, } <i>Neigh-</i>
GEORGE, }	HEARTY, } <i>bours of</i>
JENNY, } <i>their Children.</i>	MEADOWS, } <i>Thorow-</i>
LUCY, }	
	MEADOWS, } <i>good.</i>

SCENE. *The Farmer's House.*

SCENE I.

(*Martha standing by a table cutting two slices of bread and butter.*)

AFTER having laboured so hard during the best part of our lives, thus at last to fall into poverty! To what purpose is it, that we have never ceased our cares and pains for a single moment, in order to breed up our children with credit? If they were but of an age to earn their own bread, it would be something! My dear children, it is not for myself, it is for you that I shed tears; in losing our cattle we have lost our all. What remains is far from being sufficient to pay our landlord. What is to become of us? if my good husband did not support my sinking courage, I should die with grief. But how worthy a character he is! What a man! How tranquil in the midst of our misfortunes! Were I not sure that affection makes him

conceal the greatest part of his troubles from the fear of afflicting me, I should believe he were insensible to them. "Why dost thou weep, Martha, he often says, when I can no longer restrain my tears? We have had a loss, it is true; but who knows what Providence has in store for us; I for my part make that my dependance." Alas, though never rich himself, he was always a friend to the unfortunate. How many families in this village has he saved from misery by his advice and assistance! There is not a better man on earth; and I still possess what many women want in the midst of riches, a worthy husband, and children whose good dispositions fill our hearts with joy. Whilst I think on these blessings, I feel that Providence watches over us, and my griefs become lighter. Take courage then, Martha, enough is left to console thee in thy affliction. (*She advances to the door and calls*) Jenny, Jenny.

SCENE II.

Martha, Jenny.

Jenny. Did you call?

Martha. Here, my child, take thy breakfast.

Jenny. Oh, my dear mother, you have given me above half; I cannot eat all this.

Martha. No; look at it, it is no more than thy ordinary portion: you are not ill, I hope.

Jenny. Not at all; but I have not so good an appetite as usual.

Martha. What is it you tell me? how long is it since you have been thus dainty? Come, come, eat your breakfast like a good girl. Will you take this piece of bread?

Jenny, (taking the bread and breaking it in two.) It is too much, I assure you; half of it is sufficient for me. (*She gives the other half to her mother.*) Here, keep this for Lucy.

Martha. What, has she given you the measure of her appetite, pray!

Jenny. This is enough for her; I know, she will not ask for more.

Martha,

Martha. You seem to think you know your sister wondrous well; but I answer for it, Lucy can eat her own share as well as you: here is a piece that I have prepared for her.

Jenny. No, no; she will keep that for the evening, and then she will give me half in her turn: leave us alone, we have settled the matter between us.

Martha. What means all this? I am curious to know.

Jenny. Why do you ask me? it is a secret between us two: I beg, dear mother, that you will not seem as if you perceived any thing of the matter.

Martha. Nay, now you encrease my curiosity, and I must absolutely know the bottom of this.

Jenny. Well then, since you command it I will tell you all: yesterday evening we overheard my father say to you, since we have suffered the loss of our cattle we must submit to the will of heaven, and try to turn this misfortune into a blessing; we must be the more diligent and industrious, and strive with all possible oeconomy to support our family. You replied with an embrace, that you would be the first to set the example. I made a sign to my sister to retire; we embraced each other also; whatever you had engaged to do for us, we agreed together in return to do for you.

Martha. My dear children, you take too large a share in our troubles; they are not suited to your age; fear nothing; heaven will have care of you. Oh, my child, you have made me feel the happiness of being a mother. What earthly good can equal the joy which this instance of your tender duty has given me; but be comforted. I have reserved the remainder of this for you, and you may at least to-day eat your bread as usual: it is necessary that you should get strength, in order to earn something for us when you grow older. Will you not be glad to labour for your father and mother?

Jenny. Ah, glad indeed! that I shall; but we can begin now: our hands it is true are small, but we will work the longer for that, and all that we earn we will give to my father to purchase more cattle. Then we will rear poultry and sell our eggs; and this money, all this money, we will gladly bring to you, dear mother. (*Seeing the tears in her mother's eyes.*) Oh, do not weep I beseech you; you make my heart sink.

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Martha. Be satisfied ; if I weep it is for joy : but it is time that thou shouldst breakfast. There are many things to do in the house ; and I would have thy father find every thing in order at his return.

Jenny. Is he gone into the field with my brothers ?

Martha. No, he took a walk down to the hall : he wanted to speak with our landlord.

Jenny. Oh, so much the better. My father always came home in good spirits from him : he is an excellent man that Mr. Parks, is he not ?

Martha. Yes, my dear, hitherto he has been very good to us : pray heaven he may continue to be so now we have occasion for it. But since our great losses we are no longer in a condition to pay our rent ; and often those who have shewn us the greatest kindness, whilst we owed them nothing, look upon us with a very different eye when they think they are in danger of losing by us.

Jenny. Our landlord, I am sure, is not a man of this sort.

Martha. I hope he is not, child, or we shall be much to be pitied.

Jenny. I long for my father's return to hear the good news. Will he be back this morning ?

Martha. He went out at sun rise, and I expect him back every minute.

Jenny. (*resting her hand on the table.*) Then before I breakfast I will go and draw some beer to refresh him ; he will be glad of a draught after his walk.

Martha. No, no, eat your bread ; I will take care of that myself.

Jenny. You asked me just now whether I would work for my father and mother, and now you prevent my doing so.

Martha. Do as you will then ; I will not deprive you of this pleasure : your father I know will repay you with his caresses.

Jenny. And I do not know which of us is the best pleased when I deserve them ; and I will do my best to do so.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Martha alone.

My dear children, heaven is my witness, it is chiefly on your account that I dread poverty, and yet it is from you that I receive the greatest comfort. How much more ought I to love you, since you are the only blessing that is left me. Had I never been unfortunate, I should never have had those proofs of your affection. Perhaps also you will assist me in conquering my grief, whilst I am only striving to hide it from you. No, I will not interrupt by my murmurings the innocent gaiety of your tender age. *(She runs to the cradle, takes out the infant, and presses it in her arms, looking at it with tenderness.)* It is to thee alone that I will utter my complaints, to thee who art as yet insensible to the sorrows of thy parents. I may shed tears in thy presence without fearing to afflict thee. Happy infant, I weep for thy lot, whilst thou answerest me with a smile.

SCENE IV.

Martha, Jenny.

Jenny, (coming in just as Martha has the child in her arms.) Give it to me, mother, that I may kiss it. My little friend, when you are as able as I am, you shall work for your father and mother too. Oh, you shall see what care I will take of this little baby, that it may become strong and robust. But stay, we are busy at present, you must go sleep a little. *(She puts it back into the cradle whilst the mother looks affectionately at them both.)* Mother, I have just brought the beer; will you lend me the key of the cupboard, that I may fetch some clean linen and a waistcoat for my father: I know he will return overcome with heat and fatigue.

Martha. Aye, and if he has any good news he will not care how much he fatigues himself, in order to hasten to us with it.

Jenny, (*Shutting the cupboard, and laying the linen on a chair.*) I know it; and then he would, without resting, go to the field: he never loses a moment.

Martha. This is a good lesson for us; you for example would do well to hasten your breakfast and go to school, as soon as you have asked your father's blessing.

Jenny. To school! Oh, no, I shall not go there now.

Martha. What do you say, *Jenny*? do you not mean to learn to read and write? No, no, my child, I hope however we may be reduced, to be always able to afford you this instruction, though I should be forced to stint myself in common necessaries for it.

Jenny. But there will be no occasion for any more expence on that account. Does not my brother Valentine read as fluently, as our schoolmaster at his desk? and he will be master to Lucy and me: he told me so this morning. Sister, said he, you know that I am allowed half an hour's rest after dinner before I return to work; well then, if you will during that time begin a lesson with me, I will finish it when I come home in the evening. You have nothing to do but to apply diligently, and I'll answer for it, you will soon be the best scholar in the village. Let us begin to-day, and you shall see.

Martha. Now was this Valentine's own thought?

Jenny. Yes, his own indeed, mother; it would never have come into my head. It is I, said he, who have cost my parents the most, being the eldest: had they spent less on me they would have had the money for you my sisters; I ought therefore to give you back the instruction that I have received, now that our father cannot afford it you.

Martha. Alas, could we have known at the time that we were providing masters for him, that he would one day have wanted necessaries! He has cost us something, it is true, in his education, but I do not regret it. The money has been well laid out. Valentine is grateful, and does his best to give us proofs of it.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Martha, Jenny, Lucy.

Lucy, (jumping.) Here he is, here he is.

Martha. Who, Lucy?

Lucy. My father; he is just come.

SCENE VI.

Thorowgood, Martha, Jenny, Lucy.

Martha, (running to meet him with open arms.) Ah, my dear friend.

Jenny, (taking his hand.) My dear father.

Lucy. How glad I am to see you.

Thorowgood. Good morning to you, my dear; good morning to you, children.

Martha. Are not you sadly tired with your walk?

Thorowgood. No, I feel myself quite nimble: but my poor Martha, you look sorrowful; I see, you have been weeping.

Martha. It is true, but do not be uneasy at that, for they were tears of pleasure at having such dutiful children. If you did but know how much satisfaction they have given me this morning on your account!

Thorowgood. These are sweet words to me: there is not a greater happiness when we do our own duty than to see it done by those who belong to us. As I went to the Squire's this morning, my heart filled with your idea; now I return home and find my wife and children wholly engrossed by mine. What comfort is this!

Martha. Will you take any thing? will you change your dress? Jenny has provided every thing for you.

Thorowgood. No, I thank you, there is no occasion. The thought of it alone is sufficient refreshment to me. *(Kissing Jenny.)*

Martha. Well, you have seen our landlord; how did he receive you?

Thorowgood. As I expected: he has a feeling and good heart. He is a man, Martha, of the highest honour and humanity.

Martha.

Martha. Indeed! Did he compassionate our misfortunes? Tell me all.

Thorowgood. As soon as he was informed of my arrival, without making me wait a moment, he came out to me, and took me into his best parlour.

Jenny. Into his best parlour!

Thorowgood. Yes, Jenny: he was drinking coffee with his lady, and they ordered a ham on the same table for me; and madam was so good as to cut me a slice.

Jenny. What madam herself?

Thorowgood. Yes, indeed, with her own hands, and in so obliging a manner.

Martha. Oh the dear lady!

Thorowgood. They would not let me speak about business till I had finished my breakfast.

Martha. How charming is this: and then—

Thorowgood. Well then, my good Thorowgood, said Mr. Parks, what news? Very bad, answered I: I have lost all my cattle in the space of eight days, by a disease brought on by the drought of the season. I am ruined, and I am come to inform you of it, that you may be at liberty to let your farm to another tenant. I come also to offer you all that I have left in the world: it is a great trouble to me that I have not sufficient to satisfy you; but I promise, on the word of an honest man, to labour night and day till I can do so. I shall eat of the bread of bitterness till I have paid my debt to the utmost farthing.

Martha. Oh, certainly, we will do it readily. What did Mr. Parks say to this?

Thorowgood. I was already acquainted with your losses, honest Thorowgood, said he, and am heartily sorry for them. I pity you also, said madam, with her sweet voice: I pity you with all my heart.

Martha. The worthy couple! how good they are.

Thorowgood. I do not come here, said I, to excite compassion, I have no occasion for it, as I am able to work. My great concern is that I cannot acquit myself of my debts to you: I own, I feel for my wife and my young family: I who would have shed my blood to preserve them from want! You who are rich, and without children, know not what it is to see those suffer to whom we have given life. Ah, if you had
such

such children as I have; if you loved them with all your soul, and were beloved by them as I am!—In saying this, grief made me hide my face; and when I lifted up my eyes again, I saw Mr. Parks was no longer looking at me: he had turned towards his wife; their eyes were filled with tears, and fixed on each other. Pity was not the only sentiment which then affected them; I plainly saw that something, which more nearly concerned themselves, occupied their minds.

Martha. And did you not ask them what it was?

Thoroughgood. I had not the courage; but as I continued to talk of my children, Mr. Parks strove to change the discourse. I perceived clearly that some private affliction was the cause of this, and therefore hastened to quit the subject, and began talking about my corn, and reckoning how much it would yield towards paying my rent.

Martha. And pray was not Mr. Parks very angry when he found it fall so short of that sum?

Thoroughgood. Quite the contrary; he bid me not despair. Go home to your wife, said the good gentleman, I will order my horse and be with you presently, when we will settle every thing. I have always looked upon you as an honest man, therefore I will do nothing in this business without your concurrence.

Martha. Is this possible? How much do we owe him?

Thoroughgood. Four hundred and fifty pounds.

Martha. Alas, alas, how shall we be ever able to pay this money?

Thoroughgood. It is true; and yet had we saved our cattle, and our crops had answered this year, we should have had enough and something over.

Martha. But as it is, what will become of us?

Thoroughgood. Why all that we can do now is to collect together our household goods and farming utensils, and sell them to pay our landlord: we will keep nothing but what is on our backs: we can then shew ourselves before him with a clear conscience. This is the only course that we can take to avoid misery. (*Somebody knocks softly at the door.*)

Jenny, (going to the door.) I think I heard a knock at the door. Yes, I see some one. (*She comes back and speaks in a low voice.*) It is Mr. Pinch.

Thorough-

Thorowgood. Mr. Pinch! What does he want with me, I wonder: we have never had any quarrel.

Martha. I shudder with fear. We are undone my dear Thorowgood. We shall be taken to jail. I know the steward; some mischief is sure to happen wherever he interferes.

Thorowgood. Compose yourself, wife; we have nothing to fear. Take away the children, and leave me alone with him.

Martha. What do you mean? I must stay with you.

Thorowgood. No, no, leave us together; knave as he is, I am not afraid of him. You only vex me by staying: go, I beg of you.

Martha. Since you insist upon it I must obey. (*She retires, taking Jenny and Lucy in her hand. The steward meets them by the way and bows: the little girls appear frightened, and cling to their mother as she goes out.*)

S C E N E VII.

Steward, Thorowgood.

Steward. Thorowgood, did not I see you on the road to the Squire's just now?

Thorowgood. Very likely: in fact, I am just returned from thence. I have been with my landlord to give up to him the state of my affairs.

Steward. What! without consulting me, have you settled matters together?

Thorowgood. No, not yet.

Steward. So much the better. I am come to offer my services, and to put you in a method to defend yourself against him.

Thorowgood. Against him! Pray was it not Mr. Parks who gave you the place that you hold? Do not you serve him?

Steward. I allow it, therefore I should not chuse to be seen openly in this business; my design is to support you secretly. I can recommend you a lawyer of this town, by whose means you shall be the gainer where you expect to lose: you understand me. He is one of those we call a shrewd knavish fellow: trust to him, he'll settle the business for you: he is my friend.

Thorow-

Thoroughgood. A knavish fellow and your friend: I should have guessed so. Only see the force of sympathy.

Steward. You must not take things so literally; I mean that he is a man capable of bringing you safe out of your embarrassments, and the present juncture is very favourable to you; this year having proved ruinous to the farmers in many places, will easily account for your becoming bankrupt.

Thoroughgood. I shall have nothing to do with your plan, Sir, but shall pay my landlord my full debt whenever fortune enables me.

Steward. You despise the law then, though it offers you its assistance.

Thoroughgood. No, I do not despise it, but I think a man's conscience should be his just law; and if I make a bargain which is not contrary to that, I think honour obliges me to stand to it, even though the law might discharge me from it.

Steward. Take my word for it, neither your honour or conscience will suffer in this business: it is not your fault that you have had those losses.

Thoroughgood. How do you know that? perhaps I was to blame to purchase so many cattle at once; had I bought but the half my loss would not have been so great, and I should have had money enough left to pay my rent.

Steward. And be it your fault or not the thing is done now. And are you aware of what you expose yourself to when you leave all to the discretion of Mr. Parks? Why he has it in his power to throw you into prison.

Thoroughgood. And if he has that power, why should I seek to take it from him? and if he means to treat me with humanity, why rob him of that pleasure?

Steward. Well, suppose he should not prove rigorous, he is mortal you know; and his heirs may not be so tractable; whereas, if you follow my advice, you may secure yourself from accidents, and procure a final acquittance of the debt.

Thoroughgood. What! can your lawyer make my landlord believe that he is paid before he has received his just due?

Steward. No, but after having made himself acquainted with your affairs, he can settle them much to your advantage,

vantage, and put some money in your pocket besides, you understand me!

Thorowgood. I do not want his assistance for this; I can make the matter as clear to my landlord myself; he knows very well the misfortunes which have reduced me. I cannot now pass for a man of property.

Steward. Very true, but one ought always to do things by rule. Now this lawyer whom I recommend, is one of the best in the country in managing a business of this sort: besides, I mean myself to lend you every assistance in my power.

Thorowgood. I cannot imagine what may be your motive for acting in this manner so much against the Squire's interest, unless it is because he appears willing to settle my affairs without consulting you, and so deprive you of the perquisites of your office.

Steward. What perquisites?

Thorowgood. Come, come, we know how most stewards make their fortunes. You all love to fish in troubled waters.

Steward. Nay, you talk at random. I only mean to be your friend in this. Put your affair into my hands and those of my friend, we will settle them, I'll answer for it.

Thorowgood. I do not doubt it. And so Mr. Pinch you think I will let you, to whom I owe nothing, have the fingering of my money, in order to defraud my landlord, to whom I owe so much; besides the many obligations that I have to him for his constant goodness to me.

Steward. Why you will not be the less his debtor for this; all your effects are not sufficient to clear your account with him. Now if you take my advice you may preserve a part, and all that you earn hereafter will be your own.

Thorowgood. I cannot see the thing in this light: I am determined to give up all that I have to my landlord; and whatever I can save hereafter I will lay by to pay the remainder of my debt to him.

Steward. Is it your design then to exhaust your strength by labour, without reaping the profit? Do you mean to pass your whole life in working for others?

Thorowgood, (with emotion.) You do not know the pleasure which a man has in being satisfied with himself.

self. With what tears of joy shall I, from time to time, carry to Mr. Parks the fruits of my industry! What happiness shall I experience in having it in my power to prove my gratitude, and to convince him that he was not deceived when he took me for an honest man, and that when I lost my little fortune, I did not lose my probity also!

Steward. Ah, Thorowgood, Thorowgood, I see, you do not know your own interest.

Thorowgood. You mean that I do not promote yours. Do you think that I am to be made thus the dupe to your avarice? You want to draw me into a knavish act, in order to reap the profit of it yourself. Why do you not go to my landlord, and offer him your services against me! It is because you know he has too much goodness to seek my ruin, and yet you thought that I might be ungrateful enough to deprive him of his just due. No, Mr. Pinch, you may, if you please, forget your obligations to him; for my part I shall remember mine as long as I live. I have had no occasion for you hitherto, and I think I shall be able to do without you in future. Go then, and seek clients elsewhere for your roguish friends.

Steward. What do you dare to abuse me! Do you know that I can, soon or late, make you feel my vengeance?

Thorowgood. You ought rather to dread mine, if I were to lay your secret practices open to Mr. Parks.

Steward. Oh, good Thorowgood, let me entreat you—

Thorowgood. Begone for a poltroon as you are: I am as incapable of using my advantage over you as of taking your advice. (*Steward retires in confusion.*)

SCENE VIII.

Thorowgood.

These are the men who ought to promote peace in the country, and they often seek to sow divisions. It is such as these who are the ruin of the peasants, by plunging them into law suits. Instead of acting as a mediator between the rich and poor, their only aim is to estrange them from each other. Where is the gentle-
man

man who would not have a pleasure in treating his tenant with humanity, if he did but know that in return he was regarded as a friend and father? Oh, Mr. Parks, be you such to me! it is more than my own destiny that I give into your hands, it is that of my wife and children also.

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. No, I tell you, Martha, we have nothing to fear from the Steward; I can assure you he is more afraid of me at this very instant than ever I shall be of him.

Martha. Well, I believe you would not deceive me unless it be to quiet my uneasiness.

Thorowgood. Be satisfied then; I have some good news for you. I thought that Humphries had lost all his cattle as well as I; but upon casting my eye over our garden, I saw on the other side the hedge four fine cows grazing in the meadow below.

Martha. But what then?

Thorowgood. You must know there is a bargain between us, which gives me a right to two of those beasts.

Martha. How is that?

Thorowgood. I will tell you: when the disease first broke out amongst our cattle, I saw Humphries was quite cast down by it; as I had always hitherto been more fortunate than he, I offered to do all in my power to serve him. He thanked me in so affecting a manner, that I wished to give him some proof of my good will upon the spot. You must know, just before the disorder appeared, we had made a joint purchase of twelve cows at a neighbouring fair. It is true, I advanced two-thirds of the money; but upon his consenting to graze them for a certain time on his farm, (which was an excellent bargain for him in point of money, as we settled it) I told him that whatever of the herd should escape the mortality, we would divide equally between us. At that
time

time I had no reason to think that this arrangement would turn out in my favour; and now, though it has, I should be far from taking advantage of it if it regarded myself alone; but I am no longer master of my own. I am obliged to give up all my remaining property to my landlord. I should therefore think myself guilty of a theft if I did not, on this account, lay claim to every thing due to me.

Martha. And have you seen Humphries since our losses?

Thorowgood. No, but I just now sent our son George through the garden gate after him. See, he is come back already.

SCENE II.

Thorowgood, Martha, George.

Thorowgood. Well, son, what does Humphries say?

George. That he does not know what I am talking about, nor what you have to do with his cows.

Thorowgood, (surprized.) You certainly must have made some mistake in your message.

George. No, no, father; I told him the whole matter clearly as you ordered me; and he understood me so well that he repeated word for word to the steward who was with him on a visit: besides he is coming to speak to you himself.

Thorowgood. That is well; we shall settle matters at the first word. Humphries knows as well I do what we promised each other.

Martha. Have you any written agreement between you?

Thorowgood. I do not want it, wife. Can one wish better security than a man's word? When that fails there is an end of all integrity.

Martha. You imagine all the world like yourself: but ah, my good friend, when interest is in the case—

Thorowgood. What do you mean? I will never believe my neighbour capable of such villainy. I have always looked upon him as an honest man; but here he comes. You will see every thing will be explained. *(To George.)* You may return to your work, George, I do not want you.

George. Very well, father.

SCENE III.

Thorowgood, Martha, Humphries.

Thorowgood. I am glad you are come, Humphries; I'll lay a wager George has made some confusion between us.

Humphries. Indeed I believe so; I was not able to comprehend a word of what he said to me. He told me that you had sent him to fetch my cows.

Thorowgood. No, I ordered him to demand mine of you.

Humphries. Your cows?

Thorowgood. Yes, those that I saw in the meadow. Have not you saved four?

Humphries. Without doubt. But how came they to be yours?

Thorowgood. Two of those belong to me. Did not we pass our words to each other to divide between us amicably whatever should be left after the disease?

Humphries, (in confusion.) But, Thorowgood—

Thorowgood. No evasions, Humphries, tell me plainly; was not this agreed between us?

Humphries. I cannot deny it, neighbour; but one says many things that one does not always stand to. Do but consider my situation; to have so fine a herd of cattle as I had, and to save but four out of them!

Thorowgood. I am much more to be pitied for being under the necessity of asking them of you. When we made the bargain, which of us was most likely to be the gainer by it? had not I the greatest number of cows? did not I agree to it out of kindness to you? and did not you yourself look upon it in that light?

Humphries. To be sure, neighbour; but after so great a loss—

Thorowgood. I see then the extent of your integrity. You are one of those honest men who can walk uprightly as long as prosperity holds, but stumble at the first step if fortune change ever so little. I find, my wife knew you better than I did; and I plainly see that we must not depend too much on the rectitude of others.

Humphries. But Mr. Pinch assures me that the law does not bind me to this bargain.

Thorow-

Thorowgood. I have nothing farther to say to you if you consult the chicane of the law before your conscience. I was once your friend, and that restrains me from publicly exposing your dishonesty. Go, I give you up your cattle; I should never have claimed them for myself alone, it was on Mr. Parks's account; but I must work a year the longer for him: you may go; I acquit you of your promise.

Humphries, (in a despairing accent.) Ah, Thorowgood, you stab me to the heart.

SCENE IV.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood, (hiding his face between his hands.) I could never have expected this from a man whom I looked upon as one of my best friends.

Martha. Come, cheer up my good man, it is now my turn to be the comforter.

Thorowgood. Ah, Martha, I can bear up against the losses of fortune, but not against those of friendship.

Martha. Be comforted, we shall find friends, I will answer for it, more to be depended on. See here comes Robert, our rich neighbour. Perhaps he has something to propose for our good.

SCENE V.

Thorowgood, Martha, Meadows.

Meadows. Good-morrow, Thorowgood; well, how goes it?

Thorowgood. Bad enough truly, neighbour; you know, I suppose, that I am ruined.

Meadows. Yes, I have just been told of it; and this is the reason why I am come to see you.

Thorowgood. I am now worth nothing.

Meadows. How so? have you not a fine field of wheat, of which you may make many a good pound? If you

mean to sell it I am your man. I will buy it as it is, and pay the money down; what say you?

Thorowgood. If you have a mind to it, so much the better; my landlord will be here this morning, and you may settle the matter with him. I will not interfere in your bargain.

Meadows. I have nothing to do with Mr. Parks; the wheat is yours.

Thorowgood. It did, indeed, belong to me a few days ago, but it is not mine now.

Meadows, (with surprise.) How! have you sold it to him then?

Thorowgood. No, but since my losses, being no longer in a condition to pay, I have given him up all that I possess.

Meadows. Are you mad, Thorowgood? why you have the law on your side: till your grain is made over to your landlord by some security, it belongs to you, and you may do what you please with it. Come, come, you have lost too much already; ask Martha what she thinks of the matter.

Martha. Why I think that we ought in the first place to pay our debts, at any rate: if we have lost our cattle, our landlord has not gained by it; the loss therefore is our affair, not his.

Meadows. But you must not carry this so far as to deprive yourself of bread. You ought to keep something in reserve to be above want.

Thorowgood. (looking severely at him.) What at the expence of our good landlord.

Meadows. But he is so rich! When you have given up all to him, it will be no more in his pocket than a crown piece would be to you.

Thorowgood. Why I believe he could do without it; but that is no reason that I should take it from him.

Martha. But do not you know what a generous and compassionate man he is?

Thorowgood. For that very reason I ought to be the more fair in my dealings with him.

Martha. What! would you have us use him ill because he treats others well?

Thorowgood. Fye, fye, neighbour, it would be infamous.

Meadows. Come, come, do not be so stiff; take my advice: it depends all on the manner in which we see things.

things. There is no doubt but your landlord would do you a kindness: but to make that matter sure, do one to yourself. Do you want to be one amongst the number of poor that he relieves?

Thorowgood. He will not have that pleasure long, if all his tenants take your advice.

Meadows. You are an obstinate man; and I lose my time in talking to you. I have but one word more to say: Will you sell me your wheat; yes, or no?

Thorowgood, (with a smile of contempt.) Ha, I understand now what you would be at, and why you interest yourself so much in my affairs. Hark ye, you are a rich fellow, and this would be a convenient bargain to you; but I have a better scheme than this to propose to you.

Meadows. Now you speak reason; let us hear.

Thorowgood. I expect my landlord here every minute: he always carries about him a well furnished purse, a gold watch, and some rings of value. Suppose you and I wait for him at the corner of the grove, and rob him of them; it would be no bad adventure this.

Meadows, (starting back.) What do you mean, Thorowgood?

Thorowgood. Why, he is so rich, the loss to him will be no more than a crown would be to us.

Meadows. Aye, but the gallows!

Thorowgood. Aye, that alone restrains you: but if I were to judge you, Meadows, I would let you see that you do not deserve it the less for what you have just now proposed to me. I see no difference, for my part, between robbing a man of his money, or robbing him of the fruits of his land.

Meadows. Oh, there is a great difference in the two cases.

Thorowgood. There may be so; but if you will reflect a little, I am of opinion, you will think as I do.

Meadows. I do not desire it, indeed: there is little to be got by this way of reasoning. Come, come, Thorowgood, consider your own interest a little better: your landlord will have great obligations to you, to be sure, when you have reduced yourself to want on his account. He will only despise you, and treat you the worse for it.

Thorowgood. If his heart were like yours, I should have reason to fear this.

Meadows. And pray what harm have I done you? but you are an obstinate man. I wish to preserve your family from want; it is you that are the hard hearted man, and will be guilty of all their sufferings, and perhaps their death. I only desire to give you your own price for your wheat; that is, if you are reasonable; and here is the money.

Thorowgood, (seizing him by the arm.) Meadows, I have lost in eight days all that I am worth, and am reduced to the last farthing; but if ever I am guilty of a dishonest action, even to supply my most urgent necessities, *(pulling off his hat,)* may heaven strike me dead with its thunder.

Meadows, (with a smile of contempt.) Very well. No matter what becomes of your wife and children, leave them to beg their bread, whilst you enjoy on your dung-hill the pleasure of hearing yourself called the worthy Thorowgood, the honest man.

Thorowgood. And that is what you will never hear said of yourself. Thou wretch, thou hast more money than thou knowest what to do with; and yet, in your eagerness to amass more, you want to cheat others, and to make me a knave like yourself. *(He takes him by the shoulders.)* Get out of my house this instant, before I knock you down. *(Turns him out.)*

SCENE VI.

Martha, Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. I never in my life saw a more impudent rogue. He knows how much I abhor all sort of dishonesty, and yet he comes seriously to propose a downright robbery to me: he would not have done this when my affairs were in a better state. Poverty is indeed terrible, when it exposes us to such affronts as these. O Martha, never let us be shaken by the miseries of our situation. The poorer we are, the more rigid must be our integrity.

Martha. Otherwise it will be thought that we were only respected for our riches.

Thorow-

Thorowgood. This is my comfort in the midst of my troubles. Let us not attend, Martha, to what others say, we have occasion only for ourselves. (*A noise at the door.*) Who knocks? cannot I have a moment's peace?

SCENE VII.

Thorowgood, Martha, Hearty.

Hearty. Good-morrow, good folks.

Thorowgood, (going hastily up to him.) What do you want, farmer? are you come to propose some piece of knavery to me?

Hearty, (calmly.) I, Thorowgood; did you ever hear any thing of that kind from me?

Thorowgood, (throwing himself into his arms.) No, never, never; forgive me: it was the remains of my indignation which transported me. Did you know what has happened to me within this hour, you would excuse me for distrusting all mankind. The servant of my landlord wants me to commit a fraud; my friend has repaid my kindness with ingratitude; and the richest man in the village would barter my honesty for a trifling gain.

Hearty. Think no more of these wretches: if they choose to make a trade of doing ill, you are too good to disturb yourself about them. Hear me; I have but two words to say: I know that it is not in your power to pay Squire Parks; it is at present impossible for me to advance the sum that you want; but try to obtain time of your landlord: I will be answerable for it: he shall have my security.

Martha, (to Thorowgood, who seems immoveable with surprise.) See, husband, what goodness! (*To Hearty.*) O my dear neighbour, how came you by so saving a thought for us?

Hearty. It was a very natural one: I said to myself, the kind hearted Thorowgood was always ready, to the utmost of his power, to give his assistance to others; it would be hard indeed if he should find no one in his turn to assist him; and I therefore am come——

Martha, (apart.) It seems as if heaven had sent him to our succour.

Hearty. Why, Thorowgood, art thou dumb? (*holding out his hand.*)

Thorowgood. (*seizing him by the hand, and pressing it between his.*) Ah, my dear friend Hearty, I am not silent from insensibility. I feel your kindness at the bottom of my heart, but I cannot accept it.

Hearty. And why not; it will not be useless to you. However well Mr. Parks may be disposed towards you, he will be still better pleased when he has my security for your debt.

Thorowgood. But who will be my security to you?

Hearty. Your own probity, industry, and ingenuity.

Thorowgood. And yet you see to what I am reduced; one bad year has ruined me: a second of the same sort may add your ruin to mine.

Hearty. No matter; I will run the risk.

Thorowgood. But I will not suffer it: it is enough that my family suffers by me without seeing my friends do so also. I should never more enjoy a moment's peace. Every fog, every cloud, the least storm of wind would cast terror into my heart.

Hearty. (*with urgency.*) My dear Thorowgood, if you did but know how much you afflict me by your refusal! Will you then let me do nothing for you?

Thorowgood. You have done enough in thus comforting my afflicted heart: it is torn to pieces; but the tears which I now see in your eyes are as balm to its wounds. O, my good friend, though it is a sad thing to become an object of pity, yet there is a wide difference between being pitied and being ill spoken of. Thanks be to heaven, you will never have cause to regret having known me. In whatever place we meet, I shall never have occasion to draw my hat over my face, or turn aside my head, to avoid the shame of blushing in your presence.

Hearty. The more you resist, the more my friendship encreases; and you are so cruel, you will not give me yours in return.

Thorowgood. Think well of it, I beseech you: I know your slender means. Should I be your friend, were I to plunge you into difficulties, in order to draw myself out of them? No, no, my good neighbour, I am as yet

yet guilty of the ruin of no one; and it shall never be said that I will become so. As long as I live I will sleep with a clear conscience. It is this which converts the mat of straw into a bed of down.

Hearty. I will press you no more: I feel that I am not worthy to put an end to your troubles: Providence, no doubt, reserves that for itself. All I ask is, that you will depend on me next to Providence; and my hands, and my little fortune, you shall always find at your service. Farewel. (*He goes out; Thorowgood conducts him to the door, pressing his hand.*)

SCENE VIII.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. I have a friend then, my dear Martha: I rejoice, however, that he has left me. I might perhaps have yielded to his entreaties from the fear of afflicting him. We are delivered then from a great temptation, but we must prevent his return. Come, my wife, we must act with spirit; let us assemble together all our effects against Squire Parks's coming. I would not have him think that we had deliberated for a moment in doing our duty.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

(*Household furniture appears dispersed in different parts of the room, and a heap of clothes and linen on a large table.*)

SCENE I.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. Come, courage, Martha; keep up your spirits till we have finished our business.

Martha. I believe, it is now all done.

Thoroughgood. How! is this all that we have to give to our landlord? I never wished so much to have our little stock of necessaries in good order about us as I do at the instant that I am going to be deprived of them. Have you searched in every corner?

Martha. Yes, my dear, I turned over every drawer in the cupboard.

Thoroughgood, (taking breath.) I feel myself the lighter for all this; these things were like a load on my heart, which almost stifled it.

Martha. You must be sadly fatigued; you had better take a draught of beer to refresh you.

Thoroughgood. Put some for us both into this cup. (*He takes a silver tankard off the table.*)

Martha, (having filled it with beer.) What is the matter with you; your hand trembles.

Thoroughgood. Nothing at all; but it is so many years since this piece of plate has been in our family.

Martha. It does not go out of it now, however, in a bad cause.

Thoroughgood. My grandfather bequeathed it to his eldest grandson; but I, alas, shall not be able to leave it to mine.

Martha. Your last blessing will be the more pure for this.

Thoroughgood. Yes, I shall have that consolation. (*After drinking he shews the tankard to his wife.*) See here, the first letter of your name, which I had engraved with mine.

Martha. Well, my dear, this cypher is no reproach to us; we ourselves have been yet more united.

Thoroughgood. And we will be so always, though this were the last time that we should drink together. Here, my dear wife; (*he gives the tankard to Martha, and whilst she lifts it to her mouth with a sigh,*) come, we must now put all these things in order: let us begin with my wedding suit. (*He takes it off the table and displays it, looking at it attentively.*) How happy I was, Martha, the first time I put this on, when I took you to church! and how often has the sight of it brought back to my mind agreeable remembrances! I never opened that cupboard without looking at it, and I never looked at it

without

without thinking with pleasure on the day of our marriage: it gives me pleasure now for another reason.

Martha. For what, my dear?

Thorowgood. For having preserved it so well, that it will help a little towards paying our debts. See, it is in very good condition yet. They do not wear these great sleeves and large plaits now. They did not spare stuff at that time of day; and I am glad of it: why here is almost enough to make two such as are worn now.

Martha. Here is mine also; let us put them together; and I shall beg of our landlord to let them both be sold at the same time: it would grieve me to have them separated.

Thorowgood. Do not be so superstitious; suppose they were, my dear, what then? would our hearts be divided by that?

Martha. No, Thorowgood, I have no fear of that; it is not superstition, my dear husband; it is a ———; I don't know what to call it; but I should rather they were to remain together.

Thorowgood. Come, come, make yourself easy; Mr. Parks will, I dare say, indulge this little weakness of yours. (*He lays his hand on a little bundle, neatly wrapped in a linen cloth.*) What bundle is this?

Martha. It is Valentine's: you know it is the linen and jewels which we found with him in his cradle: look at them, they seem to be of great value.

Thorowgood. (*perceiving that Martha begins to undo the bundle, stops her.*) Hold, Martha, we have no right to this; nor has our landlord any claim to it: it belongs to Valentine: if he were our son, the case would be different; put it back into the box: we will speak to Mr. Parks about it.

Martha. Provided he will take our words!

Thorowgood. I have no fear of that; he is just and sensible: and when I relate the circumstance to him, he will be of our opinion.

S C E N E II.

Thorowgood, Martha, Lucy.

Lucy, (bringing in a bundle of clothes in her arms.) Here, father, here are my Sunday clothes, and these are Jenny's; shall I put them on the table?

Thorowgood. Yes, child, by those of your father and mother.

Martha, (with tears in her eyes.) Oh, my poor children, how sorry I am for you!

Thorowgood. No, Martha, we ought to rejoice, not grieve for them now. Should we weep for their being good children? (*embracing Lucy tenderly.*) Tell me then, would you wish to keep these clothes?

Lucy. Certainly, if you could keep yours too; but since you are obliged to give yours to our landlord, I will also do the same. Do not you owe him all you have?

Thorowgood. All, my child.

Lucy. I am sure, I had rather always go in a ragged frock, than that people should say, see how flaunting Lucy is dressed; but it is at other people's expence.

Thorowgood. Right, my dear child; this is thinking as you ought: preserve these sentiments, and you will never be unhappy; nor will your courage ever be cast down.

Martha. Your Father is in the right: never fear: we will work night and day before you and your sister shall want.

Lucy. And we, in our turns, will do our best that you shall not want.

Thorowgood. In thus assisting each other, I hope, we shall be able to bring ourselves out of this unfortunate situation; but should we not, we shall at least have nothing to reproach ourselves with: no man on earth will dare to despise us, or look down upon you. When we are dead they may tell you, it is true, that your parents were poor, but never that they were dishonest. You need not blush when you shed tears over their graves.

graves. No one will push you back whilst they trample on them with indignation before your face.

Lucy. I will go and see, father, if I have forgotten nothing. When Jenny has done, we shall have something else to bring you.

SCENE III.

Thoroughgood, Martha.

Thoroughgood. Why, Martha, what still cast down? Shall our children be more courageous than we! We possess all their love; but do not let us lessen it by giving them cause to esteem us less. They know that it is not our bad conduct which has brought these misfortunes upon us; but if we suffer ourselves to be overcome by a weak despair, we shall appear faulty to them. Come then, let us think no more of our troubles than as they have given us occasion to feel the comfort which our children have given us.

Martha. Yes, my dear, it is the sweetest that a mother can feel. Could I ever have expected to see them so sensible and good, at so early an age?

Thoroughgood. And why not, Martha? could I ever doubt that a woman like thee, would not bring my children up as worthy as herself? They will be the staff of our old age; when decrepit with years, we may rest assuredly upon them.—But I hear Valentine's voice: I have something important to say to him.—Martha, shall I beg of thee to leave me alone with him a little?

Martha. Why do you ask it? am not I as much concerned as you in every thing that regards him? Do you believe that he is less dear to me than to you?

Thoroughgood. It is for this very reason that I wish you to be away just now; it is your tenderness for him that I dread.

Martha. You make me tremble: what can this secret be? is it any misfortune that has befallen him?

Thoroughgood. No, my dear, on the contrary it is concerning his good fortune that I am now going to speak to him.

Martha. And are you afraid that I should be witness to this?

Thorough-

Thorowgood. Well then, stay if you will; but you must promise me not to contradict what I shall say: if you love him, and wish his good, you must acquiesce in whatever I propose to him.

Martha. But why did not you before entrust me with your designs?

Thorowgood. Here he comes; you shall hear them in his presence.

SCENE IV.

Thorowgood, Martha, Valentine.

Valentine. Good-morrow, father; I am come to see if you are returned safe.

Thorowgood. Yes, son, as you see.

Valentine. And how were you received by the Squire?

Thorowgood. As well as I could wish: he is not one of those haughty and unfeeling men, who will scarcely allow us poor people to be their 'fellow creatures. He will come here presently; and you see what I have prepared to give up to him towards my debt.

Valentine. What, do you mean to strip yourself in one moment of all that you have earned by hard labour?

Thorowgood. This is not the greatest sacrifice that I must make to-day. I must endure a loss which will go much nearer to my heart.

Valentine. What have you to lose more?

Thorowgood. Alas, it is thyself, Valentine; thee whom I have ever loved so tenderly.

Valentine. Me, father!

Martha, (with emotion.) What do you say?

Thorowgood. Since the word has passed my lips, I must repeat it: yes, my child, we must part.

Valentine. But why do you drive me from your presence? have I given you any cause of complaint?

Martha. Oh, never, never; you know it too, 'Thorowgood: no son was ever more submissive, or more tender towards his parents.

Thorowgood. And I, Martha, am as ready as you to declare this. Yes, Valentine, you have done for us a hundred times more than we had a right to expect. I
love

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love you with all the tenderness of a real father ; but, nevertheless, you know that I am not yours. Had we continued in prosperity, you should have always been our son, our dear son ; all my other children believe you to be their brother. I meant, after my death, that you should have shared with them the little substance which you have daily helped me to encrease. This hope was a comfort to my heart, but it is destroyed : nothing now is left us, not even the distant prospect of a reestablishment.

Valentine. And is this the moment which you have chosen to cast me from amongst the number of your children ?

Thorowgood. Yes, I ought to do so : the ties of blood bind them to our lot, whatever it be : if we suffer, they ought to suffer with us ; but you, what right have I to involve you in my distress ? No, Valentine, I advise you as a friend ; and if it must be, I command you as a father to quit an unfortunate family. It is time that you should do something for yourself ; since it is no longer in my power to give you a fortune, I rejoice that I have had you so well instructed as to enable you to gain one.

Valentine. You must not remind me of these obligations, if you wish to have me abandon you ; I must first forget them myself : you saved my life in my infancy : your wife nourished me with her milk : you have bred me up, and educated me without expecting any recompence ; and you command me to be ungrateful for all these benefits.

Thorowgood. I have only acquitted myself to you as one man ought to another. Should not I have been a monster, had I left you to perish ?

Valentine. And yet you would have me prove myself one, by withdrawing from you my assistance when you most want it.

Thorowgood. You know me, Valentine ; you know that I should be ashamed to live at the expence of another.

Valentine. My life then, to this moment, has been a very shameful one ; have not I hitherto subsisted by you alone ?

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. But have not you sufficiently repaid me by your labour?

Valentine. My hands, it is true, have repaid what your hands have done for me; but my heart has not yet repaid your love. O my father, recall to your remembrance the first days of my infancy, when I was as a stranger in your family. How many times have you pressed me in your arms at your return from hard labour which you had prolonged in order to support me. And you, my dear mother, can you forget the many tender caresses that you have lavished on me at the very time when I was eating the bread of your children? You alone received me when abandoned by all the world; and shall I now abandon you? I was your son to inherit your fortune, and shall I not be so to share your poverty? Alas, how much you must have despised me before you could believe me capable of this!

(Martha attempts to speak, but her voice is stifled by her sighs.)

Thorowgood. Despise you, Valentine! No, my son, I esteem you the more for these sentiments: but I say again, it is time that you should think of doing something for yourself.

Valentine. No, I think only of you: I will burden myself with your labours; I will afflict myself with your griefs: my head, my hands, all that I have, all that I am, I give you. I devote myself entirely to you: whether you go, or remain, I will never quit you. You may fly me, but you shall not hinder my following you. When you hear me groaning the whole night, stretched at the door of your cottage, you will surely open it to me.

Thorowgood. Perhaps I may no longer have one.

Valentine. Then I will follow you to the wild common or the bleak dreary mountain: wherever you go I will be with you.

Martha, (to Thorowgood—exclaiming with sobs.) You hear him, Thorowgood?

Valentine, (springing eagerly towards her.) Ah, I knew it well, my dear mother; I knew that you would not drive me from your heart.

Thorowgood, (melting into tears.) Come to my arms, my son, my dear son; it is I now who entreat thee never more to quit us.

Valen

Valentine. Never, never, my father: without relations, without friends, on whom could my heart repose? I have no one on earth but you to love. I feel that you are a thousand times more dear to me since you have lost your all. I have hitherto only given you the sweat of my brows, but my blood is ready to be shed for you. O my father, since you no longer urge me to quit you, you must press me the more closely in your arms.

SCENE V.

Thorowgood, Martha, Humphries.

Humphries, (comes in at the close of last scene—advances hastily to Thorowgood.) And I, Thorowgood, wilt thou repulse me?

Thorowgood, (looking upon him with indignation.) What dost thou here, wretch? Is it not enough to have betrayed me? must you also disturb, by your presence, the joy which this moment affords me?

Humphries. Do not oppress me more: I suffer already too cruelly by a bitter repentance. You may either bring me back to the paths of honour, or expose me as the most unworthy of men to the eyes of others as well as my own.

Thorowgood. What then would you have with me?

Humphries. Give me back your friendship. Think not, Thorowgood, that I was so base as to renounce it for a paltry gain: but you know what losses I have suffered. The fear of seeing my children want had blinded me: but it was using them very ill. I already feel that I shall love them less, after having been guilty of so black an action. Deliver me from my shame: give me back my own esteem, though at the price of my blood, give me back my friend.

Thorowgood. Ah, Humphries, how difficult is it to cure the wound which thou hast made! Nevertheless, I am touched with your speedy return to virtue, and forget your offence.

Humphries. Make me forget it then myself, and receive that which was the cause of it.

Thorow-

Thorowgood. What do you propose? shall I put a price on our reconciliation? No, *Humphries*, keep what belongs to you if you wish my friendship.

Humphries. I will not accept it if you refuse me: have you not advantages enough over me without this? you have no other way of being generous to me. Do not let me have before my eyes what will be a constant reproach to my heart.

Thorowgood. If it be so I accept your offer; but you must promise me that, on the first return of good fortune, I shall be at liberty to satisfy myself in my turn.

Humphries. I have no will but yours: from henceforward let our losses and gains be in common between us.

Thorowgood. You have recovered my good opinion. *(He takes his hand.)* Come, *Martha*, whatever misfortunes may happen to me in the course of this day, I shall always find cause for consolation, since I have preserved a son, and found a lost friend.

End of the third Act.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Jenny.

Jenny, (runs across the room to the door of the next apartment.) O Father, O Mother! Come, come quickly.

SCENE II.

Jenny, Martha, Thorowgood.

Martha, (first enters.) Well, what is the matter, child? why do you make this outcry?

Jenny. There is a grand coach just now stopped at the door, with four beautiful horses, and a number of fine folks all bedizened with lace, both before and behind,

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hind, and a gentleman in it. O mother, what a sweet countenance he has!—How do you do, my dear, he said to me smiling—Where is your father and mother? (*To Thorowgood,*) he wants to speak to you.

Thorowgood, (hastily.) Odd so, I'd lay my life, it is our landlord: I must run to receive him. (*He hurries out.*)

SCENE III.

Martha, Jenny.

Jenny, (looking sorrowfully.) What! this is the gentleman then to whom, as my father said, all that we have belongs.

Martha. Yes, my child, we owe him a great deal of money; and as we have not half enough to discharge our debt, we are willing to do as much as we can, and give him up all our remaining property.

Jenny. And what can he do with it? he has too fine a carriage to make use of our cart, and he is too well dressed to wear such clothes as we have.

Martha. That is very true; but he will sell them and take the money; we have no other way of paying, and even that will not be sufficient.

Jenny. Do you think that he will be so wicked as to treat us in such a cruel manner! if you had seen how goodnatured he looked upon me—

Martha. There is no wickedness in all that, Jenny; it is no more than justice.

Jenny. It is a sad thing, however—let me take a last look at my holiday clothes. Could you have thought, mother, last spring, when you gave me this jacket and petticoat, that I should wear them only two or three times? It was but last Sunday that I felt such pleasure at being so smartly dressed! and you yourself, mother, were so happy to see it! (*She takes her mother's hand on perceiving her concern.*) Come, don't grieve, I do not mind my fine clothes; we worked to get them, and we will work to have others: but here is the gentleman coming. I will go look for my sister in the garden.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

(*Martha in the front—in the back part Mr. Parks, who is coming in with Thorowgood, whilst Jenny is going out.*)
 (When Jenny gets to the door, she meets Mr. Parks: she curtsies slightly, making way at the same time, and then proceeds.)

Mr. Parks. Well, where are you going, my dear? are you afraid of me?

Jenny, (*half turned towards him.*) Oh no, Sir, no one can be afraid of you that looks in your face: excuse me a moment, I shall be back directly.

SCENE V.

(*Martha in the fore part, Mr. Parks and Thorowgood behind.*)

Mr. Parks, (*to Thorowgood.*) What a sprightly countenance that little girl has.

Thorowgood. Aye, and her sister too, I'll warrant her; they are both of them as lively girls as you would wish to see.

Mr. Parks, (*seeing Martha approach, salutes her.*) Ah, Martha, how goes it?

Martha. As the times are, Sir, but very so so. I hope you are well, Sir?

Mr. Parks. Perfectly well, thank God. I have a thousand things to say from my wife: do you know that she had a great inclination to come with me?

Thorowgood. And she would not have done amiss. Our country air is much better than your close air in town. (*Seeing Mr. Parks hold his hat in his hand.*) But, Sir, I hope you use no ceremony here: pray be covered. You are at home in your tenant's house.

Mr. Parks, (*smiles and shews him his silk hat only to be worn under the arm.*) You see, it would not go on my head: it is the custom to appear with such hats as these in town upon some occasions.

Thorowgood

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Thorowgood. It is rightly said, what is the custom in town is not so in the country. (*Aside.*) But it is odd enough to use hats that will not go on one's head.

S C E N E VI.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, and two Servants.

First Servant, (who with the other is carrying in a large covered basket.) Where would you have this laid, Sir?

Mr. Parks. There, in the corner; that will do: desire the coachman to take the horses to the best inn, and put up the carriage.

Second Serv. Have you any other orders to give the servants?

Mr. Parks. Tell them to order a good dinner for themselves; I mean to treat them to-day; but let them avoid drinking to excess. I shall not return to town before the evening; you must be ready at six.

Second Serv. Very well, Sir.

S C E N E VII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

Mr. Parks. You see, Thorowgood, we shall have full time to talk together; but first, I should be glad to see all your family. Where are your children?

Thorowgood. All at work; my sons in the field, and my daughters in the garden. But will you come and look at your corn fields?

Mr. Parks. Not now; in the evening, when the heat of the day is over.

Thorowgood. They look finely: there is to the value of a hundred pounds if there be a shilling.

Mr. Parks. Well, so much the better. (*He looks round the room.*) But what does all this mean? one would imagine that you were going to have an auction here. Why all this linen and furniture piled up in this manner?

Thorowgood. It is because we expected your coming, Sir.

Mr. Parks. And what then?

Thorow-

Thorowgood. I told you this morning that we should not be able to pay our rent; it is therefore our duty to give you up what we have, and you see it collected here. With the sale of our furniture, clothes, and corn, we mean to pay you as far as we can. Whatever may be deficient, we will endeavour to earn by our labour, till we have paid to a farthing. I hope, Sir, you will at present be satisfied with this on account, and have a little patience for the rest.

Martha. As you have been always so indulgent to us—and, indeed, it is not by any fault of ours that we are in this distress.

Thorowgood. You know as well as myself, Sir, that I had drained the marshes in order to make them fit for pasture, and they were in a thriving way. All the money that we had remaining last year, we laid out in cattle, in order to fatten them for sale. Twenty head of good cattle was a little fortune which promised fair to pay our rent by sending a few of them off to market. A drought came on; there was scarcely a blade of grass in my fields. I fed my cattle with the straw or my bed, the thatch of my barn, and sometimes with the vegetables that were for my family's use. When I wanted to get rid of them, I could find no purchaser, owing to the scarcity of fodder. A murrain got amongst them, and I lost them all; I owe nothing, however, to any body but to you, Sir. Come and look at your grounds; you will see whether I have neglected to cultivate them; you will see if my own labour, with that of my wife and children, may not enable me one day to pay all my debts; I can, however, give you no other security than my own word: but as I have always been punctual till now in my engagements with you, I should hope that you would have some reliance on my promise.

Mr. Parks. Yes, my friends, I do know you. Why should I not be content with the promise of such honest worthy people as you are?

Thorowgood. I give you thanks, Sir; your kind words are still more pleasing than your goodness itself. How seldom will a creditor give the character of an honest man to the debtor by whom he has lost!

Mr. Parks. How seldom also does it happen, my friend Thorowgood; that a creditor can with truth say, that the

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the debtor, by whom he has suffered, is worthy of that appellation!

SCENE VIII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

(Jenny, carrying with both hands a large cage with chickens, and Lucy with a basket of eggs in one hand, and holding up with her other the corners of her apron in which are some handfuls of halfpence.)

(Jenny sets down the cage at the feet of Mr. Parks, and Lucy her basket also; she then takes Thorowgood's hat, and pouring into it the money that she has in her apron, presents it to Mr. Parks.)

Lucy. Here, Sir, here is all that we have; our chickens, our eggs, and our money: we have nothing else in the world, have we Jenny?

Jenny. No, indeed, Sir, nothing more.

Thorowgood, (looking at the hat over Mr. Parks's shoulder.) What so much money! how came you by it?

Lucy. With my sister's chickens, my eggs and flowers, which my mother sold for us in town.

Jenny. These were our first savings as a beginning towards our support; but we part with all freely for your sake.

Lucy. That we do with all our hearts.

Thorowgood, (with joy.) And I receive it with all my heart. No money ever gave me so much pleasure! Come, Sir, this is so much paid. *(To his children.)* How happy I am, my dear girls, to see that you have the same sentiments with your father.

Martha. What then, is it from your own suggestions alone that you have done this?

Jenny. As my father himself is not able to pay, it is but right to help him all in our power.

Mr. Parks. Oh, Thorowgood, what exquisite happiness you must feel under your afflictions! The tenderness of your children is more than a compensation for all your losses. *(To Jenny and Lucy.)* No, my dear girls, I will not strip you of your first riches. Take back

back what you have so nobly offered me. I have no accounts to settle but with your father.

Thorowgood. Give them their own way; they feel no concern in parting with these things.

Mr. Parks. And do you feel none at seeing them lose their little fortune?

Thorowgood. How, Sir? there is nothing more natural and pleasing than to receive assistance from our children. Were I as rich as a king, all my possessions should be theirs; when I have nothing, whatever they possess is mine. (*To his children.*) Won't you be always glad to pay for us?

Jenny, (pressing both his hands.) Ah, father, can you doubt it?

Lucy. I wish we had a hundred times more, we would give it all with the same pleasure.

Thorowgood. You hear what they say, Sir?

Mr. Parks. And I would not receive it were it a thousand times more considerable. (*To Lucy.*) Here my dear good little girl, take back your treasure, pray do. (*He attempts to pour the money into Lucy's apron: she declines it; at length, after many entreaties, she pretends to yield, and takes the hat, but places it on the table, beside the rest of the effects, and says to him, as she retires,*) You will find it there with the other things.

Mr. Parks, (turning towards her.) What are you about? hold, hold.

Lucy. I will not even listen to you. Come, Jenny. (*Both go off skipping and dancing.*)

SCENE IX.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood, (pushing the cage and basket under the table.) I told you that they were shrewd lasses: they are not so easily caught.

Mr. Parks. But what, Thorowgood, do you really mean to make them pay for you?

Thorowgood. Why not, Sir, it is very natural.

Mr. Parks. Methinks you are little acquainted with the manners of the town.

Thorow-

Thorowgood. It is enough for me to know that I act right: whether in town or country no matter. Justice and duty are to me one and the same thing. Is not this the practice where you live?

Mr. Parks. It is precisely the reverse on most occasions.

Thorowgood. Do you tell me so, Sir?

Mr. Parks. Yes, my friend, you are surprized, yet it is too true. When by folly and extravagance, ambitious and destructive schemes, people have put it out of their power to pay their debts, they transfer to their children the property which they may have obtained from the credulity and confidence of their creditors; and when the latter apply for payment, the parents possess nothing, and all that they seemed to have is found in the hands of their children, who will not part with it.

Thorowgood, (with indignation.) What abominable knavery!

Martha. It is horrible.

Thorowgood. And do the laws take no notice of these tricks?

Mr. Parks. Art and cunning find a way to silence them.

Thorowgood. Your laws are as corrupt as those who stifle their voice, if they will not speak out on such occasions. Hear me, Sir; I am entirely ignorant of law proceedings; but I would not hesitate to say openly to that justice, which would submit to such restriction—Thou hast no further business upon earth; be gone then to hell, where the wicked shall at last meet with due punishment. Were I the dupe of the father, I would go to the children, and ask them by what right they retained the property which ought to be restored to me. If they should tell me that they received it from their parents, my answer would be, your parents could not bestow it on you; it belongs to me. I would compel them, without mercy, to sell the bed from under them in order to satisfy me.

Mr. Parks. Matters are not carried on in that manner with us.

Thorowgood. I would have them carried on in my way: such fathers and such children are no better than a knot of thieves.

Mr. Parks. The fathers are the most criminal.

Thorowgood. No, Sir, begging your pardon; the latter are still more so; the former are knaves, but the others are monsters. When a stranger hath relieved us in our distress, are we not in duty bound, whilst we have a drop of generous blood in our veins, to relieve him in turn, if he should want our assistance? and children, who owe every thing to their parents, have cost them so much anxiety, care and toil, shall they not act in the same manner? I shudder at the bare thought of such a thing: were I to see my father incapable of paying what he owed, though he had not left me a penny, I should still think myself bound to fulfil all his engagements. I should consider it as a duty of inheritance in me to acquit his memory, and preserve the integrity of his name. Though I were to live upon bread alone, to the last hour of my life, and be obliged to work the flesh from my bones, I would endeavour to pay all his debts; and when I had done so, I would go to his grave, and address him thus: Father, now rest in peace, thou owest nothing.

Mr. Parks. Thou art a noble fellow, Thorowgood!

Thorowgood. Yes, Sir, I would do so.—Gracious heaven! can we honor with the name of children those unnatural beings, who rather than deprive themselves of some few comforts of life, would suffer their fathers to be treated like knaves? Without being one of their unfortunate creditors, I could curse such monsters of children.

SCENE X.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Lucy.

Lucy, (at the threshold of the door.) Father, Humphries's cows are come; would you have them brought in?

Thorowgood. Do you consider what you say? I'll go and look at them: excuse me for a moment, Sir. This matter concerns you; they are likewise your property. I will tell you presently how I came by them, (*as he retires.*) Thanks be to heaven, blessings are flowing in
on

on all sides to day. (*Goes out with Lucy who would not venture in for fear Mr. Parks should press her to take back her money.*)

S C E N E XI.

Mr. Parks, Martha.

Mr. Parks. Your husband really astonishes me, Martha. I was very sensible, indeed, that he was full of honor and probity; but to find him possess such elevated sentiments in the very depth of distress, is what I must own I did not expect.

Martha. I have always seen him behave in the same manner, Sir, as you do now: in all transactions his first object is to find out the side of justice; and when he has found it, he adheres to it, and will support it with all, and against all, beginning by himself. However, he is no more than what he ought to be.

Mr. Parks. True, but then in the situation to which he is reduced, not to hesitate a moment!

Martha. Oh, Sir, you know but little of him; he would see us all without a morsel of bread rather than have the least cause of reproach to himself; and that without appearing any way disturbed. He is never cast down; he is less the sport of fortune than his fortune is of him.

Mr. Parks. You must love him dearly, Martha.

Martha. Love him! Ah, Sir, can you doubt it? What would have become of me but for the comfort that he affords me? I am always happy when I see him with a cheerful countenance. I cannot imagine I have any wants as long as heaven vouchsafes to preserve him to me. He is indeed my all upon earth.

S C E N E XII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. I give you joy, Sir; two of the finest cows in the whole country! Oh let me alone. I will go to-morrow, yes, I will go myself to market. They will

fetch ten pounds a piece the least penny. They shan't go for a farthing less, not to a prince. You may reckon upon so much : this will reduce our account so much. We will settle it if you please. My debts hang like a mountain on my shoulders. I long to be eased of the heavy burden.

Mr. Parks. I wish it as much as you can, my friend.

Thorowgood. You know what I remain in your debt for the rest of my rent ?

Mr. Parks, (looking stedfastly at him.) Yes, but first of all, Thorowgood, are you really in earnest in this proposal, that I should take your furniture, clothes, corn, cows, and all that you possess ?

Thorowgood. Sir, I am always in earnest in matters of business.

Mr. Parks. Have you reflected seriously upon it ? Do you consider that all your property is at stake ?

Thorowgood. My property ! it is no longer mine, it is yours. Hear me, Sir ; you know perfectly well that I would not attempt to act a generous part by you, at the expence of my family. I give you up nothing but what belongs to you. Rest assured that I would not offer it to you if I thought I could retain it with a safe conscience. It would become me, truly, to make you presents ! You would laugh at me. To cut the matter short, I cannot pay you the debt in ready money : I resign therefore all my possessions, without injury to your remaining claim, which I will pay, that I will, you may depend ; you shall be next in consideration after the immediate necessities of life are supplied.

Mr. Parks, (coolly.) Very well ; but it would be dreadful to strip you entirely. Chuse out amongst all these effects what you value most. I flatter myself you will not refuse a trifling present of friendship from me.

Thorowgood. When you talk so it would ill become me to decline such a favor. (*He approaches the table, and takes a spade and rake.*) Here then, I will retain these instruments of my business ; with these, together with industry and resolution, we may always find means to relieve our distress.

Mr. Parks. What, do you take nothing more ?

Thorowgood. No, Sir, these are sufficient. If heaven will assist me, I shall not despair of supporting my wife and

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and children with credit, and of laying up by degrees sufficient to pay you.

Mr. Parks. Very well; now is your turn, Martha. I will have no jealousy: you must take something as well as your husband. Chuse what you will.

Martha. What must I too? you are too good, indeed, Sir.

Mr. Parks. No compliments. Come, what do you chuse?

Martha. Well then, since you are willing to give me some of your property; (*She runs to the bottom of the room, and drawing a curtain.*) I beg it as a favour, Sir, that you will let me take the cradle of the infant that I have at the breast.

Mr. Parks. (*Surprized.*) What, was it included in the things that you were giving up? Would you have deprived your infant of a cradle?

Martha. (*coming forward.*) Would he not always have found one in my arms?

Mr. Parks. And could you once think that I would have accepted it?

Thoroughgood. I have already told you, Sir, that children should pay for their parents. When the one suffers, what pretence can the others have to refuse sharing in the affliction? There is nothing that I am not ready to do for my children; but, at the same time, there is nothing that I do not expect from them in return. My blood is theirs, as their blood is mine.

Mr. Parks. What a man! how unshaken in his principles! (*Aside.*) What you have taken, I give you: it is yours. Now you surrender the remainder to me, your household goods, your clothes, corn, and the cattle that you have newly acquired? Do you transfer all right and property in them to me?

Thoroughgood. (*firmly.*) We do, Sir.

Martha. And without any regret.

Thoroughgood. Rather say, with the greatest pleasure.

Martha. (*drawing her purse out, and offering it to Mr. Parks.*) Receive likewise all the money that we have.

Mr. Parks. (*takes it, and throws it on the table.*)

Thoroughgood. Won't you reckon it? There are five and twenty pounds.

Mr. Parks. Your word is sufficient ; so you make me absolute master of all : and you are satisfied that I shall dispose of it as I please, without any opposition from you ?

Thorowgood. As it is now your property, we have no more title or claim to it than to your lands. We should be strange sort of folks indeed, to assume the liberty of controlling you, in any respect, as to the disposal of it.

Mr. Parks. Consider well the conditions that you are laying on yourself. It is not my intention to extort this agreement from you ; but once the matter is so settled—

Thorowgood. Oh ! be not afraid that I shall attempt to recall my words. No, Sir, we are already too sensible of your kindness in allowing us time : dispose of all things as you think proper. We shall only beg of heaven that all may prosper in your hands.

Mr. Parks. Now we understand one another : then I acknowledge in turn that I have no further claim upon you, being satisfied for all that you might be indebted to me, in consideration of your having surrendered up these effects.

Thorowgood, (with impatience.) But no, Sir, you would lose considerably ; this will not amount to one half of your debt. Such a parcel of trumpery and rags for a hundred and fifty pounds !

Mr. Parks. But it is my pleasure to take them at that rate. Am not I at liberty to do this as I think proper ?

Thorowgood. I have nothing to say as to that ; yet I think it would be better to have them appraised, in order to know exactly what they are worth.

Mr. Parks. Peace, friend ; they have a value in my eyes which no person on earth could possibly estimate. They are the fruits of the toil, and frugality of an honest and worthy family. When I reflect how many drops of sweat they must have cost you, I think them of value enough to make me the amplest satisfaction. Now, my good friends, you owe me nothing.

Thorowgood, (taking off his hat.) Good, Sir, how shall I thank you ? *(then turning about, he throws his arms round Martha's neck, and fondly embraces her.)* Heaven be praised, my dear, we are no longer in debt.

Martha. O matchless goodness, how shall we be ever able to shew our gratitude for so much generosity !

Thorow-

Thorowgood. With our hearts, Martha; and there we have funds to discharge our obligations. (*He advances towards Mr. Parks.*) Will you now be so good as to tell me where we shall carry all these things, and when you will be pleased to have the keys delivered up.

Mr. Parks. I will tell you, provided you will forbear to interrupt me. (*He takes both their hands, and addressing them with joy sparkling in his eyes,*) My good friends, I am rich; and my parents taught me, from my infant years, to do good to the virtuous and worthy; but I never, till this day, so fully experienced the exquisite delight of benevolent actions. My worthy Thorowgood, (*squeezing his hand*) thy behaviour hath filled me with esteem and admiration: all that thou hast made over to me to discharge thy debts, I restore to thee in return to acquit myself of a duty which thy misfortunes and integrity claim from me.

Martha, (looking up to heaven.) What then, shall I no longer be apprehensive of seeing my children in distress! O thou worthy, thou bounteous landlord! (*She kisses his hand with emotion.*)

Thorowgood, (confounded almost to stupefaction.) I can scarcely believe what I have just now heard. No, Sir, it is impossible; and though these words may have escaped you in the enthusiastic emotions of your goodness, shall I be base enough to avail myself of them? No, no, I never will consent.

Mr. Parks. Softly, softly, Thorowgood, you just now admitted that I was absolute master of your property, and perfectly at liberty to dispose of it agreeable to my own fancy; and would you now deprive me of these rights?

Thorowgood, (throwing himself at his feet.) Ah, Sir, you have seduced me into this, but why should I complain? Shall I receive bread from heaven, and refuse it from you whom it hath sent as a tutelary angel to relieve us in our distresses? Yes, I will become worthy of thy bounty by receiving it as it is offered, with a soul full of joy and sensibility: but furnish me also with proper expressions to thank you, (*shedding a flood of tears.*) I am afraid of not appearing sufficiently grateful for your favours.

Mr. Parks, (raising him.) Be comforted, Thorowgood, I see what is now passing at the bottom of your heart, perhaps, better than yourself, and am fully satisfied. Martha, call your children : I know with what tenderness they love you ; I would fain let them see that I can love you also.

Martha, (springing to the door.) Jenny, Lucy ; come ; make haste ; run as fast as your legs can carry you.

Jenny, Lucy, (from without.) Here, here we are, mother.

S C E N E XIII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Jenny, Lucy.

Martha. Come, my dear children, look round about you ; all that you see there, you know, we had given up to this gentleman our landlord ; well then, you must know that he has given it up to us back again ; he will neither take our money, our corn, nor our cows : he acquits us of our whole debt for nothing.

Lucy, (goes and takes up the hat, and presents it to Mr. Parks.) And will you not then take our money ?

Mr. Parks. No, my dear children, the alacrity which you have shewn in assisting your parents, has taught me how worthy you all are to be relieved in your afflictions : take back then all that you have given for them, but make that use of it to which your tenderness first prompted you. For example, Lucy ; as your father has lost his cattle, would you not be glad to employ what you have saved in buying others for him ?

Lucy, (with a dejected look.) I am far short of having enough for that.

Mr. Parks. But supposing that you had enough, would you be well pleased to make such a present ?

Lucy. Ah, Sir, I should leap for joy.

Mr. Parks. I should be curious to see how you and Jenny would behave on such an occasion. Thorowgood, as you understand these matters better than your daughters, I commission you to go to-morrow to market for them, and buy for each of them six young heifers, the best that you can find. The money will be ready to pay
for

for them at my house : it is a little present which I make your children, that they may have the pleasure of making you one in turn.

Martha. Ah, dear Sir ! when will you have done heaping favours upon us ? Come, my children, and join with me in thanking our generous benefactor. (*Martha, Jenny, and Lucy, throw themselves at Mr. Parks's feet, and kiss his hands, weeping for joy, whilst Thorowgood, motionless and silent, looks at him with profound astonishment.*)

Mr. Parks, (turning aside to conceal his tears.) Rise, Martha ; rise, my good girls.

Thorowgood. Sir, I knew you very well to be a man of humanity, and a worthy man, but I was not sufficiently acquainted with all your virtues ; and I am really at a loss how to behave to you. (*To Martha.*) O my beloved wife, oh that we could but comprize in one word, one single word, all that our hearts now feel. (*Turning eagerly to Mr. Parks.*) Sir, I will offer my prayers day and night to heaven, not for you, no ; one of your actions is beyond a thousand of my prayers ; but that there may appear now and then upon earth a few men like you, to preserve wretchedness from despair. (*He takes Jenny and Lucy to the windows.*) Don't you see, my children, that hill yonder, from the top of which there is a view of the city where our benefactor resides ; we go up it every Sunday in our way to church : well then, we never will ascend it without looking out for his place of abode, pouring out our blessing upon it, and praying to heaven for him, his wife, and all that belongs to him, before we go to pray for ourselves. Will you remember this ?

Jenny. O father, do you think that I can ever forget it ?

Lucy. We will begin as soon as we leave home.

Thorowgood. Yes, Sir, every day and every minute ; in the fields, or in our cottage, wheresoever we are, our first thoughts shall be devoted to you : we shall not be sensible of a moment of our existence, without reflecting that we enjoy it through your goodness, without being ready to lay it down for you at all times. You may, when you please, demand our blood ; it is yours. Ah, why can I not at this moment pour every drop of mine

into your veins, if it would but double the years of your life!

Mr. Parks. Be happy, Thorowgood, continue the blessing of your wife, and bring up your children to think as you do. I will visit you sometimes to enjoy this pleasing sight, and I am sure, I shall be the better for it. But now all our business is over, do you know that I expect a dinner from you?

Thorowgood, (joyfully taking him by the hand.) Better and better still; this is a new treat.

Martha, (with looks of perplexity and confusion.) But, my dear, what can we offer the good gentleman?

Thorowgood, (in a free manner.) Such as we have, Martha: I know him: a bit of dry bread will give him more satisfaction than if he had unexpectedly found a large joint of roast beef at our table.

Martha. But still—

Mr. Parks, (with a smile.) Make yourself easy, Martha, (*pointing to the basket which the servants had brought,*) you will find in that enough to regale us; but let us go together, and take a walk in your garden; we all have occasion for a little fresh air to recruit our spirits. (*He goes out, leading Jenny and Lucy by the hand, while Thorowgood and Martha follow him, lifting up their eyes to heaven.*)

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

A C T V.

(A room in Thorowgood's cottage: in the middle of which is seen a large table, very decently laid with a clean cloth, plates, knives, &c. On one side, is the basket which Mr. Parks's servants brought: Martha has just opened it.)

S C E N E I.

Martha, Lucy, Jenny.

Martha, (taking out of the basket a large piece of cold meat, and laying it on the table, whilst the children, standing round it with pleasure in their looks, seem eagerly to examine every thing, licking their lips.) What a noble piece of meat! Our landlord, I see, has not been sparing of his provisions.

Lucy, (to Jenny.) There, sister, look what a huge hump-backed pye! Oh, I dare say, it is very nice.

Jenny, (to her mother, whilst she is carrying the pye to lay on the table.) Mother, do you know what is in it?

Martha. No, my dear, the town-folks have many things that we know nothing of in the country.

Lucy. Oh, our landlord must be a very worthy good man to give us back all our things, buy us cows, and bring us such nice victuals besides: Jenny, we must hatch our eggs, and carry him the chickens.

Jenny. Oh, I do so long to do it; I wish they were plump and great chickens now: I could do any thing for him, I love him so.

Lucy. I will go and make him a nosegay of our finest flowers.

Martha. That is right; and you, Jenny, you must help to set things to-rights in the house. Go and cut some slices of bread: do it properly; and when you have done, bring it in; I want our landlord to see that you know something of the management of a house.

Jenny. Yes, mother. (Goes out with Lucy.)

SCENE II.

Martha, (shuts the basket, pushes it into a corner, and approaches the table.) Let me see; nothing I think is wanting; the napkins and plates—now I must set the chairs. *(She places chairs round the table.)* Now every thing is ready, he may come as soon as he pleases.

SCENE III.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood, (looking with astonishment at the table, and clapping his hands.) How is this, Sir! what have you been doing? I believe that you imagined, you had kings to entertain: what a noble piece of beef; and again, *(pointing to the pye)* what a glorious treat is here! it looks very tempting.

Mr. Parks. It is a pye which my wife has sent you.

Martha. Is it possible that madam should think of us?

Thorowgood. Oh, I readily believe it; she treated me in the kindest manner this morning: I would lay any wager, that next to my wife, she is the best woman in the world. Odo, Martha, let the month of January but come, and we shall have our turn. Look at this woman, Sir; I defy you to find her equal at managing a wheel. *(Clapping her on the shoulder.)* When winter comes, she shall, during the long evenings, spin for yourself and your lady, and make you a piece of cloth the finest you ever saw, I will warrant it.

Martha. What a pleasure shall I have! I will not lose a moment.

Mr. Parks. I am much obliged to you, my friends, but it is unnecessary; Martha has enough to do to mind her children; and it would be—

Thorowgood. Hold, Sir, not a word more will I hear; we have suffered you long enough to have your own way; it is but just that we should have our will for once at least. Would you prevent us from being grateful? that would be depriving us of all the pleasure of

our lives, and you are too good to desire that: come, let us sit down. (*He takes a chair, and seats himself.*) There is your place, Sir; come, Martha, take yours also.

Mr. Parks, (sitting down.) Do not you wait for your children? they must sit down with us. I wish to have the pleasure of dining with the worthiest family that I know.

Thorowgood. And we shall not be behindhand with you, Sir; we shall also be able to say, that we have had at our table the most compassionate and generous man upon earth, which is preferable to dining with kings, who have not such sentiments. (*To Martha.*) Is not Valentine yet returned from the fields?

Martha. No, my dear, nor George.

Thorowgood. And the girls, what are they about?

Martha. You will find presently that they have not been trifling. See, here comes Jenny.

SCENE IV.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Jenny.

(*Jenny is carrying in a wooden dish, with slices of bread and butter on it.*)

Thorowgood. Oh, oh, the bread, that is right; come hither, child; (*he takes two pieces of bread, lays one before Mr. Parks, the other before Martha.*) Though ours be household bread, it is, however, well tasted: you have what is lighter in town, but this is more strengthening for working people: luckily it is still quite fresh. But how is this, Martha? you have forgotten something material. (*He smiles, while he presses her hand.*) It is not your fault, my dear; on such a day as this, our hearts are so taken up with joy and pleasure, that we cannot think of every thing.

Martha, (running her eyes over the table.) Something wanting, you say, what is it, pray?

Thorowgood. Something to drink, wife; would you entertain Mr. Parks with a horse-feast? that would be strange indeed.

Martha. What was I thinking of? I set it to cool.

Thorow-

Thoroughgood. Run; make haste: our cyder is somewhat rough, Sir; it cuts the throat, but it is sound.

Martha. What do you mean? the gentleman has brought some wine.

Mr. Parks. Yes, my friend, and I must own that I think my liquor a little better than yours.

Thoroughgood. You have brought wine too? How, Sir, had you not done enough without that? This is too much: what bring us wine too!

Mr. Parks. Oh, it is not for you only; I mean to drink a part myself. This day is to us all a day of pleasure; and good wine is an excellent associate with joy and festivity.

Thoroughgood. Indeed I had formerly some excellent wine always by me, which I kept for my father. When I happened to meet with good markets in town, my first business was to go and buy half a dozen bottles of the best that I could get, be the price what it would: I did not drink it myself: I gave it to my wife to keep for those days when my father came to see us, and then I entertained him well. Do you remember, Martha, how happy the good old man used to be? My children, he would say, this wine strengthens and cheers me; but your affection, which makes you deny yourselves comforts for my sake, strengthens and rejoices my heart still more. He was sometimes so much affected, that the tears flowed down his cheeks. You cannot conceive how exquisite the wine tasted to me, whilst I had my father drinking by my side. (*Jenny comes in with two bottles.*)

Mr. Parks. I hope you will not find this amiss neither.

Thoroughgood. Ah, Sir, your kindness is sufficient to make it delicious.

SCENE V.

Mr. Parks, Thoroughgood, Martha, Jenny and Lucy.

Lucy, carrying a huge nosegay of roses, honeysuckles and jessamine, approaches Mr. Parks, curtsies to him, and says,
Will you permit me, Sir, to fix this in your button hole?

Mr.

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III

Mr. Parks. I am much obliged to you, my dear Lucy, (*he kisses her*) but it is as big as yourself. I would lay a wager that you have left none for your father and mother. Come, I must divide it; I shall receive nothing for myself alone to-day: there, Martha; there, Thorowgood; here is for you, Jenny; and Lucy, here is for you, (*sharing the flowers.*)

Thorowgood. This is like a wedding-day, every one his nosegay.

Jenny. One would take Mr. Parks for the bridegroom, he gives the dinner and the flowers.

Thorowgood. Well said; my Jenny is in her gay mood.

Mr. Parks. This sprightly remark shall be worth a wedding gown to her on the day of her marriage.

Thorowgood. So, Sir, we have nothing to do but to fit with our arms across, and leave you to do every thing; her wedding gown she must earn herself.

Lucy. But, father, suppose I should earn mine first?

Thorowgood. Do you hear the little baggage! Upon my word, it becomes such a little girl as you to have such notions in your head: but come, come, let us think of nothing but dinner; let us be merry and gay.

Mr. Parks. Let us wait till your sons return. I will not dine until the whole flock be round me.

Martha. What a pity it is, Sir, that you have no children; you seem so fond of them.

Mr. Parks. Ah, Martha, you make my heart bleed a-new! Heaven had blessed me with a son, but—

Martha. An only son? and is he dead? what a terrible affliction!

Mr. Parks. I know not if he be dead, but he is so to me.

Thorowgood. Perhaps he is in some foreign country, and you do not hear from him. (*Seeing Mr. Parks drop a tear, he presses his hand.*) Do not afflict yourself, my dear Sir, pray do not; if he be still alive, you will certainly see him again. What shall you soften the sorrows of the wretched, and yet be wretched yourself? No, no, heaven is too just: you see how it treats me for only having done my duty; and you who rise so far above it, can it forsake you? Impossible. Come, come, be cheerful; let us not lose a moment of this glorious and joyful day.

Mr.

Mr. Parks, (wiping his eyes.) Yes, my dear Thorowgood, I should reproach myself if I embittered thy joys.

Thorowgood. You owe me this attention : it would be spoiling your own work. But why are my boys so slow in returning to-day ? *(He rises from table, and looks out of the window.)* I will see whether they are coming. Oh, I see George. *(He beckons to him to make haste.)*

Martha. What George all alone : does not Valentine come ? he should know that it is dinner time. I beg a thousand pardons, Sir, for making you wait.

Mr. Parks. All in good time, Martha ; I am not impatient in such pleasing company : an hour sooner or later will make no difference. The days are long ; and provided I get home before it is dark, my wife will not be under any anxiety.

Martha. Here is George, however.

S C E N E VI.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Jenny, Lucy, George.

(George takes off his hat and bows, on seeing Mr. Parks.)

Thorowgood, (running to take him by the hand.) Come, my son, look upon that good man. Next to heaven and thy parents, it is to him that thou wilt owe the greatest obligations during life. Consider him attentively : it is our worthy landlord, to whom we were to have given up all that we possessed upon earth, and who has now given it back to us.

Martha. And who likewise gives to your sisters a fine flock. Every day of your life, my son, you must bless him in your heart : we shall set you the example as long as we live ; and you shall continue that duty when we shall be no more. Will you not ? Will you promise me to perform this faithfully ?

George. How is it possible to neglect it, when the gentleman has been so good to us ? but my father said yesterday that we should quit the farm. Are we now to continue in it ?

Thorowgood. Yes, for ever, my dear boy, for ever. I hope in God to see my great grandchildren born in it.

George,

George, (running in transports to Martha.) Oh, my dear mother, it is for your sake that I am most rejoiced: I may now tell it you; this whole night past, I have done nothing but weep on your account.

Mr. Parks. And why so, my good boy?

George, (taking Mr. Parks by the hand, and leading him to the window.) Come, Sir, and I will tell you the reason: do you see, near yonder hedge, an old apple tree that has scarcely any leaves on it? My mother was saying, this spring, that she was very sorry that the frost had injured it so much, for she had never eat so good apples as it bore in her life, and that the tree was likely to die; the next morning, before she was up, my brother and I went to pick out the most flourishing buds we could see, in order to engraft them on other trees in the orchard, that in case the old tree should perish, my mother might still have some good apples: had we left the farm, it would have been a sad thing; somebody else would have come into it, and in time have eaten of the fruit which we had engrafted.

Mr. Parks. Nothing could be easier than for you to have taken them with you, and then nobody would have benefited by your labour.

George. Why should I do so? that would have been no advantage; and though it were, I know very well that we ought not to seek an advantage to ourselves that would be a prejudice to our fellow creatures: on the contrary, I should have wished them to gather good fruit from our trees.

Mr. Parks. But did you not just now say, that it would be a sad thing if others should eat the fruit which you had engrafted?

George. Undoubtedly it would be a sad thing to me, that my mother should be deprived of it; for though I wish good apples to others, I had much rather my mother should have them.

Mr. Parks, (taking him by the hand.) Thou art a good boy. *(Seeing Martha impatient to embrace him.)* My dear Thorowgood, I am every hour more and more enamoured of your children: the only contest between you seems to be, who shall love the other best.

Thorow-

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Thorowgood. There is nothing like love and harmony in families. When my father and mother were living, all my study, night and day, was how I should please them best. I would have carried them on my shoulders in their old age. I am amply rewarded: I see by experience, whatever we do for our parents is returned by our children.

Martha, (to George.) But where is Valentine? Why is he not with you?

George. He will not come to dinner.

Thorowgood. But why so?

George. He has taken it into his head to finish his weeding before night: I pressed him to come home with me, promising to assist him as much as I could in the afternoon, but he would not listen to me. I have bread enough left, he said, shewing me the half of his breakfast; I shall dine upon this.

Thorowgood, (with some emotion.) Excellent lad! because I have not been in the fields to-day, he wants to do my work. He saw us bending under the pressure of misfortune, and he would fain support us by his frugality and industry. *George, go back pray, and tell him that we command him to return, and that we shall not eat any thing till he comes. (Turning to Mr. Parks.)* Ah, Sir, did you but know him, you would love him as much as we do.

Fenny. Father, shall I go along with my sister and George to fetch him?

Lucy. I will engage, we will soon make him come.

Thorowgood. Go then, but do not loiter by the way.

Lucy. Never fear; we will run all the way.

SCENE VII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

Mr. Parks. Thorowgood, you have no idea of the emotion that I feel this day; I see plainly that children are the choicest blessings of heaven.

Thorowgood. Yes, when they are like ours; then indeed they are real blessings; and parents enjoy in them a treasure inestimable. O, Sir, you cannot imagine how much the calamities of life are lessened, when our children

children assist us in supporting them, (*clapping Mr. Parks on the shoulder.*) Only cheer up your heart, Sir; in whatever part of the world your son may be, I firmly believe that he will make your latter days the happiest of your life.

Mr. Parks. Ah, were he but still alive, and of the happy disposition of your children! But why should I flatter myself with any such vain hopes? No, I have no longer any son to comfort me in the decline of life. Happy Thorowgood, you may grow old; you will enjoy the delight of seeing yourself revive in the five children to whom you have given birth.

Thorowgood. Five children did you say, Sir? No; pardon me, only four. (*He reckons them on his fingers.*) The little one that is asleep behind the curtain, Lucy, George, and Jenny; these are all I have.

Mr. Parks. And the boy, who is in the fields.

Thorowgood. He is not my son, though I love him as much as if he were so, and I have done for him all that I could have done for a child of my own; and the worthy lad is deserving of all my tenderness: he loves us as much as if we had given him birth, and he works for our support as if he were the eldest of my little family.

Mr. Parks. And where is his family?

Thorowgood. That we are as much strangers to as you are; we saved his life when he was an infant in the cradle: my wife suckled him, and he has always lived with us. He must not have been of common origin: he had round his neck a coral, adorned with gold and jewels; and the linen he had on was of the finest kind.

Mr. Parks. You preserved his life, you are ignorant of his family, and he is not of vulgar race! Ah, my dear Thorowgood, quickly tell me how he fell into your hands.

Thorowgood. It is a melancholy story: we then lived in the north of England; I rented a little farm there on the banks of a river; it was an excellent situation, and the land yielded abundantly; no thanks to the care of the former tenant though—

Mr. Parks. Pass over these circumstances, pray, and only tell me all that relates to Valentine; that alone inflames my curiosity.

Thorow-

Thoroughgood. Well, Sir, to come to the point at once: you must know that one night we were roused from our sleep by the water's rushing into our house on all sides; we had hardly time to get upon the roof to wait for relief there; in the morning a boat came to our assistance: the whole country was under water; the river was covered with the ruins of houses and furniture, carried away by the force of the current. I was endeavouring to comfort my wife, who lamented the loss of our cottage, but still more that of her son, who was stifled in the water before we awoke; in the mean time, I suddenly perceived a cradle, tossed about in the flood, which was running rapidly, and threatening every moment to swallow it up. I could not bear the sight: I threw off my clothes, and, regardless of danger, I plunged into the river, swimming with all my might towards the cradle. I was driven back several times, and almost exhausted with fatigue; but the cries of the child, which I heard as I approached, inspired me with fresh spirits and vigor: in short, after much difficulty and danger, I got up to it, and brought it to the bank a good way lower down. My wife followed me creeping, more dead than alive, along the side of the river. I presented the infant to her, which continued crying until she gave it the breast. Poor Martha fancied that she had recovered her lost child. We then made all possible enquiries to see if we could discover the parents, but we never could get any information: our affliction at length ceased; we continued to look upon him as our own son. I have related the whole story to the boy himself a hundred times: I concealed it indeed from my own children, to let them enjoy the pleasure of thinking him their brother, and to avoid all occasion of jealousy. I have had him instructed like the rest. He does his work as well as I can myself. He talks as if he were reading out of a book; and he can read and write as well as our school-master.

Mr. Parks. And how long, pray, may it be since this happened?

Thoroughgood. About fifteen years and a few months, as well as I can remember. But hold, I can tell you to a minute, for I had a memorial drawn up by the magistrate of the place, signed by the rector, and at-

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testified by the people, who were witnesses of the event. When I quitted the country, I took care to carry it with me. Go fetch it, Martha.

Martha. It is here in this little box, with the clothes and coral which Valentine then had: we have kept them carefully, and put them by this morning; because, if you, Sir, had sold our effects, it would not have been just, that what belonged to the boy, should have gone with them.

Thorowgood. Fetch them quickly, my dear.

Martha, (running to fetch the parcel, and giving it to Thorowgood.) There, my dear.

Thorowgood, (opening it.) See, Sir.

Mr. Parks, (examines the coral, then the mark on the linen, and after-wards exclaims in transport) It is he; it is he himself! O gracious God, hast thou then restored my boy!

Thorowgood, (in profound astonishment.) What say you —What our Valentine your son! O my dear, my worthy Sir! I see your whole frame is agitated. *(He takes his hand, and supports him.)* A chair, a chair, wife, quickly; he is ready to fall.

Martha, (running to and fro.) I know not what I am about; I am quite beside myself. How surprized will our dear boy be! *(At length she fetches a chair; Thorowgood makes Mr. Parks sit down, still holding his hand.)*

Mr. Parks. O day for ever blessed! to find my son, my long lost son again! What will be the joy, the transports of my wife? It is now we shall begin to live. Oh lead me, Thorowgood, lead me to him. For heaven's sake let me see my boy, and press him to a father's breast.

Thorowgood. No, Sir, no, with your leave. Joy and surprize would kill my poor Valentine. He will be here presently. Step into this room until I have prepared him; he will be the better able to meet you, and you will be more composed.

Martha, (looking out at the window.) Here he comes, with his spade on his shoulder: look how fast he walks.

Mr. Parks, (running to the window.) He comes, he comes; how my heart beats: let me fly to receive him.

Thorowgood, (stopping him.) No, Sir, that would be of no service to either of you; and this time you must let

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let me have my way. (*He puts Mr. Parks into the next room, who follows him reluctantly, his eyes still turned to the window.*)

SCENE VIII.

Martha, alone.

This event will, perhaps, make me an object of pity. Valentine is now become a great man. Who knows if he will have any farther regard for us, or whether he will not blush to look on us? (*shedding some tears.*) Oh if such a thing were to happen, I should never feel comfort more. I have brought him up with such care and tenderness! I love him so dearly: he was like one of my own children.

SCENE IX.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood, (to Mr. Parks, whom he leaves in the other room.) Stay, stay here; I will let you know when it is time that you should appear. (*Seeing Martha in tears.*) But why this, my dear woman; why in tears?

Martha. Ah, my dear, it is through joy and sorrow both that I weep.

Thorowgood. How are you able to reconcile that?

Martha. I am overjoyed that Valentine and his parents have at length found each other; but he will be lost to us, and this afflicts me. Oh if he should ever forget us!

Thorowgood. What an abominable notion you have gotten in your head! Forget us, wife! no more than we can forget him. I see plainly, you know but little of him yet.

SCENE X.

Thorowgood, Martha, Valentine, George, Jenny, Lucy.

Valentine, (with eagerness.) O my dear father and mother, what transports of joy I feel. (*He lays down his spade, and runs to embrace them.*) Jenny and Lucy have
been

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been telling me what the landlord has done for us. Where is the worthy gentleman? let me kiss his hand, and thank him for all his goodness.

SCENE XI.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Valentine, George, Jenny, Lucy.

Mr. Parks, (rushing in and running to clasp Valentine round the neck.) Here, here, my son! Yes, you are my own son! My own flesh and blood! My love, my life, my all.

Thorowgood. Do not be alarmed, Valentine; it is so; it is true: he is your father.

Valentine, (in deep amazement, surveys with an astonished eye Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, and Martha by turns: he fain would speak, but his tongue refuses its office.)

Martha. Yes, my dear boy, all has now been cleared up; this gentleman, for fifteen years, has bewailed your loss, and now we shall weep to lose you.

Valentine, (almost breathless.) I your son! You my father! *(He breaks from those that are round him, throws himself at his father's knees, clasps them, and imprints a thousand kisses on his hands. Mr. Parks clasps his son round the neck, and reclines his head upon him: they remain awhile in this posture, silent and drowned in tears.)*

Mr. Parks, (raising his head a little.) All-gracious almighty God! what returns shall I make thee for thy goodness?

Valentine. I have poured out supplications to heaven a thousand times, that I might learn to whom I was indebted for life; and I have received it from you, who have now restored life by your benignant goodness to those who preserved mine. What powerful motives are these to encrease filial piety, and to stimulate all my efforts, that I may merit your tenderness by the most zealous duty and affection.

Mr. Parks. My heart already tells me how worthy thou art of my love. Yes, my son, my dear, my only son, this heart has been always full of thee. But thy mother! what transport will she not feel at sight of thee!

Valen.-

Valentine. Ah, lead me to her, I entreat you. How I long to throw myself at her feet, and clasp her in my arms.

Mr. Parks. Come then, my son, I reproach myself for every moment that I delay her happiness. Let us run; let us fly.

Thoroughgood, (stopping them, and holding both by the hand.) Consider what you are about: will you break the good lady's heart by excess of joy? No, no, it shall not be so; first let us drink a glass of wine to strengthen our minds and bodies, otherwise we shall all be wrong; I will then go and break the matter distantly to madam, and prepare her for the interview with her son. Ah, Valentine, how happy you will be to know her!

Valentine. I shall see her then to-day, after having so long dreaded that I should never have that comfort! It is impossible to express the tenderness that I already feel for her.

Martha. And, Valentine, will you always love me?

Valentine. Will I love you! I will always call you mother as well as her. If she brought me into life, did not you cherish it with the milk of your bosom, after my second father had preserved it? What must have become of me but for you, both? Your kindness to me hath been greater than I shall ever be able to repay.

Mr. Parks. Say not so, my child. Ah, though it were to cost me half of my fortune, I am resolved that these worthy people—

Thoroughgood, (hastily interrupting him.) I will not suffer you to say another word on this subject; your friendship with that of my lady and Valentine, will be our best reward. I defy you, with all your riches, to give us any thing equal to that. But why do we longer delay sitting down to table? Come, sit Valentine here beside his father. Yes, I understand you; Martha shall be near you; the good creature loves you so tenderly! *(Seeing Martha drying her eyes with her apron.)* Come, wife, don't be foolish. Why those tears? we are not lost to one another; were he a worthless lad, then indeed he would be lost to us, and we should have reason to lament him.

Valentine, (looking tenderly at Mr. Parks.) You see them, father: have I not reason to love them? *(He lays*

lays bold of Martha's hand, who can no longer restrain her tears, and hides her face, whilst Valentine is caressing her with endearing fondness.)

Thorowgood. Well, shall we have an end of this? the one is as great a fool as the other. Come, Martha, to divert you a little, seat the children, and bring us some glasses. (*Whilst Martha is engaged, he turns to Mr. Parks,*) I told you, Sir, just now, that virtue never failed of a reward; here you see a proof of it. You had scarcely performed a good action, before you were instantly recompensed for it. You gave us property that was no longer ours, and we have given you an only son, whom you had considered as lost. (*He gets up, and addressing himself to George, Jenny, and Lucy, who during this whole scene remain silent, with their eyes continually fixed on Mr. Parks or Valentine.*) And you, my children, hence learn never to despair of heaven or yourselves. When a flood, fifteen years ago, swept away my cottage, Providence gave me at the same time, the means of requiting one day the man who was destined to be my benefactor. This day, when the effects of an unfavourable season seemed to threaten me with hopeless destruction, it has on the contrary reestablished my little fortune. God makes use of every thing to reward those who do their duty. It is from two of the most dreadful scourges, that we have derived our good fortune: let this be a lesson to you all your lives! When a man acts right, though misfortune should persecute him, though the lightning should flash round his head, and thunder shake every thing about him, so long as he has no reproach to make to himself, he remains firm as a rock; (*striking the table*) or if he falls for a moment, he rises up again with new vigour—a glass of wine, Sir. (*He takes up the bottle and fills round.*) It is that we may all drink your health.

Martha. With the utmost pleasure.

Thorowgood. Valentine, you alone can call him father with your lips; but we all say the same in our hearts as well as you.—To your health, Sir.

Valentine. To your health, Sir.

Mr. Parks, (*with tears in his eyes.*) I thank you, my dear boy; I thank you all, my children. How sweet is the name of father! (*He drinks.*) No wine ever tasted so exquisitely to me.

Thorowgood, (gayly.) Nor to me, therefore I will replenish to you now, Valentine. Hear what I say: though you are now become a great person, I will never suffer you to be called by any other name in my cottage. By calling you so, we shall be more sensible that you still dwell in our hearts.

Valentine. And wherever I go if I shall meet you, I shall address you by the name of father.

Thorowgood, (presses his hand; all drink to the health of Valentine.) But now I think of it, Sir: we related to you in what manner we found your son, it is now your turn to tell us how you lost him.

Mr. Parks. Most willingly, my friend, as the recital can no longer distress me: I had been married a year when a war broke out, and I received orders to proceed with my regiment to the West-Indies: my wife, notwithstanding all entreaties, would accompany me in that long and dangerous voyage, after giving birth to this dear boy, the only one that we have left. I had an uncle, a dignitary of the church, who lived near Durham; the infant was consigned to a nurse in his neighbourhood, that he might have an eye to him, and give us information about him. I received no account the three first years of my absence. Uneasy at so long a silence, I wrote to some friends in London: the most zealous of them visited the place, whence he acquainted me, that soon after my departure, a sudden inundation had ravaged the country, that my uncle had fallen a victim to his intrepid exertions on that calamitous occasion, that the house of the nurse had been swept away by the flood, and that my son perished with her; this dreadful news oppressed me with sorrow, and almost broke my wife's heart. At my return to England I was restrained from making any researches which appeared useless, lest my ill success should revive those bitter sorrows which time had somewhat alleviated.

Thorowgood. What for six years that I have been your tenant, and might have put an end to your grief! I shall never forgive myself for having suffered you to pine so long. I often told you of my happiness, why did you never mention your sorrows to me?

Mr. Parks. Could I have thought that you alone were capable of terminating them! And besides, I must confess,

confess, that I endeavoured all in my power to banish these sad reflections from my mind. I was particularly fearful of reviving them in the company of my wife. This very morning, when you wanted to talk about your children, don't you recollect how cautiously I endeavoured to turn the conversation to other subjects?

Valentine, (throwing himself into his father's arms.)
O my dear father, with what boundless affection I shall ever love you to obliterate the remembrance of so many tears!

Mr. Parks, (embracing him.) Let us mention them no more, since their source is at an end.

Thorowgood. Do not flatter yourself with that expectation, Sir; he will make you shed tears as long as you live, but they will be tears of joy only. You are far from knowing him yet sufficiently. When you have observed all his excellent qualities, he will become a thousand times dearer to you. How happy it makes me to see you both so worthy of each other!

Mr. Parks. It is to your instructions, my worthy friends, that I am indebted for his merit: it was under you he learned to relish sentiments of honour and virtue. I have the comfort to find him exactly such as I would wish to have formed him myself. Ah, how shall I be able to reward you as I ought?

Thorowgood. Reward us! Oh, that he has done long time since; Valentine himself has taken care of that. Night and day he has laboured all in his power for our benefit. Do you imagine that without his care and toil, our fields would have prospered as they have done?

Mr. Parks. You will have a heavy loss then in losing his assistance?

Martha. Alas, it is the satisfaction of his society that we shall have most cause to regret.

Valentine. No, father, it is but right to tell you of what they perhaps would conceal: lest they might again interest your generosity of heart, all my efforts were due to them for their care and tenderness to me in my infant years, and I had no merit in working for them; but as industrious as they are, my hands were necessary to them: if they lose my assistance, it is my duty to make them a compensation; there is but one method: luckily it de-

pende on the first favour I have to solicit at your hands, and you will not surely refuse me in this joyful and happy moment; will you, father?

Mr. Parks. No, my son; speak out: ask: there is nothing that you have not a right to obtain.

Valentine. Well then, I entreat you to give them those lands for me, since I am no longer to assist in cultivating them.

Thorowgood, (passionately.) What say'st thou, Valentine?

Mr. Parks. What does he say? Ah, what fills my heart with rapture, as it proves to me that he is full of gratitude. Yes, my son, now am I certain of soon possessing thy affection, since I see thee so sensible of the tenderness that those worthy people had for you. Thorowgood, receive this farm from the hands of our son. I will not rob him of the joy that he feels in bestowing it upon you. I will only add for myself and my wife, the tenement that Humphries occupies, which is yours from this moment.

Thorowgood. Forbear, Sir, pray forbear; spare us; do not quite overwhelm us. How shall we be ever capable of discharging our obligations? you will make us ungrateful in spite of ourselves.

Mr. Parks. Do not then begin to be so, by robbing me of the joy with which I receive the present that you have made me. Is not a son a thousand times more valuable than the lands that I leave you? Speak; answer me. Would you give your own for any such consideration?

Thorowgood. You have always the art to confound and silence me, therefore I will leave you to act as you please: it would be criminal in us to combat your kindness. (*He turns to Martha.*) This morning we were unable, my dear, to pay half our debts, and now we overflow with riches. O my children, I may now die without being anxious about you; and whilst I lose you, Valentine, I see you provided with a father worthy of you! I am afraid my poor brains will be turned with excess of joy.

Mr. Parks. Come, Thorowgood, drink a glass of wine to settle them.

Thorowgood. An excellent motion, and I will second it. (*After filling the glass round, he gets up, takes off his hat,*

bat, and twirls it round his head,) Come, wife, come, children. (*Seeing George, Lucy, and Jenny, afraid to take their glasses,*) Come, I say, this is a glass of gratitude; you must all drink it up. Yes, Martha, notwithstanding all your nods and winks, they must do it.

Martha. But, my dear, I am afraid——

Thorowgood, (interrupting her.) So much the better, my dear; I wish them to feel it in their heads, that they may always remember this great day. Let them drink deeply to the health of our benefactor. When they shall hereafter reflect on all that he has done for them, they will give him back, for every drop of wine, a thousand tears of gratitude and tenderness. Excuse them, good Sir, they are not yet of an age to comprehend the boundless extent of your favours; but let them grow up: as long as they live, you shall be blessed by them and their children.

Valentine. Yes, I dare answer for them: I know their excellent hearts. O, my dear little sisters, and you my brother, I shall never forget your kindness to me. (*He embraces them.*) Father, you will permit me to husband my pocket-money, and save what I can to give them to settle in the world.

Mr. Parks. Gently, Sir; I pray don't offer to encroach on my privileges. I just now engaged for Jenny's wedding clothes.

Valentine. Well then, George and Lucy shall be my care. Don't you consent, my dear mother? (*Martha presses his hand, and answers only with tears.*) Father Thorowgood, won't you give your voice too?

Thorowgood. How could I deny you what seems to give you so much pleasure? yes, I agree to it for you as much as for myself. I stipulate, however, one condition, which I shall propose to Mr. Parks.

Mr. Parks. Let us hear what it is.

Thorowgood. You have often told me that you and my lady wished for a little retreat in these parts, to pass the summer in. The neighbouring land is to be sold: you may buy it, and build a lodge to your own mind; by these means we shall have you near us for half the year. I would lay my life that Valentine would grow melancholy, if he were to be always cooped up in the city.

Mr. Parks. What say you to this, my son?

Valentine. I should be heartily glad of it, I must own ; I like dearly the air of the country.

Mr. Parks, (with a smile.) Be it so then. You see, Thorowgood, I am more ready to comply with your desire than you were with mine.

Thorowgood. Because there is some difference ; but I have not done : the ground is extensive enough to allow good gardens. Look at me, Sir. You do not yet know all that I am capable of doing : I was formerly a gardener, and have not yet forgotten my old trade. I take upon myself to lay out the garden in such a manner, that people shall come far and near to view it as a curiosity.

George. I will undertake to dig the canals and trenches, to make the terrace, and plant the trees of your walk.

Martha. And I and my girls will make the borders, and plant them with flowers.

Fenny. We will take the finest that we have in our own garden.

Lucy, (skipping about.) Oh, when shall we go to work ?

Mr. Parks. What do you mean, my friends ? I must then till your grounds, whilst you are at work in my garden.

Thorowgood. I guessed that you would still be so unkind as to oppose me. Hear me, Sir ; we shall be more expeditious in our work ; and besides, the best time for working in your garden is precisely the season when there is scarcely any thing to be done in the fields. Though Valentine be now a person of consequence, still I hope that he will not refuse his assistance : his hands are used to the management of the spade ; and to work for you will be the greatest pleasure to him. Only let us have our own way : every one will work cheerfully, and the whole will be finished before you have time to think about it. But here comes the worthy Humphries. What does he want ? *(He gets up, runs and takes him by the hand.)*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Humphries, Valentine, George, Jenny, Lucy.

Humphries. I come to know, Thorowgood, whether you are pleased with your cows.

Thorowgood. Ah, my dear neighbour, I am much more so that we can still be friends: your return completes my day's joy. Come and sit down with us. I will seat you in the company of the best man upon earth.

Humphries, (advancing.) What do I see! our landlord here?

Mr. Parks, (with a smile.) No, Humphries, I am no longer any thing to you but plain Mr. Parks; there is your present landlord, *(pointing to Thorowgood.)*

Humphries. What, is it so, Thorowgood?

Thorowgood. Yes, my friend, it is even so: but rich as I am, we shall not be less familiar than we have been.

Humphries. I am at a loss to comprehend this.

Thorowgood. I believe you; it would puzzle many more. We rarely meet with a man so generous as our landlord; but the short of the matter is, that I am now, through his favour, the master of this farm and of your tenement.

Mr. Parks. It is true; I have just now given him the entire property in it.

Humphries. Well, Thorowgood, I give you joy of your good fortune, with all my heart: and I am neither envious nor jealous of it. I hope that you will be as good a landlord to me as Mr. Parks has been.

Thorowgood. Ah, my friend, how happy am I that I now have it in my power to acknowledge your honesty to me this morning! Consider what you would have gained by following the advice of a bad man; for two paltry cows, which you might have retained, you would have lost a valuable friend: my little fortune would

have made you mad with envy and rage. On seeing me the owner of your tenement, you would have been in continual dread of being turned out by me through revenge. That idea would have embittered your life; instead of that, you have now in me a friend, that will stand by you on all occasions. It will give me the greatest pleasure to serve you. I can begin this moment. I return you the two cows you sent me, and I hold you exempt from paying any rent for two years.

(Humphries, struck with astonishment, cannot utter a word, and stares at him open mouthed.)

Mr. Parks. I thought nothing could have encreased the pleasure I felt in conferring favours upon you; but the use you now make of them, enhances and sweetens my joy beyond any thing that ever I experienced before. *(He presses his hand.)*

Thorowgood. Ah, Sir, it would ill become me to profit by your favours, and not benefit likewise by your example. It is you that have enabled me to oblige my neighbour; and I thank you for this additional pleasure.

Humphries, (recovering himself, and taking Thorowgood by the hand.) Ah, my friend, how shall I become worthy of your kindness! nothing pains me so much as that I have it not in my power to shew my gratitude.

Thorowgood. What do you say, Humphries? God preserve me from doing service to others with the view of having it returned! To do good is a wonderful thing, that carries along with it its best reward.

Humphries. Heaven will bless you in your wife, your children, and all your undertakings; and for my part, I shall never think of you but with eyes overflowing with the tenderest tears. I already wish you happier than myself. I am only jealous of one thing; it is of the honour that Mr. Parks has done you in dining with you. Hear me; I have a fat lamb that I was going to sell; it shall now serve to renew our friendship. Mr. Parks, you Martha, and your children, must all come and eat part of it to-morrow.

Thorowgood. I like the motion very well. What do you say, Sir?

Mr. Parks. I deny nothing this day.

Thorowgood. Nor I, truly. This has been a wonderful day, Humphries. My wife and I are obliged to go this moment

moment to town ; but to-morrow shall tell you wonders that will delight and surprize you, and that will shew you more clearly, that the virtue which remains unshaken in adversity always receives its reward.

ANTHONY AND HIS DOG.

ANTHONY was the son of a poor labourer, a very honest man, but so extremely poor, that he scarcely possessed any thing in the world besides the few tools of husbandry with which he earned a miserable subsistence. His wife was lately dead, after a lingering illness, which had been the ruin of his affairs. The grief that he felt on this occasion would have broken his heart, had he not possessed the consolation of having still an only son, whom he loved exceedingly, as the child was gentle and sincere, and in every respect endowed with the most amiable and happy disposition.

Young Anthony was passing one day before the door of a gentleman's house, when a servant perceiving him, called him into the courtyard, and asked him, if he was disposed to earn six-pence. Yes, with all my heart, answered the poor child : What must I do for that ?

Servant. You must take one of our dogs, put a stone round his neck, and throw him into the river.

Anthony. Poor thing ! Why do you want to kill him ? Has he bit any body ?

Servant. No, that is not the case : you shall see the reason presently.

So saying, he conducted Anthony into the stable, and shewed him in a corner, lying upon a wisp of straw, a little dog that seemed just expiring : his hair was all fallen off, and his whole body seemed to be covered with a horrible mange.

Anthony. Oh, the poor creature ! He is in a very bad way indeed.

Servant. And for that reason my Lady wishes to be rid of him : there are other dogs in the house, and she is afraid that they may catch his disorder. If you have a

mind to earn your six-pence, you have only to take him and drown him. I would not touch him myself for five pounds.

Anthony. But why throw him into the river? Perhaps he may be cured.

Servant. There is no likelihood that he will ever recover it. My lady's doctor has given him over.

Anthony. Well, no matter, still one may try.

Servant. With all my heart: Do what you will with him, provided you rid us of him.

Anthony. But shall I have the six-pence?

Servant. Ah! you mind the main chance I see.

Anthony. I do not ask it for myself, but for the poor dog. If I was rich, I could do without it, but I am far from it: I have not always bread enough for myself, and he should not want while he is so ill.

Servant. Come, it is a bargain: here is your six-pence.

Anthony saw an old basket that seemed to be thrown carelessly about the stable, and asked the servant to let him have it: he laid the dog in it upon a wisp of straw, and hastened to his father, who was at work in a field at some distance.

As he went he turned his eyes now and then on the basket. The disgusting appearance of his patient almost made him sick, but at the same time it excited his pity. Poor little creature, said he, you must be in great pain. Ah! I wish I may be so lucky as to make you well: However, take my word for it, whether you live or die, I shall never throw you into the river.

His first care was to buy a small hot roll, of which he moistened the soft part to make it the nicer; but all that the poor dog could do was to lick it with the tip of his tongue: however this refreshment, small as it was, served to keep up the strength of the sick animal, and the hopes of his little doctor.

Anthony's father was going to scold him for not having come out sooner: but when he learnt what it was that had detained him, instead of being angry with his son, he was delighted to see that he had so compassionate a heart, and he kissed him for his good-nature.

Near the field where he was at work there was a pleasant meadow; thither Anthony carried the little dog, shuddering with sickness, and laid him at the foot of a
tree

tree to bask in the sun. His disorder proceeded only from a superabundance of humours, occasioned by the great quantity of food with which he had been usually stuffed. As soon as the sun had revived him a little, he crawled about the meadow, searching by his smell for those herbs which instinct pointed out to him as proper for his cure: he had scarcely eaten them before they relieved him considerably. Anthony quitted his work for a moment to see how his dog went on: he was surprised not to find him in the place where he had set him, and still more rejoiced to see him upon his legs: he took care to carry him to the same meadow for eight or ten days successively, at the end of which the poor animal was completely recovered. He had never had so good an appetite in his life as then. Anthony's expence was long since spent in feeding him while sick, but now that he saw him reestablished in perfect health, he did not grudge to share his own bit of bread with him. He had given him the name of *Bonny*, and perceived with satisfaction that *Bonny* grew handsomer every day. His eyes, before so dull and languid, now sparkled with new life: his limbs recovered their usual nimbleness, and very soon his coat became as sleek and as soft as velvet, and withal as white as the snow, when its virgin hue is heightened by the dazzling beams of the sun.

The lady to whom he had originally belonged did not fail to hear very soon of his recovery and restored beauty: she sent her footman to offer Anthony two guineas if he would let her have him again. Oh! no, replied Anthony, to the messenger; my lady would sentence him to be thrown into the river again if he should happen to fall sick, but I will never forsake him. What are your two guineas in comparison to the pleasure that I have in seeing him faithful and affectionate to me? We are too fond of each other ever to part. Anthony was in the right. He would not have given his dog for an empire, but in return his dog would not have quitted him for the greatest monarch upon earth. He constantly followed his master, or else frisked before him, performing a thousand little gambols to amuse him. Whenever Anthony, after helping his father to dig, quitted his spade for a moment, and sat down under the

hedge to take a slight repast, he had only to make a signal, *Bonny* forgot all his own pleasures, and ran to him full speed: there standing upon his hinder legs, and wagging his tail to express his joy, he took from Anthony's own lips the half of each bit of bread that he put into his mouth. Anthony was often obliged to put up with a thousand wants, but he was never a whit the sadder on that account; his little fourfooted friend continued to give him new amusement every day, and kept him always in spirits.

Alas! he was soon to experience a great affliction. At the end of autumn the little boy fell dangerously ill: his father laid out what money he had saved from his earnings, in procuring his son the medicines that were indispensably necessary for his disorder. This sorrowful pittance was soon exhausted; he then recollected the considerable sum which had been offered Anthony by the lady for his dog: two guineas were to him a treasure in his present circumstances. He resolved, therefore, to mention this proposal again to his son, but scarcely had he heard it before he cried out never, never, and his fever redoubled the agitation which so painful an idea excited in his mind.

In the mean time his disorder grew worse every day; violent fits of the cholic came on in addition to his fever, and increased his pains considerably. The anguish that he suffered extorted the most piercing cries from him, and occasioned him to twist his body, and roll himself upon his wretched mat for hours successively. On these occasions his little dog would come and crouch close by him, and fix his eyes on him with the most significant air of compassion, as if he would have said, Ah! my dear master, I pity thee! Anthony, on the other hand, would look at him with reciprocal tenderness; and when his pains allowed him to speak, My dear *Bonny*, he would say, I must soon leave you: Alas! I saved your life, and you, poor creature, can give me no relief. Saying these words, he would shed a flood of tears, which *Bonny* would come and lick off from his burning cheeks.

There lived a gentleman in the neighbourhood, of the name of Dennison, who was both very rich and very humane. This gentleman, hearing of the boy's sickness, and the father's extreme poverty, came himself to
visit

visit them, in order to assure himself of the truth of the accounts that he had heard concerning them, and at the same time to relieve their distress.

When this excellent gentleman came to the labourer's cottage, little Anthony was in a most violent fit of his disorder; his father sat close by him overwhelmed with grief. Hunger gave him no concern, though he had for several days before lived upon very slight nourishment, barely sufficient to keep him alive. The sight of his son's sufferings hindered him from attending to his own. He endeavoured to comfort him by kind and soothing words, and with his arm supported the child's drooping head, while the little dog standing over him moaned piteously, and strove by a thousand fond tricks to catch a look from his master.

Mr. Dennison stood some time at the cottage door contemplating this sad picture. At length he advanced towards them, and was already at the foot of the bed before they perceived him, or even before the dog turned to bark at his approach; and when Anthony and his father lifted up their astonished eyes they saw his swimming in tears.

My good friends, said Mr. Dennison, I am sorry to see you in this melancholy situation: I am told, Anthony, that you are not able to furnish the expence of supporting your son as he should be in his illness. That is only within these two days, answered the father: till then I have been able to give my child bread, but now there is nothing left in this poor cabin that I can part with for his support, unless I sell the wretched mattress that he lies on.

At these words little Anthony stretched out his trembling hand upon his dog, and sighed heavily.

Poor child, said Mr. Dennison, do not be uneasy; I will take care of you. Anthony, continued he, addressing himself to the father, your cabin is damp, and it will do your son no good to remain here while he is ill. Will you trust him with me? I will take him home with me and have him cured. Trust him with you, Sir? Yes, that I will, and thank you for your generosity. It restores both of us to life again.

Mr. Dennison repeated his promise, and squeezing the little boy's hand affectionately, he took his leave,

and went home to give orders for Anthony's reception. In half an hour after came a stout footman, who, wrapping up little Anthony in a good warm coverlet, carried him in his arms to Mr. Dennison's house: his father followed him, with a countenance in which hope and joy seemed faintly endeavouring to disperse the long settled traces of his melancholy. As to the faithful *Bonny*, his countenance was fully expressive of the most unequivocal satisfaction: he jumped along, with his head held up, and his eyes constantly fixed on his young master, who from time to time opened his covering a little to have a look at him.

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Dennison, and the care of an able physician, little Anthony's illness was soon cured. During the whole time that he was confined to his bed, his faithful *Bonny* kept him company: it was in vain that they would invite him to take a turn in the fields, if it were only for the sake of the air; he would not quit his master's chamber. All the ceremony that he would vouchsafe even to Anthony's father was to attend him, when he was going away, as far as the first step of the stairs; then all at once he wheeled about, and came scampering into the room, and making a thousand capers round the boy's bed.

At the end of a fortnight little Anthony was able to set out for his father's. Mr. Dennison had given him new clothes from head to foot. Any one else would have found it difficult to know him in his new finery, but the eyes of *Bonny* were not to be deceived, and it may easily be supposed how great was his joy when he saw his master walk out to the fields, and could frisk and gambol about him at his ease once more.

The first word that old Anthony spoke when his son came home, was the name of Mr. Dennison. Oh! my dear child, said he, had it not been for that worthy man I should have lost you for ever: you see how happy he has made us: What shall we do to prove our gratitude to him?

Oh! father, I have already thought of that, but I can talk no more upon the subject at present; and, so saying, he turned away his face to hide the tears that gushed from his eyes.

He went to bed very early, yet sleep was a stranger to his eye-lids; he did nothing but toss about in his bed, and sigh heavily the whole night.

Next

Next morning his father asked him what way he proposed to acquit his obligation to Mr. Dennison: the poor boy had not power to answer him, but pointed with his fingers to *Bonny*.

He immediately put his new cloaths on and went out, but it was visible, from the inward struggles which this effort of resolution cost him, that his whole stock of courage was exerted to put it in practice. *Bonny* accompanied him; he had never been so playful as that day: he frisked about with such sportive agility as to attract the looks of every passenger. Many envied little Anthony the happiness of possessing so handsome a dog; but the more joy and vivacity he shewed, the more was Anthony dejected and melancholy. Ah! said he, you would not be so full of spirits if you knew that we are going to part for ever: I chose rather to bear my illness than sell you to procure myself medicines; I would sooner have died: but now I must give you up to another, unless I chuse to shew myself ungrateful. Ah! my poor *Bonny*, my poor *Bonny*!

In the midst of these melancholy reflections he found himself before Mr. Dennison's house; he crossed the courtyard, and entering requested admission to that gentleman, who happened to be in the parlour. While he stood in the hall his heart throbbed so violently, that he was indebted to the accidental delay of a few moments (owing to Mr. Dennison's being otherwise engaged) for the recovery of his spirits. At length being called for, he took *Bonny* up in his arms, and entered the parlour. Worthy Sir, cried he, at the same time sobbing violently, I owe you my life: I have nothing that I can offer you in return but my poor dog: here I have brought him, Sir: it is not without regret that I give him to you; but you would make me still more unhappy by refusing to accept him.

Mr. Dennison had a heart such as all men should have who wish their own happiness, or that of their neighbours. The ingenuous discourse of the little boy made him smile; but he was not the less struck with the greatness of the sacrifice that he saw him prepared to make to his gratitude. He took him therefore by the hand, and said, No, my dear Anthony, I will not refuse you; I accept your present with all my heart, and esteem myself fully repaid for

for every thing that I have done to serve you: but now that we are both quit, I make you a present of *Bonny*; he is yours in return for the satisfaction that your gratitude affords me.

How, Sir—cried the boy, but was unable to proceed.

Yes, my little friend, replied Mr. Dennison: but one thing I request of you, and that is, not to insist any more in opposition to my desire: assure yourself, I am better satisfied than you can possibly be, at having it in my power to make you happy once more.

Anthony, who the minute before had been ready to swoon away through the violence of his grief, was now on the contrary almost overpowered by his excess of joy: he viewed his benefactor with an air of astonishment; he pressed by turns his dear *Bonny* and Mr. Dennison's hand, which was still in contact with his. He wept, but his tears were those of joy and tenderness.

Mr. Dennison did not bound his kindness here. A place became vacant among his domestics; he bestowed it upon old Anthony: as to his son, he had him carefully educated, and gave him a good trade. *Bonny* lived happily in the family. Ah! said Anthony to him sometimes when he fondled him, perhaps I owe all my happiness to thee. He loved him continually more and more, and when the inhabitants of the village where he lived would speak to this day of two good friends, the names of Anthony and his dog *Bonny* are sure to be the first that occur on the subject.

T H E H A T.

A COUNTRYMAN came one day into a shop in the city, and laying his hat on the counter, begged the master of the shop to lend him half a guinea upon it as a pledge. Do you take me for a madman, said the master of the shop? it is against the law, and if it were not, that shabby hat is not worth two-pence. Such as it is, replied the countryman, I would not give it for five guineas, and yet I have very urgent occasion for the sum that I ask. I sold my corn at the market a week ago to a mealman, who was to pay me to-day; and I depended upon having it to make up my rent,
which

which has been so long due, that if it is not paid to-morrow, as I promised it should, I expect to be distrained for it. But the poor mealman is almost broke, he has lately buried his only son, a grown up youth, and now this last week his wife died of grief, so that I cannot be paid until next market day. As I often come into your shop to buy things, and you know me to be an honest man, I thought you would not make much difficulty about lending me half a guinea: it is nothing in your pocket, but is a great matter to me: at all hazards there is my hat to answer for the money, and a better security than you think. The tradesman answered him only with a sneer, and, turning upon his heel, attended to other persons who were in the shop.

Sir George Liberal happened to be one of them: he had listened with attention to the countryman's discourse, and was struck with the air of honesty that was apparent in his countenance. He approached him gently, and putting half a guinea into his hand, Here is the money that you want, said he, since you find people so loth to oblige you, I will be your friend without a pledge. With these words he went out of the shop eying the master of it with much contempt; and his carriage was gone a good distance off before the countryman had recovered from the emotions of his joy and amazement.

About a month after, as Sir George Liberal was going in his chariot up the Hay-market, he heard somebody call out several times to his coachman to stop, but to no purpose, for the coachman drove briskly on without paying any regard to him: at the same time Sir George looking out, saw a man upon the footway running with all speed to overtake the carriage; he therefore drew the string to make the coachman stop. Immediately the man springs to the coach door, crying, I beg your pardon, Sir—I have run myself out of breath to overtake you—Did not you, Sir, about a month ago put half a guinea into my hand in a shop in the city?—Why, yes, I remember something of it—Well, Sir, here is the money, which I return you with many thanks. You did not give me time to thank you then, much less to ask your name and address; and the man of the shop did not know you. I came to town every week with my own hay and corn, in hopes that I might some time or other have the good fortune to meet with you: luckily I saw you as you passed up the street. I should never have been happy if I
had

had not had the opportunity of paying my acknowledgments to you; and may Heaven bestow upon you the recompence which your generosity deserves.—I am happy, said Sir George, in having obliged so honest a man as you seem to be; but I confess to you, I did not expect to see the money returned me. I intended it as a small present to you—That is more than I knew, Sir; and besides, I make a conscience of not receiving money that I do not earn. I had done nothing for you, and you had served me sufficiently, by lending me the sum in question. Let me beg you therefore to receive it again. No, my good friend, it belongs neither to you nor me now: Do me the pleasure to buy something with it for your children, and give it to them as a present from me.—Sir, your proceeding is very genteel, and it would be uncivil in me to refuse your offer.—Well then, say no more, the matter is finished. But pray explain one particular to me, which has not ceased to engage my curiosity ever since I saw you: How could you have the conscience to ask half a guinea on your hat, which was scarcely worth a groat?—Ah! Sir, it is worth every thing to me—How so pray?—I will give you the history of it.

Some years since my landlord's son, sliding on a pool in his father's grounds, fell through the ice. I happened to be at work near the place, and hearing some people cry out who saw the child sink, I ran to the spot, and throwing myself into the water with my cloaths on, just as I was, I had the good fortune to save the child, and to restore him alive to his father: my landlord did not forget this service; he gave me a snug farm in addition to what little land I held under him before, which was not much more than a cabbage garden, supplied me with stock and utensils of husbandry, and in short set me up completely in my small farm. But this was not all. As I had lost my hat in the water, he placed his own upon my head, saying at the same time that he could have wished to place a crown upon it. You see, Sir, if I have not reason to be fond of this hat. I never wear it in the country: every thing there reminds me of my benefactor, though he has been dead some time. My children, my wife, my cottage, my land, all seem to speak as it were continually of him to my remembrance. But whenever I come to town, I always put on this hat, that I may have something about me to put me in mind of him. I am only sorry that it begins to grow old. You see, Sir, it is going; but

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but as long as a bit of it remains together it shall be inestimable in my eyes.

Sir George felt great pleasure from this recital of the countryman, and taking out his card, here, said he, farmer, take this, it contains my address, I am obliged to quit you now, but shall be glad to see you at my house next Sunday morning.

The countryman did not fail to come at the time appointed; as soon as the servant carried in his name, Sir George himself came out to receive him, and taking him by the hand, he said, my worthy friend, you have not, it is true, saved me an only son, but you have nevertheless performed me a very considerable service, you have taught me to love mankind better than I did before, by proving to me, that there are still hearts replete with honesty and gratitude. Since hats figure to such advantage on your head, here is one that I wish you to accept as a present: I do not desire, however, that you should leave off that of your benefactor; only when it is incapable of being worn longer, I beg the reversion of your head for this; and every year on this same day you will find a new one here to replace it.

This was no more than a genteel pretext which Sir George's delicacy suggested to him in order to avoid hurting the countryman's pride: he knew very well, that we should endeavour not to humble those whom we oblige, but to raise them in their own opinion. After having gained his heart by this first tie of friendship, he acquired sufficient ascendancy over him to assume the right of conferring the most essential benefits on him and his family, and of repairing the losses which they had sustained by unavoidable strokes of fortune. He had finally the satisfaction of seeing them nearly as happy in their gratitude as he himself was in his generosity.

THE FIRST TRIAL OF COURAGE.

Mrs. Domville. **I** LONG much to know which of my children will shew the most courage to-day, when Mr. Enamel the dentist comes.

Gustavus.

Gustavus. What, mama, is he to come to-day?

Mrs. Domville. I expect him.

Felicia. He that drew one of my papa's teeth the other day?

Mrs. Domville. Yes, my dear. He is a very skilful man. I have begged him to come here this morning to examine your teeth.

Gustavus. My sister's, I suppose; for I hope he will not think of drawing any teeth from me.

Felicia. Nor from me neither.

Mrs. Domville. Yet I am strongly of opinion, my little friends, that he will be obliged to take one from each of you. You have a tooth, Felicia, that is quite loose; and I have observed two of your's, Gustavus, jammed so close, that one of them, the most forward of the two, must be drawn.

Gustavus. Oh! pray mama do not say so. I have not too many, I assure you.

Mrs. Domville. Mr. Enamel must decide that.

Felicia. But it will hurt me.

Mrs. Domville. Indeed, my dear, I am afraid it will: but you must not be frightened; the operation is soon over: and even if it were painful, there is an absolute necessity for performing it.

Felicia. I do not see any necessity, mama, for hurting me. I do not like that.

Mrs. Domville. I believe you, nobody likes it: but when we may gain a very great advantage by suffering a slight pain that will soon be over, we should act ridiculously not to submit to it without hesitation.

Gustavus. Oh! for my part, I shall keep my mouth shut so close, that Mr. Enamel will be pretty cunning if he looks into it.

Mrs. Domville. I advise you, master, not to speak quite so confidently. You will shut your mouth? a very sensible speech truly. Do you wish that I should look upon you as a coward that cannot bear the slightest pain? I should be ashamed were I in your place, that a stranger should entertain such an opinion of me.

Gustavus. So I should mama, but —

Mrs. Domville. Hear me one word. Do you think, my dear, that it does not hurt me to see you in pain? when you were so sick, do not you remember that I lost all desire of sleep or food, and that I was more unhappy even than yourselves?

selves? you may suppose then when you see me determined on making you submit to a painful operation, that I have a very forcible reason for it. This is my reason. I should be sorry, while my children were young, that their teeth should grow irregularly, and so be obliged to be drawn at a time when they would never have any others to succeed them. This is a matter of some concern to a mother who loves you, but I think it should be still more so to you, since it touches you more nearly. The matter is no less than whether you are to have all your life a straggling and irregular set of teeth, or neat and well ordered. Felicia, do you understand what I have been saying to your brother?

Felicia. Yes mama; but will it hurt me much?

Mrs. Domville. I cannot tell you exactly how much it will hurt you: this I know, that it is in your own power to make it much more supportable. Shall I tell you how?

Felicia. Oh! yes, mama, pray do?

Mrs. Domville. It is by not making an ineffectual resistance, but submitting to the operation with a good grace: your brother talked of keeping his mouth shut, if you should take it into your head to shut yours also, do you think that Mr. Enamel would not find a way to open it? You may assure yourself before hand, that the more you would struggle, the more he would be obliged to hurt you. If tears and complaints could lessen one's pain, though they are marks of weakness, yet they would be excusable; but when they are of no use in the world, and may even contribute to make the pain worse, I think it is a great disgrace, and the extreme of folly, to yield to such weaknesses.

Gustavus. Well mama, how shall we manage?

Mrs. Domville. There is nothing more easy: I only ask you to sit quiet for a minute, and the whole business will be over: you were by the other day when your father had a tooth drawn, did you hear him cry out?

Felicia. That is because my papa is twenty times stronger than we are.

Mrs. Domville. True; but on the other hand, his tooth held twenty times faster to his jaw than yours do. A large full grown oak is much more difficult to root up than a young oak plant.

Gustavus. What pleasure can this Mr. Enamel take in dismantling people's jaws?

Mrs.

142 THE FIRST TRIAL OF COURAGE.

Mrs. Domville. It is not a pleasure to him, it is his profession, and a very useful profession too, since the intent of it is to relieve us from very acute pains.

Gustavus. But since he is paid for drawing people's teeth, the more he draws the more money he gains: what if he were to pluck all mine out one after another?

Mrs. Domville. He would gain more by leaving you even those that are decayed; for then you would be obliged to have frequent recourse to him, either to clean them, or to keep them in order: whereas with a little attention to them every day, you will perhaps never have occasion that he should touch them again. Look at mine, see if I have not contrived to preserve them without the help of a dentist.

Felicia. Had you ever any drawn when you were as little as I?

Mrs. Domville. Certainly. I had a mother who watched tenderly over every thing that concerned me. She spoke to me as I speak to you now.

Felicia. Then you remember it: did you cry much?

Mrs. Domville. No, my dear, I can do myself the justice to say that I did not.

Felicia. And how did you do to keep from crying?

Mrs. Domville. I was sensible that my crying would only serve to give my mother uneasiness, to make me appear to the dentist a very cowardly little girl, and to render me contemptible to myself.

Gustavus. Well mama, I hope I shall not cry.

Mrs. Domville. I am persuaded, if you take up that resolution, you will be able to persevere in it, by recollecting that you are to be a man one day or other.

Felicia. But I that am only to be a woman?

Mrs. Domville. Women have no less occasion for courage in supporting pain: nay, perhaps, the weakness of their frame requires to be strengthened with a greater degree of patience and fortitude. In order to be sure of finding this fortitude when the greater evils of life occur, it is necessary to have it put to the trial on occasions of smaller consequence. I have taken early care to fortify you against the common accidents of life, such as bruises, or falls, or strains. It is time to fortify yourself against more acute pains. After all I do not think, that on the present occasion you will suffer very much: your teeth are not firmly enough rooted to require a very violent effort to dislodge them. They are like
a slender

a slender stalk of grass, that holds to the earth by very slight roots, and can easily be drawn up without damaging them. I thought it best to speak to you, without reserve, of the pain, whatever it may be, that will attend the operation; that if you find it more severe than you expected, you may have no right to accuse me of endeavouring to deceive you.

Felicia. Oh, mama, you know I always take your word.

Gustavus. No, mama won't deceive us: I am not afraid now.

Mrs. Domville. It gives me the highest pleasure, that I have inspired you with confidence, and find you so tractable; for that reason I will not treat you like those silly children, who are promised cakes or playthings for letting themselves be eased of an useless tooth: I reserve for you a reward more worthy of you and me. The most firm and courageous of you two shall have the most affectionate kiss.

Gustavus. You shall see, mama, I will deserve two.

Felicia. And you shall see, brother, I will deserve as many as you.

Gustavus. Well, we shall all see presently. Mr. Enamel may come now as soon as he pleases.

LITTLE GRANDISON.

LETTER I.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, APRIL 17.

YOU permit me to write to you, my dear mama. What a consolation is this to my heart! Alas, I have much occasion for it, separated as I am from you.

Here am I in London, and in perfect health; nevertheless I am sad, very sad, I assure you. You will, perhaps, call me a silly child, when I tell you that I wept during our whole journey, whilst I thought on the last kiss that you gave me when we parted. But come, I will no longer trouble you with these complaints. I know how much you love me, why therefore should I afflict you?

What a fine city this is! and how populous! We have no town in Holland so large by one-half. I find every thing
in

in this place very agreeable; but I do not find mama here. Ah, that spoils all.

You might well boast of your friend Mrs. Grandison. She is so good and so gentle, that one must love her as soon as one sees her. She held forth her arms to receive me at my arrival, just in the same manner as you do when you are pleased with me; and then Mr. Grandison! I cannot express to you how amiable he is. He shall be my model; and then I am sure, when I grow up, I shall be esteemed by every one. My papa was, doubtless, such another; for you have often told me how worthy a man he was. Ah, would I possessed such a parent now! how happy I should be! I would then, like young Grandison, obey him in every thing: my whole heart should be filled with love for him, though I would not love you the less. But heaven has not permitted this. However it has left me a mother, and so good a mother!—Come then, I am not so much to be pitied; there are few children so happy. Every day do I thank God for this blessing, and implore him to preserve you to me: but, adieu, my dear mama; adieu, my little sister. I enclose for you, in this letter, a thousand kisses, and as many affectionate remembrances. Think of me sometimes. You are ever in my thoughts. Oh, when shall I see you again! When shall I embrace you! How long will this year appear to me! and how swiftly did time fly when we were together!

LETTER II.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, APRIL 28.

YOUR letter, my dear son, has given me the most lively pleasure. The affliction which you manifest at our separation, proves to me that you have a heart of sensibility. The child who can bear an absence from his mother without concern, cannot love her: we must, nevertheless, listen to reason. We cannot always live together; and to abandon ourselves without resistance to a fruitless grief, is a weakness at which we ought to blush; learn therefore betimes to arm yourself with courage against the various events of life. The most

most happy lot is checkered with innumerable troubles, which we must accustom ourselves to bear from our earliest youth. Whenever you feel your spirits dejected, because I am not with you, you have only to think of the pleasure that we shall both have when we meet at the end of the year, and this thought will afford you consolation: in the mean while we will write to each other as often as possible. To write, is almost to speak. You see by this the benefit of those improvements, which your diligence has acquired. What would have become of you now, had you neglected your studies! we should have been separated without being able to converse with each other.

You perceive Mr. Grandison is an estimable man, and wish to make him your model! You delight me, my dear child. Such a choice is the beginning of virtue. Yes, your father was such another man; and I am well assured that you know how to render yourself worthy the name of his son; and this is the sweetest consolation I have in my affliction for his loss.

Adieu, my dear William; embrace Mrs. Grandison for me. Give me a faithful account of all your occupations, and all your pleasures; but always write to me as if you were speaking: a letter ought to be natural, simple, and unstudied. Your little sister regrets your absence: she enquires after you a hundred times in the day; and complains that I am not so good a play-fellow to her as you were.

L E T T E R III.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, MAY 8.

A Thousand and a thousand thanks, my dear mama, for your goodness in writing to me. I hastened to shew your letter to Mrs. Grandison. What an excellent mother you have, said she, after having read it? Yes, madam, answered I, she is another Mrs. Grandison; upon which she embraced me. My dear little boy, added she, since your mother has permitted you to write to her, and enjoins you to give her an account of every particular which con-

cerns you, you ought to omit nothing. Tell her of your studies, and of your amusements; and recount to her your conversations with my sons and my daughter: this will soften the pain of your absence. But, madam, said I, mama has always strictly forbidden me to speak of what passes in the family of another; she therefore only meant that I should speak of myself. Well, well, answered she, I permit you to tell her every thing that passes in our house. I have not a dearer friend in the world than your mama. I should myself confide all my secrets with her; and I charge you to do it for me. Oh, mama, how much pleasure does this permission give me! How many things shall I have to tell you of my friend Charles! Yes, it is of him that I wish most to speak. You know how he abounds in understanding, in wit, in sentiment, in goodness: we are always together. I love him each day more than the preceding. His brother Edward, who is older by two years, is by no means so amiable; but the little Emily, their sister, Oh what a charming young lady!

Mrs. Grandison is just going to write to you, mama: she has asked for my letter to enclose in hers. I am sorry that I cannot chat longer with you: methinks I should never be tired of writing to you. I find as much difficulty in quitting my pen as I have pleasure in taking it up. Adieu, my dear mama; be careful of your health. Continue to me your wife lessons, and, perhaps, I shall become as amiable as my friend Charles.

I tenderly embrace my little sister. I regret also that I have her not here to play with me; and the more, as I find that she liked me so well for a play-fellow.

LETTER IV.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, MAY 18.

I Congratulate you, my dear son, on having such a friend as Charles. Some persons of my acquaintance, who have seen him at his father's house, speak of him as the most amiable of children. You see from this what we gain by good conduct, and by fulfilling our duty: we are beloved and

and esteemed by all the world. Edward, from infancy, has discovered something untractable and savage in his character; but, my dear boy, take note of his bad qualities only to avoid them. Suffer not hatred to have a place in your heart. Edward is young; he may correct his faults; and until that happy change arrives, he is worthy the most tender compassion.

It appears, from Mrs. Grandison's letter, that she has taken an affection for you; this is an encouragement to you to do your best to merit the kind things that she says of you. Should she ever have cause to reproach you, you must be sensible how bitterly my heart would feel it. But no, my child, I know you too well; you will never cease to be the well-beloved of your mother. Adieu, my dear son.

LETTER V.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, MAY 27.

CHARLES has written to you, my dear mama; Charles has written to you. You will find his letter enclosed in mine. What fine writing! how prettily he expresses himself! But have patience: it shall not be my fault if I do not soon do as well. I am only twelve years old, and he is thirteen. This makes the difference of a whole year, in which time I hope to improve much. Nothing would be wanting to complete my felicity, if you were but here, mama, to see how happy I am. All our studies are but so many different pleasures. We learn drawing, dancing, and music; and we walk every day into the country, to acquire the knowledge of plants. Mr. Bartlet, who is a very learned man, comes to see us two or three times a week; and we learn a great deal from his conversation. I am every day more sensible what a sad thing it is to be ignorant: there is so great an advantage in cultivating the mind! and we have only to make our studies an amusement to us. Never fear; I shall not lose my time in this house: I have too good an example in my friend Charles. An emulation reigns between us, which does not lessen our friendship; but, on the contrary, we love each

other the better for it. But I must leave off writing, for I am called to breakfast. Depart then my letter, and tell my dear mama that I love her with all my heart. Say that I embrace her a thousand and a thousand times. I have only a little corner of paper left to tell my little sister how much she occupies my affection; but no matter, the largest piece would not suffice for that.

LETTER VI.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO MRS. DANVERS.

LONDON, MAY 27.

WHAT obligations do I owe you, madam, for having sent us your son! You have given me, by so doing, a friend for life. If you did but know how much he delights in talking of you, and with what tenderness of affection he speaks! He talks to me often also of his father. When he described his death to me, we wept together: how happy, said he to me yesterday, are you to have still a father. How much is a poor child to be pitied who is deprived of his! Alas, it is to lose his dearest protection and best friend. How does it ever happen, that there should be children in the world who disobey their parents, and give them affliction by their vices! For my part, had I ever given my father the least subject of complaint, I should never more have known a day of happiness. But you have yet a mother, answered I. Yes, he replied, I have one who cherishes me as tenderly as I love her. She has redoubled her cares for me since the death of my father; can I therefore fail to feel for her a double portion of respect and love? Why, am not I already grown up? I would partake with her of her labours; I would assist her to support her griefs. So long as I live will I convince her by my tenderness, that I am not unworthy of hers. I was too much moved to be able to make any answer: I could only embrace my friend. Ah, madam, he who honours his parents so truly, must needs be a faithful friend.

I cannot describe to you how diligent he is in all his studies. Mr. Bartlet is astonished at the progress that he makes: you must not, however, suppose that we are always serious.

I assure

I assure you, we know very well how to amuse ourselves; and pleasure never appears so agreeable to us as after business. We run about in the country, we play at cricket, and at all kinds of games which require activity and address. Our lessons, our exercises, and our pleasures, have all their stated hours; and I can assure you, they are well filled up.

I know not what you will think, madam, of the liberty that I have taken in writing you so long a letter; but I flatter myself you will pardon it, since the subject of it is so dear to you: I will not, however, encroach too far on your complaisance. Vouchsafe, I entreat you, to excuse my prattle, in consideration of my friendship for your son, as well as of the profound respect with which I have the honour to be, madam,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER VII.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, JUNE 4.

ENCLOSED in this I send an answer to the pretty letter which I have received from your friend Charles. I am delighted with what he has related to me of your sentiments towards me. Preserve them to me always, my son, and your mother will be ever happy.

I have some melancholy news to tell you: you know young Vanberg; he is just thrown into prison. A passion for play has been his destruction. He has almost brought his parents to ruin. It is not long since they paid a considerable sum for him, on his promise that he would play no more: but he returned to it again, and his losses are enormous. There is no way left for his parents to extricate him out of his difficulties, but by depriving themselves of bread. How unfortunate is this young man! You know how amiable he was, but for this terrible passion to which he has given himself up. Every one pitied him at first; but now he is despised by all. Oh, my son, place this example be-

fore your eyes as a preservative against so shocking an evil. Mrs. Grandison has just written to me, and tells me that you partake with her children of those studies which they are engaged in. With what bounty has heaven supplied to you the loss which you might have sustained by your mother's want of means to give you those acquirements suited to your birth. Be grateful to your benefactors, and ever bear in mind the duty that you owe them of profiting by their bounty, which you can fulfil only by your application; lose not therefore one moment: the past hour will never return to us. What pleasure shall I feel, when I perceive the mind of my son adorned with useful knowledge. What charms shall I then find in his conversation! This hope softens the bitterness of our separation; let it serve also to support your resolution under it. Yes, my son, I have already told you that heaven has not destined us to live always together; but nothing will prevent us from loving each other, even should we be separated by a still greater distance. Adieu, my child; fulfil your duties; but without neglecting your amusements. It is your happiness only which can make mine.

LETTER VIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, JUNE 12.

WE are going into the country to-morrow, mama. How I shall divert myself there! Charles has just been packing up a number of books to carry with us. Our crayons are not forgotten. The whole country, as I am told, is one beautiful landscape: we shall exert ourselves to delineate it on paper. Little Emily carries her tambour with her, and intends to imitate with her needle, all the prettiest flowers of the fields. Though she is not yet twelve years old, she is ingenious to a wonder.

We are all three very glad to go into the country. Edward is the only one who dislikes it. I pity him. I think it a bad sign not to love the air of the fields. I will send you word for word, a conversation which he had just now with his brother and sister, at which I was present.

Emily.

Emily. Do you know that our good friend Mr. Bartlet is to go with us into the country?

Charles. Yes; and I am very glad of it.

Edward. So am not I, for my part.

Charles. Why so, brother?

Edward. Because he is always finding fault with me.

Charles. Well, but then his reproofs will serve to amend you. For my part, I think, those who have the goodness to tell us of our faults, are our best friends: I esteem them much above those persons who flatter us.

[Is not Charles in the right, mama?]

Edward. I was in hopes at least, that we should be for awhile released from this cursed Latin, but I find it is no such thing; and that we are to go on every day with our exercises just the same as in town.

Charles. I hope so, and I see nothing very difficult in it, whilst Mr. Bartlet is with us; and besides that, he will instruct us in the knowledge of all the different plants in the country. What a pleasure there will be——

Edward. A great pleasure, truly, to be groping all day with our noses in the ground, like so many sheep after grass.

Charles. But, my dear Edward, you have not packed up your portmanteau yet?

Edward. I shall make one of the servants do it.

Emily. The servants are very busy to-day, brother.

Edward. Well, they must go to bed an hour the later then.

Emily. Oh fye! after they have been working hard all day, you would make them lose an hour's sleep?

Edward. A great misfortune, to be sure.

Emily. You might spare it them, however, by putting up your things yourself: it would, I think, be much better to employ your time so than in teizing your dog.

Edward. My dog is my own, I hope.

Emily. Yes, but the servants are not.

Edward. I have no occasion for your lessons, miss; pray keep them for yourself.

They were both growing warm, but Charles took each by the hand; Come, my dears, said he, be friends; disputing between brothers and sisters is the greatest of evils. Here, Edward, since you chuse to stay here to amuse yourself, give me your key, and I will pack up your things whilst the servants dine.

What a good boy is Charles, said Emily: I love him with all my heart.

O mama, what a difference there is between these two brothers! and what amiable qualities are sweetness and complaisance! But adieu, I must leave off. I will not fail to write to you as soon as we are got into the country. Why are not you and my little sister of the party?

LETTER IX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JUNE 15.

HERE we are, my dear mama. What a pretty country house! charming walks all around us. The park is very extensive; and from my windows I see a landscape, the extremities of which are too distant for the eye to take in distinctly. The gardens are laid out with a neatness which charms you at first sight. Charles has one to himself, in which he is at liberty to sow and plant whatever he pleases. He ran to it as soon as we arrived. And do you know what he has done, mama? It is impossible for any one to be more noble or generous. He has given half a guinea to the gardener who took care of his garden during his absence. It was not necessary, to be sure, for him to make this present, as his father pays him handsomely: but the man has six small children. He is poor, and Charles is beneficent; I think therefore he did right: but Edward, it seems, thinks otherwise. I must relate to you their discourse on the subject. Edward was by me: he saw the half guinea in the gardener's hand. He ran up to his brother.

Edward. Are you mad, Charles, to give so much money to this man? Does not my father pay him for his labour?

Charles. True, brother; but see what care he has taken with my garden. He deserves a little recompense: besides, the man is not rich, and he has a large family. We surely ought to take pity on the distressed.

Edward. Very true; but there is at least no occasion to give him more than his due.

Charles. Ah, brother, if our papa were to give us no more than our due, that would be but a very little.

Edward.

Edward. And will you venture to tell him what you have done?

Charles. Without doubt: I hope never to do any thing which I shall be afraid to tell him.

Edward. You will have a good chiding, I promise you.

Charles. And I promise you, he will not chide me at all. I have often seen him give money to the same gardener, when he has been pleased with his work.

Edward. My papa gives his own money, but what you give does not belong to you.

Charles. Pardon me, brother; it was the fruits of my oeconomy which I was permitted to dispose of as I pleased; and I am sure I could not make a better use of it.

Edward. As if it would not be better to have purchased some squibs and crackers, and have made a little fire work to entertain mama on our arrival.

Charles. The fire works would have lasted but a moment; and after all, what are they? a sound, and a blaze: besides, they often cause accidents. No, no, my money will be laid out more usefully. The gardener will buy his children some shoes with it; and the poor little ones will not be forced to run barefooted amongst the stones and briars.

Edward, (with a sneer.) And what is it to us whether these children have shoes or not! I do not see that it concerns us.

Charles. But it concerns them, brother, and that is sufficient. Heaven forbid that we should only think of our own wants, and take no care about those of others. Ah, dear brother, let us always pity the poor. They are our fellow creatures.

Edward could not say a word in answer to this; but quitting us abruptly, began tormenting a cat that he saw asleep on the grass, a little way off us.

What do you say to all this, mama? I am ashamed for Edward, and I love Charles more than ever. Mrs. Grandison, I am sure, will receive more pleasure from the generosity of her son than she could have had from all the fire works in the world. Oh, if ever I should be rich, I will take care not to shut up my purse from the poor. It must be so great a pleasure to assist a man when he wants it. Adieu, my dear mama, I am called to take a walk. How impatiently do I long for your letters: but when shall I have one from my little sister?

LETTER K.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, JUNE 20.

I AM charmed with your last letter, my dear son. You have good reason indeed to prefer Charles's way of thinking to that of Edward. What pleasure must his good heart have felt in the joy of the honest gardener! a pleasure which will be renewed as often as he sees the shoes on the feet of the poor children. The best way to merit riches is to employ them for the happiness of others. Mrs. Grandison has just sent me one of your drawings. I am charmed to see you so much improved by the instructions that you have had. If fortune should prove unfavourable to you, painting is an honourable profession, not beneath the son of a colonel. It will, at least, be an amusing occupation which, by preserving you from idleness, will at the same time preserve you from those vices that idleness leads to. A love for the fine arts is the best guard in youth against the passions. The wish which you have so often expressed to receive some letters from your sister, has put her upon many reflections. O mama, said she to me last night, what a pretty thing it is to know how to write. When you read my brother's letters to me, it is just as if he were with us, as if he were talking to us. Pray, dear mama, let me soon have a writing master, that I may write to my brother; then it will be as if I were with him, as if I talked to him. She pressed me so much, that I promised her a master next month. She threw her arms round my neck; Ah, mama, how learned I shall be! Yes, I will deserve this favour. But what shall I do in return for it? Learn well, my child, said I. But, mama, to learn well is not for your benefit but for mine. Then it is for mine also, answered I; is not the happiness of my children the same as my own? Ah, mama, replied she, but when shall I do something which shall be for you alone! Is not this pretty from a child of six years old? I took her in my arms and pressed her to my heart. I embrace you, my son, with the same tenderness.

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LETTER XI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JUNE 25.

AH, mama, a great misfortune has happened to us. Edward has had the misfortune to fall into the water. He is very ill, and so is Mrs. Grandison also. We are all full of grief; but you will see that Edward suffers from his own fault: he is very happy in having escaped. Had it not been for timely help, he must certainly have been drowned. Yesterday, after dinner, not having finished his morning task, Mr. Grandison ordered him to stay in his chamber to finish it: but behold his disobedience; he came down, notwithstanding these orders, and came after us: but I will relate the affair exactly to you as it happened.

We had been gone out about a quarter of an hour, intending to regale ourselves with some warm milk at a little farm house not far off. We soon heard Edward who ran after us, out of breath; we stopped to wait for him, concluding that he had obtained permission to be of our party: he joined us; and after having walked a few paces together, we met a little boy wheeling a barrow, in which there was a cask of vinegar. He was civilly turning out of our way, but by so doing, he overturned the wheelbarrow, and the cask of vinegar fell to the ground. The poor child was in sad perplexity, because he was not strong enough to put it back in the barrow, and he saw no grown person at hand to assist him. Charles, the good Charles, immediately ran up to him: Come William, come Edward, cried he, we must help this good little boy; we may surely find strength between us four to replace his cask. Oh yes, truly, said Edward, it would become us mightily to employ ourselves in such an office. And why not? said Charles: methinks it is never misbecoming to do a good action: but, however, you may stand by if you please; you shall see that we three will do it. We immediately went to work, and in an instant the barrow was set upright, and the cask placed upon it, though Edward did nothing all the while but sing and laugh at us. The little boy was overjoyed, and after thanking us went his way. Why Charles, said Edward, this is wonderful;

it gives me pleasure to see that you would make an excellent vinegar merchant. Well brother, said Charles, if I should be one, and should ever have the misfortune to let fall my cask, I shall be very glad to find any one goodnatured enough to assist me. Well, you may laugh, said Edward, but what do you think papa would say if he knew what you had done. He would love his son the better for it, said Emily. Papa is goodnatured, and had he been in Charles's place he would have done the same. Fye, said Edward, I blush for you both; it is very pretty indeed for persons of our condition to meddle with the affairs of the common people. Oh, said Charles, if they want us sometimes, we have much more occasion for them. We have assisted this little boy, but who knows but his assistance may be one day necessary to us.

You will see presently, mama, that Charles was in the right.

We were scarcely got to the farm house, when Edward proposed to us to go into a little boat, which was there floating in a small pond. Emily and Charles refused, saying, that their papa had expressly forbidden them. Pshaw, he'll know nothing of it, said Edward. But brother, answered Charles, we ought never to do any thing which our papa should not know. Very well, said Edward, then I will go and take a run in the meadow, for it is no diversion to me to be here. We thought that this was his design: but would you believe it, mama, instead of going, as he had said, into the meadow, he made a turn round the house, and then went into the boat: about half an hour after this, we heard one cry out for help: we ran along with the farmer and his son; but what was our consternation, when we saw the boat overturned, and the unfortunate Edward hidden under the water. A little boy was dragging him by the skirt of his coat, but had not strength to get him out of the water: it was he who cried for help. The farmer immediately plunged into the water, and got them both out; but Edward was without sense or motion. Emily cried most pitifully. As for my part, I was so struck, that I could not speak. Charles was the only one who preserved presence of mind: he immediately gave orders to have his brother carried into the farmer's house, in order to recover him from his swoon. He then begged his sister to compose herself. I will go back to my papa, in order to prevent his being told abruptly
of

of this unhappy accident. In the mean while take care of my brother.

Do not you admire these wise and tender precautions, mama?

But what were the agitations of his parents when they heard his recital? Mrs. Grandison fainted: Mr. Grandison, after having given her the necessary assistance, ran to his son. They had just carried him into the house: every one thought him dead. In spite of all his firmness Mr. Grandison could not forbear shedding tears. Oh! how well does a good father love his children? he forgets all their faults when he sees them in danger. After much pains Edward was at length brought to himself: but he is still in bed in a high fever. Thus has he been punished for his disobedience; he has been at the point of losing his own life, and of being the death of his parents. This will serve as a lesson to me, to be always docile and submissive. Adieu, my dear mama, you shall soon hear from me again. How many things have I to say to my little sister on the affecting scene she had with you, but I will reserve them for our correspondence.

LETTER XII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 2.

MRS. Grandison is much better: Edward is nearly recovered, and I hope that this adventure will render him more wise in future. I told you in my last letter of a little boy who saved Edward by holding the skirt of his coat, but I forgot to tell you, that it was the little vinegar carrier whom we had just assisted in replacing his cask on the barrow. Charles said very right when he observed, that we know not what occasion we may have for the assistance of others. It must have been all over with Edward if we had not chanced to assist this little boy; for had we left him in the road with his wheelbarrow overturned, he would not have been in the way to have seen the accident which happened afterwards to Edward, nor to have thrown himself into

into the water to support him whilst he called out for assistance. But I must relate to you a conversation which we had on the subject yesterday after dinner, whilst we were with Mr. Grandison in the sick chamber of Edward.

You are very good, said Edward, to come and bear me company.

Charles. Would not you do the same for us brother if we were ill?

Edward. But perhaps William had rather go and take a walk.

William. No, I assure you, Edward. It is pleasure enough for me to see that you get better.

Emily. Especially when we think how near we were to lose you.

Edward. That is very true, had it not been for that brave little boy, it would have been all over with me.

Mr. Grandison. I am very glad to hear you make this reflection, my dear; you now see, as Charles observed to you, that we cannot foresee how soon we may have occasion for the very person who seems to stand most in need of us.

Edward. You are right, papa, and I feel much regret in not having assisted this little boy, who was afterwards to do me so great a piece of service.

Mr. Grandison. I am well satisfied, my child, that you are convinced you were wrong: you have only now to bear in mind your deliverer, and it may one day be your turn to render him a benefit. Till that time arrives, you may in some sort acquit yourself towards him, by assisting all those whom you see in distress. You may also draw this very useful lesson from your misfortune, never to despise those who are beneath us in rank. What would a young gentleman have done for you, had he been in the place of our little vinegar carrier? He would, no doubt, have contented himself with calling out for help, without giving you any himself; and for fear of wetting his foot in the pond, he would have suffered you to perish before his eyes. Our little boy, on the contrary, more courageous and more compassionate, boldly threw himself into the water after you, at the hazard of his own life. You had a few moments before refused him a little service, which would have cost you but a slight effort; and notwithstanding your unkindness to him, he was not afraid to risk his own life to save yours. You have never yet, and perhaps never may know another action which

which equals this. Tender parents, a brother, a sister, a friend, all owe to this poor boy a beloved object which they were on the point of losing: society owes to him one of its children, who may one day be of use to it. Let us take care then not to despise our fellow creatures, in whatever rank fortune may have placed them, since little people may sometimes be of greater use to us than great ones.

My eyes were filled with tears, my dear mama, during this discourse of Mr. Grandison: I felt all he said at the bottom of my heart. Oh! yes, I have often had occasion to observe, that the lower class of people are by much the most helpful when any accident makes their assistance needful: and those cannot be bad who are thus disposed to succour their brethren.

Adieu, my dear mama, we are to dine to-morrow with Mr. Grandison's sister: it is several miles from hence. I am obliged to leave off. We must go to bed early to-night, in order to be up betimes in the morning. Edward cannot go with us, for which he is so sorry, that I really pity him: here again is another punishment for his fault. I will give you an account of our visit. Write to me, pray, my dear mama; at least till my little sister is able to be your secretary.

LETTER XIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 5.

WE have had a great deal of pleasure, my dear mama, at lord and lady Campley's. I wish you could have seen how well my friend Charles behaved in the midst of a numerous company. Another young boy, about his age, was there also: what a difference between Charles and him! the latter stiff and affected, perpetually bowing and admiring his clothes, at the same time so awkwardly bashful, that he could not look any one in the face. Charles, on the contrary, has a noble and modest assurance, together with the greatest ease and civility. He listens to others with attention, and speaks but little; but what he says is full of grace and justness,

justness, and every one hears him with pleasure. He distinguishes to a nicety what is due to every one in company. Respectful towards his superiors either in rank or age, polite to his equals, and affable to his inferiors. He pays the most delicate attention to all without appearing ceremonious. I will give you an instance of this. We went to take a walk in the garden, a young lady of the company had forgotten her hat; she soon found the sun very troublesome. Charles quickly observed this, and before she could return back to the house for her hat, she perceived Charles bringing it to her: he asked her leave to put it on her head himself, which he did with all imaginable politeness: yes, I assure you, he is like a grown man in company. After dinner he played a very difficult piece on the harpsichord, and received the applauses of all. Oh! if I were but as amiable as he is, how happy should I be! were it only that I should give you more pleasure, mama. The two daughters of lady Campley are very well brought up. The eldest, whose name is Charlotte, sings admirably: Emily loves her tenderly, they have engaged to write to each other.

But I must not forget to tell you of what happened to us on our return. Mr. and Mrs. Grandison, with Emily and a lady who accompanied them, went in the first carriage: Mr. Bartlet, Charles, and I, in the second: we had scarcely gone two miles before we saw a poor old man at the foot of a tree. Charles made the coachman stop, and turning to Mr. Bartlet said, look, I pray you, Sir, at this old man: he appears to be blind, and there is no one near him: What will become of the poor wretch? Will you permit me to go and ask him a few questions? With all my heart, my dear, answered the worthy Mr. Bartlet. Charles immediately alighted from the carriage, and ran to the poor man. Who are you, friend, said he; and how came you to be alone in this solitary place?—Alas! answered the blind man, I live above two miles from hence: I went out this morning to ask charity in a village somewhere hereabouts, I don't know on which side: and my guide, a very naughty boy, refused to lead me home again, because I had not gathered money enough in the day to pay him as I used. I have no other hope but in heaven, who perhaps will send some one to my relief. But, said Charles, it is just sun set, and it will soon be night, and what will become of you here? I must perish then in misery, answered the blind man: No, replied Charles,

Charles, I will be that person whom heaven has sent to your relief. Oh! Mr. Bartlet, said he, coming back to us, do not deny me the delight of saving a miserable poor old blind man, who is on the point of perishing if we do not take pity on him. Night approaches; What will become of this poor creature if no body assist him? He lives but two miles off, what hinders our taking him in our carriage? Yes, Charles, said Mr. Bartlet, follow the dictates of your generous heart. Charles had no sooner received this answer, than he took the old man by the hand and put him into the coach. Any other besides my friend might perhaps have felt some false shame in riding by the side of a poor man in tattered cloaths, but he, on the contrary, seemed to think himself honoured by it. We had no occasion to go far out of our road to put this poor man into his cottage. I saw Charles slip some money into his hand as he went out of the carriage, and we parted after receiving from him a thousand blessings. On our return home every body bestowed praises on this act of humanity. But, said Emily, this man, with his long beard and his rags, must have an odd figure in a chariot. Ah! sister, said Charles, I had so much pleasure in giving relief to a distressed creature, that I did not think about his accoutrement. Mr. Grandison could not refrain his tears: he held out his arms to his son, who threw himself into them; whilst he tenderly pressed him to his heart. Oh! mama, my eyes were filled during this affecting scene. This chariot will ever appear to me like a triumphal car to my friend.

L E T T E R X I V .

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 12.

I THANK you, my dear mama, for your kind letter: it is a long time since you have written to me; I feared that you were displeased with me. Do you know what I do? I always carry the last letter that I receive from you in my bosom, that I may have it at hand to read over again, the good lessons

lessons which you always give me, and I seem to myself the better every time I read it.

Yesterday was Mrs. Grandison's birth day; Charles rose very early; he was much longer at his devotions that day than usual; he was praying, no doubt, for his dear mama, as I do for you on your birth day. He appeared to us dressed in a new suit; you would have been charmed with his fine air: but before I proceed I must go back a little in my narrative.

It is near a month since Edward and Charles had each of them a new summer suit, which they had chosen themselves. Edward put his on the first day, but Charles continued to wear his old one, which was still however very neat. His father asked him the reason of this, he answered; that he reserved his best dress for a visit of ceremony. Do not you perceive, mama, that this visit of ceremony is that which he is to pay his mother this morning. How amiable is Charles! and what a fine turn of thought there is in every thing he does. Emily had already knocked at our door, and was waiting for us impatiently. We went down together, and found Mr. and Mrs. Grandison at breakfast in the saloon. Charles was the first who congratulated his mother on her birth day: he knelt before her, and respectfully kissed her hand. Oh! if I could but recollect all that he said! but I was too much moved to remember the words. Emily followed, and wished her mother joy in the most pleasing and graceful terms. Mrs. Grandison pressed her two children to her bosom, kissing them with tenderness. Their father then embraced them, whilst I made my compliments in the best manner I could: they were at least sincere, for I truly love my worthy benefactors. Edward came in just after: I know, he loves his mama: Who, indeed, does not love her? but yet his manners do not please me like those of Charles. The one does every thing in a more agreeable way than the other. Mrs. Grandison made every one of us a present. Emily received a pretty pair of bracelets, Charles and Edward had each a watch. Would you believe it, since yesterday only Edward's is already out of order? as for me, my dear mama, I have a fine microscope: this is of more value to me than all the toys in the world. Oh! the good Mrs. Grandison! how have I merited this gift?

In the evening we had a large company from all the neighbouring houses: Charles did the honours of the table

like

like a grown man. He carved the meat, he filled the glasses, he served the ladies; in a word, he acquitted himself of this employment to admiration. Here is a very long letter, mama, but I am talking of my friend, and to you: no wonder, then, that I know not when to conclude; and I cannot do it now without sending a tender embrace to my sister, which she shall give back to you.

LETTER XV.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 15.

EVERY day here brings new pleasures with it, my dear mama. Your son is now become a gardener. Will you lend me your assistance, said my friend to me the other day? I want to turn up afresh the ground in my garden: the flower season is passed, and I have a mind to sow some sallad to regale my mama during the remainder of the summer. Will I? said I, yes, certainly; you always oblige me when you give me an opportunity of doing any thing for you. We dressed ourselves in light waistcoats, and each being equipped with his spade, we cleared the garden that very evening. We gathered up with care all the roots, in order to put them under ground before we went away. Yesterday we rose at five in the morning: we do not allow ourselves to sleep late, because we cannot transplant any thing during the heat of the day. This morning we returned early to our work, and had the pleasure to finish it before breakfast. We only wait now to see our roots and our seeds spring up, and we shall employ this interval in extirpating the weeds. What pleasure we shall have in seeing our plants grow up! Hitherto I have, like other children, seen the productions of nature without paying any attention to them: but Charles has taught me to make reflections on all that I see. I will give you an example of this in a conversation which we held yesterday. I do not know whether I ever told you that Charles has a pretty aviary filled with all sorts of birds, which he takes the care of himself.

himself. We had just finished our gardening, and were taking a walk with Emily; stop a moment, said Charles, I must leave you, I have not yet looked after my birds to-day.

Emily. We will go with him, shall we William?

William. With all my heart, Emily.

Charles. You are very good to come and visit my little pensioners.

William. Oh! the pretty creatures! how pleased they seem to be at seeing you.

Charles. Because they are used to eat out of my hand.

William. One would think they knew you.

Charles. I flatter myself that I am a little known by them: I observe, however, that when I have my hat on they fly from me as if I were a stranger: the instinct of my dog is more certain; I believe he would know me under any disguise whatsoever.

Emily. I wish Edward would learn of you to be more careful: Did not he suffer his linnnet to die of hunger the the other day? Oh! if ever I should have a bird, I will take care not to forget it.

Charles. You are in the right; we ought certainly to think of these poor little animals, since they are taken out of that state in which they might provide for their own wants.

Emily. But would it not be better to let them fly away than to keep them prisoners here? We only confine those who have done wrong to others, and surely these little birds have hurt no one.

Charles. True, they have not; but they are not unhappy in their cages. Had they indeed ever enjoyed their liberty, I should have taken care not to deprive them of it: but they were born in their prison; and I would lay a wager, if we were to open it, they would be afraid to fly out.

Emily. Nevertheless, they see other birds fly about at liberty in the air. What should we think if we were shut up thus?

Charles. Why, we should think that it is very agreeable to be at liberty, and a very sad thing to be a prisoner. But these birds have no idea of this difference; provided you give them sufficient to eat and drink they are content. They enjoy what they have, without thinking of what they have not.

Emily. I am very glad to be made easy on this head. My aunt Campley has promised me a Canary bird, and I intended

as soon as I received it, to let it fly away; but you may come now, my pretty bird; I will take good care of you; you shall have plenty of seeds in your cage, in spite of the winter, when other birds can scarcely find any under the snow.

You see, mama, what a good girl Emily is. I dare say, my little sister will not think this letter too long. I give it as a model for her to imitate.

LETTER XVI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 18.

CHARLES, Edward, and I, dined yesterday at Mr. Friendly's. He has a son about our age, with whom we were very happy. You shall partake, my dear mama, of a conversation which we had on this subject at our return. Emily came to meet us, and asked, with a pleasant air, if we had spent our day agreeably.

Yes, my dear sister, answered Charles, but it would have been more so had you been of our party.

Emily. You are very good, brother; but, Edward, you don't seem very well pleased with your visit.

Edward. True enough; I will stay at home another time. Young Friendly does not suit me at all.

Charles. How so, dear Edward? when he is so gentle and so polite!

Edward. He appears to me more like a man of forty than a boy of fourteen.

Charles. This is the very thing that I like in him. Do not you think it surprizing to have acquired so much wisdom and knowledge at his age?

Edward. What business had he to make a parade to us of his knowledge in natural philosophy? What would you say, if I were to talk to a young lady about the beauties of the Latin tongue? would it not be very impolite on my part?

Charles. Doubtless, because you know, she is not brought up to understand that language. But young Friendly could not but suppose that we were as well instructed as himself, for I believe

believe him too modest to wish to humble us; and he only meant to entertain us for a moment with his electrical experiments. I own they gave me the more pleasure, because it appeared to me that this kind of knowledge was not above the reach of our capacity; and it has inspired me with fresh ardour to make myself acquainted with all those sciences which have the study of nature for their object.

Edward. But what say you to seeing a young man of fashion with a turner's lathe?

Charles. Why, it is much to my liking; and I shall beg of my papa to give me one.

Emily. Oh do, pray Charles; you will turn such pretty things in ivory.

Edward. Truly, you make me laugh now. Charles Grandison become a turner! an excellent conceit this. What a good trade it will be if ever you become poor.

Charles. This is no joke, brother; there have been people much above us in condition, who have fallen into poverty. Though I hope never to have occasion for the art of turning to gain a livelihood, it is nevertheless an amusing occupation, and gives handiness and ingenuity. I shall take it up sometimes by way of relaxation, when I am tired with study.

Oh, my dear mama, if you were but rich enough to give me a turning lathe: but do not let this disturb you; I shall have the use of my friend Charles's. Young Friendly turned before us an ivory box, which he gave to me. I send it to my little sister till I can make her one myself.

LETTER XVII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 22.

MR. and Mrs. Grandison are gone to spend a few days at a friend's house; and Mr. Bartlet is just set off for London: we remain therefore, my dear mama, by ourselves, with only an old waiting woman, and a small number of the domestics. Emily manages every thing in the absence of her mother: yes, indeed, she gives orders to all, and with as much discretion as if she were twenty years of age. Is

not

not this very pretty in so young a lady? She is not yet twelve years old, and the servants respect her already as if she were their mistress. Do you know why? it is because she always treats them with kindness, without descending to familiarity. She follows in this the example of her brother Charles. You cannot imagine how much he is beloved and honoured by all the people in the house. Edward, on the contrary, is always at play with them, and yet they cannot bear him. It is true, he is continually playing them malicious tricks, and frequently treats them with insupportable haughtiness. Oh, that he had but gone with his papa and mama: now that they are no longer at hand to check him, there is no keeping him in order. Charles, Emily, and I, follow our agreeable studies in the same manner as if Mr. and Mrs. Grandison were here: but Edward takes advantage of their absence to spend the day in trifling, and running about the fields. Nay, he even tries to divert us from our studies, as if he thought our application a reproach to idleness. We were all yesterday morning in one corner of the room busy at our drawing. Edward amused himself with a fly at the end of a thread; and under pretence of following it, came up to us, and jogged our chairs, in order to hinder our business. Emily carried away by her vivacity, was going to rebuke him smartly, but Charles prevented her; and addressing himself with gentleness to his brother, said, My dear Edward, if you wish to play, do so; but why must you interrupt us?

Edward. Don't you see I am only following the fly?

Emily. That is very likely indeed.

Charles. Tell me now, without putting yourself in a fret, what pleasure can a boy of your age find in such an amusement? it is tormenting a poor animal without any necessity.

Edward. Well, well, I'll let him go, provided you will take a walk with me in the garden.

Charles. That is as much as to say, if I refuse you, you will continue to torment the poor fly; and yet it will not be the fault of the poor insect if I should.

Edward. This is always the way: you never like to do what I desire you.

Charles. Hark ye, Edward; it is in my opinion much better to do what papa desires; and he wishes me to employ this hour in work.

Edward. As if he were here to oblige us to it now?

Emily. Are we to do nothing but by force?

Edward. You are both of you always against me.

Charles. No, brother, we are not; and though Emily is very right in what she says, yet to shew you that I do not always refuse you, here I am ready to follow you. I will finish my drawing another time. Let us go into the garden. It is always a pleasure to me to oblige you.

They were hardly got to the end of one of the walks before a heavy shower fell, which obliged them to come in again, to the great regret of Edward. Charles, in order to console him, proposed that we should amuse ourselves by reading a little antient history. I want none of your books, replied Edward surlily: I am to be an officer: I have no occasion to be a learned man.

Charles. Well, and do you think that the knowledge of history will be useless to you?

Emily. A pretty officer indeed, who can talk of nothing but bombs and cannons!

Edward made a face at his sister, and wanted to oblige us to play at puffs in the corner, and to take John to make a fifth. But Charles, who with all his sweetness of disposition is capable of the greatest firmness, answered him, No, brother, it was not my fault just now that I did not gratify your humour, but the rain prevented it. I then proposed to you another amusement, which you might have been satisfied with, but you did not approve it, though my sister and my friend are very well pleased; I think therefore I may give way to a reasonable taste rather than to your caprices.

Edward, who knows very well that his brother is not easily turned from his resolution, left the room grumbling; and, in spite of the rain, ran into the court to play with a great mastiff, whom he is grown very fond of for the sake of teizing him. He did not return in less than an hour, almost wet to the skin, and covered from head to foot with dirt. As for our part, during this interval, after having read the life of Epaminondas, which had given us infinite pleasure, we had time also to take up our drawings and finish them. An opportunity happened after dinner to send them to Mr. Grandison, and this morning we have had the pleasure of hearing that he was very well pleased. But what must he think of Edward, who has sent him nothing? I am quite afflicted at this. I would give any thing in the world that he

he were as good, as amiable, as diligent as his brother; then nothing would be wanting to complete the happiness of his parents. I see with regret how much pain he causes them. Oh, my dear mama, may I never see the day in which I shall give you pain! No, no, be assured I never can, whilst I think of your tenderness to me. I am too sensible of what I ought to be to render myself worthy of it. I dare even promise that I will never give you cause for any thing but satisfaction: I expect that my little sister will give you the same assurance, and I embrace her tenderly for this good resolution. Adieu, my dear mama.

L E T T E R XVIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 24.

ONE of the servants of the house is ill. You will see whether it be possible to have a more feeling and compassionate heart than the good Emily. She arose this morning by break of day, in order to give a medicine herself to the poor sick maid. She could not rest till she had seen her take it entirely, because it was strictly ordered by the physician. One would think to see her, that it was a beloved sister whom she attended. How amiable it is in a young lady, to have so much humanity! Edward, as usual, had some fault to find. It becomes you much, said he, to wait upon your own servant. And why not, brother, answered Emily? do not you play at nine-pins with them? If it be their duty to serve us whilst they are in health, it is equally ours to take care of them in sickness: besides, poor Peggy has frequently watched over me during the ailments of my infancy. What I now do for her is at least no more than she has done for me: and I think of the pleasure that I should feel, were I in her place, in every mark of attachment shewn me. Edward felt himself ashamed, and left the room hastily. Ah, said I to myself, Emily does not know what I have seen my dear mama do. When our poor Nanny had a fever, it was mama that took the whole care of her: but this

recollection brought a sorrowful thought with it. There are such a number of servants in this house! and you, my dear mama, have but one to do every thing for you. How unfortunate is this! You must needs be forced to do a number of things very ill suited to the widow of a colonel. And then, if my sister were but big enough to assist you! But no, she only encreases your trouble: and I, what do I do here; instead of being with you to comfort and support you with all my power? This reflection cuts me to the heart. There is only one thing which softens it; it is the hope, that by attending to my education, I may one day be in a situation to put an end to your troubles. What new courage does this sweet hope give me! Adieu, my dear mama. I embrace you with tears of joy and sorrow.

LETTER XIX.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, AUGUST 6.

HOW I love your young Emily! Yes, my dear son, there is no virtue more amiable than humanity. It were much to be wished, that every young lady would follow this fine example; and instead of tormenting the servants, would learn to treat them with goodness. How is it possible to be insensible of the pleasure of being beloved by those who surround us?

But why are you afflicted, my dear son, at my having but one servant? it is no happiness to have a multitude of domestics; there is more of show than real use in it. Every servant in a house announces some additional want in the master or mistress of it, and subjects them to additional cares. Had I the means, I should, no doubt, have about me those attendants which my situation in life would require. I should look upon this as a duty, as it would be the means of giving support to many poor people, who might otherwise want employment. But since heaven has not thought fit to afford me riches, I do not think that I am to be pitied for having only a single domestic: it is as much as is necessary. I have no occasion for more attendance than hers.

And now, my dear child, tell me what are those occupations which you say do not become the widow of a colonel! You certainly did not reflect on what you were saying. There is no disgrace in serving ourselves, when we are not in a condition to pay for the services of others. Will it not be better, after my death, that you should have it to say; my mother herself prepared our simple repasts; our clothes were the work of her hands; scarcely could she procure for us what was necessary, but nevertheless she owed no one any thing; than to have this reproach thrown on you; your parents, it is true, lived according to their rank and birth; they had a superb house, magnificent furniture, a train of domestics, but all this is left unpaid for. What, in such circumstances, would be the son of a colonel? a despised young man, who, notwithstanding his own innocence, would be stigmatized for the faults of his parents, whilst a man of honour, of the most common birth, would scarce acknowledge him as his equal. What I have now said to you, will, I hope, put an end to your concern on my account, because it will shew you that I am perfectly satisfied with my destiny.

As for the rest of your letter, my dear son, the sensibility of your heart, and those affecting marks of tenderness with which it is filled, made me shed tears of joy. Were I still poorer than I am, I should think myself rich in the possession of so virtuous a son. Adieu, my dear child; continue to follow the dictates of your happy disposition, and you will ever be the consolation of the most tender of mothers.

Your little sister was touched in the most lively manner by your letter; and I have remarked, that she has ever since redoubled her application and docility. O my children, may you always thus encourage each other in the practice of your duties!

LETTER XX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 12.

O H, my dear mama, what a terrible misfortune was I witness to the other day! I have not yet recovered from my terror. No, I have not the power to relate it to you; I will therefore send you copies of the letters which Emily

and Charles wrote to their parents, to inform them of it; together with their answers. You will see by them how much humanity reigns in this generous family. Read, pray and ad.

LETTER XXI.

EMILY GRANDISON TO HER MOTHER.

AUGUST 7.

WE have been in the greatest consternation this night, my dear mama. The house of our neighbour Mr. Falston is entirely burnt down. What dreadful flames! The sky was as red as blood. My heart beat; I wept. It is such a melancholy thing for the father of a family to lose all his substance! What strict precautions ought we to take against fire, since one moment may produce so terrible a misfortune. It was the Miss Falstons who were the cause of this. Yesterday evening, unknown to any one, they got some lighted coals out of the kitchen, and carried them up into a little spare room, in order to toast a crumpet, which they had procured in secret. A little while after, they heard their papa call them: hastily eating up their half-toasted crumpet, they ran down to him. Their bed hour soon came, and they went up into their apartment without thinking any more of the lighted coals, which they had left in the little room. The fire, doubtless, first took hold of the wainscot, and from thence the floor and the furniture. In short, about two o'clock in the night, whilst all the family were asleep, the whole house was in flames. See, mama, how heaven has punished them! For the sake of eating a paltry crumpet, they have reduced their father's house to cinders! Now they lament; they ask pardon; they are almost dead with grief: but does all this avail? The fire has consumed their whole property: they could neither save furniture, papers, or money. Scarcely could the young ladies escape with only a slight covering over them: and Mr. Falston himself was near losing his life. He is terribly burnt in many parts of his body; and must have perished in the midst of the flames, had it not been for the courage of one of his servants. What will now become of the pride of these young ladies? Yesterday so rich, to-day so poor! They treated the peasants with contempt, because they had not fine houses. To-day they feel it as a
favour

favour, that these very peasants will, out of pity, receive them into their cottages. In how short a time may pride be humbled! Oh surely, it is a sad thing not to treat our inferiors with affability, when we are liable ourselves to stand in need of the compassion of the lowest of them.

This letter is already so long, that I fear to be troublesome to you, my dear mama: nevertheless, though I hardly dare tell you what I have done, I have yet something to say to you. Will you pardon your Emily? Oh, yes, you are so good and so compassionate! The poor Miss Faltons have lost all their clothes in the fire. Not one thing saved. I have sent the youngest, who is about my size, one of my gowns and some linen. I could wish to have sent her more; but all that I possess belongs to you; I therefore cannot dispose of it without your consent. I must entreat you to approve of the liberty that I have taken; and I promise in future to be the better economist for it. You have no occasion to replace what I have given. Thanks to your goodness, I have enough left. Adieu, my dear mama. Embrace my papa for me: and both of you be assured of my respect and tenderness.

LETTER XXII.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FATHER.

AUGUST 8.

I Take the liberty, my dear papa, to make an humble petition to you, in behalf of an unfortunate family. Can this emotion of my heart displease you? No, I do not fear it: your own is too full of goodness and compassion!

You have been informed, by Emily's letter to mama, of the cruel misfortune which has befallen Mr. Falston; but not the whole of it. Emily could only tell you of the house and effects; but he is also on the point of losing his last shilling. He has creditors who forbore to press him whilst he was rich; but now that his security seems doubtful, they insist upon payment without delay, and have already threatened him with a seizure of all his property. On a visit, which I paid him, I heard him say to Nelson the attorney, that all his debts did not amount to more than two hundred pounds. This is but a small sum. Must he, for want of this, after

having suffered so terrible a misfortune, be deprived of the only means left him of breeding up his family, and be himself a prey to want in his old age? Heaven forbid that we should suffer it! Now, papa, I'll tell you what I have thought: the legacy which my uncle left me, is, you know, five thousand pounds. I think this a great sum. It is in your hands, and you may dispose of it. I surely may give up two hundred pounds to extricate an honest man from such an embarrassment. I shall be rich enough after, as you have the goodness to add, every year, the interest to the principal of this legacy. I entreat, papa, that you will not refuse my request. It gives me a thousand times more pleasure than the two hundred pounds ever can. Oh, if I should but preserve from indigence an unhappy man, and his two children, what a happiness this will be for me! Permit me to resemble you on this occasion, you who are so beneficent. Do not you instruct me to be so? If you were here, I would throw myself at your feet: I would ardently supplicate—. But there is no occasion; your wisdom must decide on my request. My duty is a blind submission to your will: a profound respect for your virtues, and the most tender love for your person.

Vouchsafe, I beseech you, to present to my mama my most lively sentiments of respect and tenderness.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. GRANDISON TO HIS SON.

AUGUST 9.

YOU say, my dear son, that you have learned of me to be beneficent. I have, without doubt, always laboured to render your heart sensible of the misfortunes of your fellow creatures. The love of our brethren, besides the happiness which it yields us, is of all things what renders us most acceptable to the supreme Being. The petition that you make me is a proof of the generosity of your heart; and so laudable a request deserves its recompence. The sentiments by which I see you actuated, are to me far more valuable than two hundred pounds. You will find enclosed, a

Bank

Bank bill of that sum. Fly then, and soften the distress of the unhappy Falston; and, at the same time, enjoy the noblest delight of a great soul. But as for your uncle's legacy, that neither you or I can touch before you are of age. I hold it as your guardian, not as your father. Adieu, my dear son; receive the embraces of your father and mother, who love you more than ever.

LETTER XXIV.

MRS. GRANDISON TO HER DAUGHTER.

O H, were I but with you, my dear Emily, with what transport would I press you to my bosom! Yes, I approve entirely of your having succoured the distressed Miss Falston; and intend, by way of recompence, to give you a fresh occasion of tasting the sweets of doing good. You will find, in my wardrobe, a piece of stuff, which I meant for a gown for myself: it will be enough for both the young ladies; and if I judge right of the heart of my Emily, she will have more pleasure in this destination of it than had I made it in her favour. Adieu, my dear child; never forget the lesson which you have given to yourself in your letter, never to be proud of the possessions of this world, since a single night may deprive us of them all; nor haughty to your fellow creatures, since you may stand in need of their assistance at the moment when you least think it. Always keep in mind the terrible event which you have described to me; and never cease to be aware of the danger of playing with fire, since on a single spark, our ruin, or even our death, may depend.

LETTER XXV.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FATHER.

AUGUST 10.

I Hasten, my dear father, to answer the kind letter that you have honoured me with. You would have wept with tenderness as I did, could you have been witness to the testimonies of gratitude which Mr. Falston has lavished upon me. Whilst he embraced me, I saw the big tears fall down his cheeks. How sweet must these tears have been to him, since I found my own so delightful: but I ought to give you an account of all that I have done; here it is: you know, Mr. Falston has naturally some pride; it would have been too humiliating in his circumstances, to receive an assistance which might have had the air of a charity. I presented him therefore with the Bank bill, not as a present, but as lent to him, and which he might pay again at his own convenience. He would give me an acknowledgment, which I received, but immediately tore it before him, telling him, that his word was enough, to let him see that he would not be liable to any further trouble on this subject. I should have liked it better, could I have slipped the note into his snuff-box, that he might never have known from whence it came; but I could find no opportunity.

O my dear papa, what a delightful enjoyment have you given me! and how do I long to throw myself at your feet, to thank you as I ought!

Pray tell mama, that Emily has fulfilled her orders. She has deprived herself of two hours amusement to put her own hand to the work: and now, thanks to her activity, the work-women have finished the two gowns in a day; and Emily is just going to send them. With what impatience do we expect the moment, which will bring back to us parents so worthy of our duty and affection.

PART

P A R T II.

LITTLE GRANDISON.

L E T T E R · I.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 12.

O H, my dear mama! poor Charles has met with a sad accident; his leg is scalded so bad, that he is not able to walk: it is all owing to Edward's aukwardness; he threw a tea-kettle of boiling water over him. Never, no never, was seen such patience and goodness as my friend displayed on this occasion. Any one else would have been in a passion with his brother, and have loaded him with reproaches; but Charles, on the contrary, only sought to conceal the pain which he felt. Do not afflict yourself, Edward, I beseech you, said he, it is not very bad: but we soon perceived that he suffered more than he was willing to confess, for his leg became so much swelled, that we were obliged to cut off his stocking with a pair of scissars. Emily burst into tears: see, said she, to Edward, what you have done by your heedlessness; you have, perhaps, lamed your brother for the rest of his life. I wish this misfortune had befallen you instead of him. It had better have happened to no one, said Charles, interrupting his sister. But come, my dear Emily, this is not worth so much concern. I shall soon be cured: Edward did not do it by design: it is a misfortune; but had it been still greater, we must have consoled ourselves. No, replied Emily, I cannot forgive his want of care: look at him too; he stands there like a post, instead of flying to send for a surgeon. There is no occasion for one, said Charles; give me only a cloth and some cold water to bathe my leg, and in a few days it will be well. But, said he, addressing himself to Emily and me, Mr. Bartlet will soon be here; I beg you will not tell him

that Edward had any hand in this accident ; and you, my dear brother, give me your hand ; your affliction is more painful to me than this little burn of which I now scarcely feel the smart.

What a happiness it is to be thus master of one's self ! We may well admire Charles, when he can behave in this manner : at the same time I feel how useless it is to fret and be impatient, and that being transported with anger will not remove the evil.

But the pleasure which I have in writing to you makes me forget that Charles has intreated me to keep him company. Adieu, my dear mama ; permit me to leave you to return to my friend. I salute my little sister, and conjure her by our friendship to take care not to burn or scald herself : she will find her advantage in this proof of love which I require of her.

LETTER II.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 14.

ALAS, poor Charles ! It is now two days since his leg has been extended on a cushion : I believe, he suffers much, but he persists in keeping it to himself.

Emily asked him yesterday, if he did not find himself very sad under his confinement. Why should I make myself so, answered he ; it would only aggravate the pain that I suffer ; I had much rather amuse myself with the hopes of being soon cured : besides, would it not be a shame if I could not comfort myself under so small a misfortune as this ? I have reason to expect many greater in the course of my life, and these slight accidents will teach me in time to exercise my courage and resolution against the approach of greater. But it is very hard though, said Emily, to be forced to suffer so much for the fault of another. It is true, answered Charles, I had rather it had been by my own, for then my brother would not have had so much uneasiness about it.

Emily. But are you not weary of staying so long in your chamber without daring to move ?

Charles.

Charles. How can I be wearied when I have the happiness of receiving so many affecting proofs of your kindness to me?

Emily. It is your goodness, my dear brother, which makes you pay attention to them: but you have narrowly escaped losing your leg by this accident.

Charles. This ought to console me under it. I have much reason to complain, indeed, when I see so many people condemned to walk on crutches their whole lives!

Emily. I really believe, brother, you would have found out the secret of comforting yourself, even if it had been necessary to cut your leg off.

Charles. It is needless to say that I should have been much afflicted at such a misfortune, but as it could not have happened to me unless by the will of heaven, I should have endeavoured to submit my own to that, in order to have obtained strength to support me under the affliction.

What do you say, mama? to think like Charles, is not this the only way to combat misfortune? I yet remember the fatal day on which I lost my father. You wept; I was inconsolable; but our tears and lamentations could not bring him back to life. You took me by the hand, and said, Come my son, let us pray to the Almighty, and he will comfort us; I soon saw that you became more tranquil; and I found also my own heart relieved by prayer. I found this a sure means of alleviating distress; I will submit therefore to the decrees of Providence whatever evils may befall me; and hope that I shall bear them with constancy, when I reflect that it is the will of God which inflicts them; of that God to whom I say daily, "*thy will be done.*"

But why do I remind you of these sad events, my dear mama, you in whom I would wish to excite no sentiments but those of joy?—If I have afflicted you I know but of one remedy; it is to take my little sister in your arms, to caress her, and tell her of your tenderness and of mine for her; I am sure that her sweet smiles will give you back to peace and happiness.

LETTER III.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 18.

MR. and Mrs. Grandison are just arrived, my dear mama: we are all overjoyed; even the very servants are transported with pleasure. Is not this a good sign, when domestics rejoice at the return of their masters? When I grow up, I am determined, I will be as humane as Mr. Grandison, since there is so much pleasure in making one's self beloved. But I must return to my friend Charles. Mr. Bartlet asked us this morning after breakfast if we would take a turn in the park: though Charles finds himself much recovered at present, he begged to be excused being of the party. My burn is not yet entirely cured, said he; and I wish that my papa and mama, at their return, should not perceive that any thing ails me. If I should walk now, perhaps my leg may suffer from the fatigue, and my parents will not fail to observe it. This will afflict them, and I had rather deprive myself of the pleasure of a walk than cause them the least uneasiness. You are in the right, said Mr. Bartlet, and I approve this foresight; it does honour to your heart. Charles remained in his chamber, and Edward, Emily and I walked till noon.

At our return we found Charles waiting for us in the parlour below: we were a little surprized at this, as he had told us that he did not intend quitting his chamber. He had suffered some pain by coming down stairs, but the pleasure of meeting his papa and mama something the sooner by it was, said he, well worth that. He had ordered the dinner earlier that we might be the more at liberty to receive them. With what alacrity did he fly down the steps when he heard their carriage enter the court-yard! With what joy did he throw himself into the arms of his father and mother! Scarcely could he force himself from them to give place to us. You would have been astonished had you seen with what grace he gave his hand to his mother to conduct her into the parlour: it put me in mind, my dear mother, of the joy that I shall feel when I return to you: it will be as lively as that of my friend Charles, I promise you. But I must recount to you a conversation

conversation which has just passed between him and his brother: you will judge whether it be to his honour or not, without my anticipating.

Mr. and Mrs. Grandison were retired to their apartments to put off their riding dresses, whilst Edward, Charles, and Emily, and I, remained in the parlour. Charles had desired his sister to play us a piece on her harpsichord, Emily had readily complied, but scarcely had she begun when we were interrupted by the fall of a piece of china which was broken into a thousand pieces.

Edward. Oh, there is a piece of china broken I hear! What clumsy blockheads those servants are!

Charles. Do not accuse them so hastily, brother; we do not know yet whether the accident has happened through their fault.

Edward. I know that the china is all to pieces; these gentry use the furniture as if it cost nothing.

Charles. I will go and see; perhaps there is no great mischief done.

Edward. I'll lay a wager now, Emily, that he will find out some excuse for the culprit.

Emily. He will do very well then, brother: when you commit a fault are not you very glad to have a friend to speak for you? How many punishments has Charles saved us both? Do put yourself in the place of the poor servant.

Edward. You will see presently: Charles will uphold him as if nothing had happened.

Emily. Charles never tells a falsehood; he knows how to manage the business without that.

Edward. Here he comes; one would think, to look at him, that he had done the mischief himself.

Emily. That shews a good heart.

Edward (to Charles.) Well, what is it? Was I wrong when I said the china was broken?

Charles. I never said you were; it is a china plate.

Edward. You speak as if that was nothing.

Charles. Had the mischief been greater we ought to excuse it.

Edward. If I were in mama's place I would make the fellow pay for his awkwardness.

Charles. That would be a little hard upon a poor servant who has nothing but his wages to depend upon.

Edward. It would teach him to be more careful in future.

Charles.

Charles. But, Edward, were you never so unhandy as to have an accident yourself, and are you sure that you never will?

Emily. If it be but to spill some boiling water over one's legs.

Edward, (to Emily.) Why do you meddle in what does not belong to you? *(to Charles)* If ever I do break any thing it is our own at least.

Charles. I ask your pardon, my dear Edward; the goods of our parents are not ours: we possess nothing of our own yet.

Edward. If ever you should become a master, I see, your servants may break just what they please.

Charles. What they please, do you say? I believe there never were servants who broke any thing by way of amusement: it is always by accident, and in that case they ought to meet with allowance.

Edward. This is wondrous good, no doubt; and a negligent servant will never do wrong in your house.

Charles. I hope not. I will take care not to take negligent people into my service; therefore if one of them should break a thing by accident, I will pardon him, as I may do the same myself.

Edward. But I think my papa and mama ought to be informed when their things are broken.

Charles. It is my design to tell them of it, but at the same time I mean to intercede for the culprit.

Edward. Who is it? is it John, is it Arthur?

Charles. Neither of them: suppose I should tell you that it is yourself brother?

Edward. I? this is very extraordinary indeed.

Charles. When you went to walk this morning, did not you give your dog his meat in a china plate; and did not you put that plate on a wooden bench in the out-house?

Edward. This is true; but what then?

Charles. The servant went for this bench without a light, and in taking it up he threw down the plate which was on it.

Edward. Well, is that my fault? What business had he to go rummaging in the dark?

Emily. It is no more than he does every day. Come, brother, own that you are the cause of all the mischief. The plate was not in its right place: and how was the servant to guess that it was on the bench?

Edward.

Edward. You are always talking, Miss, when it does not concern you. But harkye, Charles, papa and marna know nothing of all this, and they will not think of enquiring after this china plate.

Charles. How, Edward! just now you were quite eager to inform our parents of this accident, and now you wish to conceal it from them, only because you were the occasion of it yourself. Is this just? You will easily obtain your pardon, the case is a very excusable one. But let it teach you not to be so severe on a servant for an inadvertency, when we are so often liable to the same ourselves.

Charles had scarcely said this when Mr. and Mrs. Grandison came down. He related the adventure of the china plate with so much wit and address, and gave such a turn to the whole affair, that they found more to laugh at than to be displeased with; and as for Edward, he was delighted to be so well rid of the business. O mama, what a happiness it is to have a brother like my friend! I hope I shall also have as good an advocate in my little sister, if ever I should need her eloquence on a like occasion.

LETTER IV.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 22.

I HAVE nothing now to tell you of to-day, my dear mama, but I expect that to-morrow will afford many interesting things to entertain you with: it is the birth-day of Charles. Edward tells me that we are to be entertained like kings, because it is his brother's custom to give a treat to all the young people of the neighbourhood on that day. Emily, on the contrary, says, that he will invite no one this year; and that he has already formed the resolution of employing the money which his father will give him in buying books of instruction and entertainment. I, for my part, wish he may do this last: for the company will leave us when the day concludes, but the books will always remain with us.

I think, I do not betray his confidence, when I tell you that he has privately trained up a pretty starling which
he

he intends as a present to his sister, until she receives one which her aunt is to send her. He has accustomed it already to eat out of his hand, and to fly out of its cage. Emily does not expect this present, and she will be surprized when she receives it. The bird begins already to repeat her name very prettily. I will also train up one which shall continually repeat to me yours and my sister's: not that I have occasion for this to make me think of you, for happy as I am here, this is the chief pleasure that I enjoy whilst so far removed from those whom I love the best in the world.

LETTER V.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

O MY dear mama, how delighted you will be with my friend! He has not given an entertainment to his young neighbours with the money which he received from his father; neither has he employed it in buying books: he has made a very different use of it. But in the first place I must relate to you a conversation which he had with his father.

We rose this morning very early: our custom is to read every day one or two chapters from the Old Testament before we come down to breakfast. Mr. Grandison came into the room in the midst of our lecture: Charles immediately rose to salute his father.

Charles. Good morning to you, my dear papa; I hope you have rested well last night.

Mr. Grandison. Very well, my dear; and you also appear to have done so too: but pray go on, I will not interrupt your reading.

Charles. I should fear, papa, that it would not be decent to read before you when you do me the honour of a visit.

Mr. Grandison. Your duty must first be attended to, I shall have a pleasure in hearing you.

Charles. I am ready to obey you.

After placing an armed chair for his father, he resumed his book and read with a distinct voice. When he had done, Mr. Grandison expressed much satisfaction in his manner of reading:

reading: it is a talent, added he, much more difficult to acquire than is commonly imagined. The generality of readers pronounce their words either with a snuffle or a whine, without attending to the sense of what they read, which is extremely tiresome to their hearers. One ought particularly to read history in a natural and unaffected tone, as if the recital were made by one's self. But this is your birth-day, and I am come up to pay my compliments to you.

Charles. Thank you, papa, permit me to embrace you, and to express my gratitude to you: this day recalls to my remembrance all that I owe to your tender cares, and to those of my dear mama.

Mr. Grandison. They are already recompensed by your good behaviour. Continue, my dear son, to fulfil all your duties, and may heaven complete those blessings already vouchsafed to us, by permitting us to be witnesses of thy felicity.

Charles. I will labour with redoubled ardour to render myself worthy of this wish. Vouchsafe to honour me with your wise precepts, and I will on my part endeavour to profit by them. But father, before I enter on a new year of my life, I ought to ask your pardon for all the faults which I have committed in those preceding it.

Mr. Grandison. I do not recollect that you have ever given me any cause of complaint; and I give you this testimony of my approbation, not to make you proud, but to encourage you in doing well. But come, this is a day of happiness, and it shall be spent joyfully. I give you what you will find in this paper to make use of, if you chuse, in entertaining your young friends. It is already near nine o'clock; finish dressing, and come down with William: your mother waits for us. Farewel; I will go forward and tell her that you are coming.

O mama, what a heartfelt satisfaction there is in thus rendering one's self worthy the affections of a good father. How delighted did Mr. Grandison appear to be with his son, whilst tears of joy and tenderness filled his eyes! On the other hand, how much must good parents suffer whose children are unworthy of this love! Oh, I will always follow the example of my friend, whom God himself must love. How many things have I to say to you, if my letter were not already too long, but you shall lose nothing by it: I will keep them all for another, which I will begin to-morrow morning

morning, as soon as I rise. How much do I wish to be with you, to express my duty and affection to you as I ought. My letters, I always fear, are insufficient for that purpose. Oh, if my little sister could but say this for me, she who has the happiness to embrace you! My dearest mama, think that I am caressing you whenever she is. We will have but one heart between us, which shall be filled with love for you.

LETTER VI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 25.

I BEGIN this letter, my dear mama, where I left off yesterday.

Before we went down to breakfast, Charles opened the paper which his father had given him. He found four guineas in it: he had never before seen so much money at once. After considering over it a little, he turned to me: William, said he, I should like to know your opinion: there are few young people in our neighbourhood, whose society will give us much pleasure; they are for the most part so fond of noise and racket, that their company is insupportable. Young Friendly is the only one whose character is at all suited to mine; and he has been gone these three days to London with his mother. What do you advise me to do with this money? Were I in your place, said I, I would keep it in order to purchase something useful: three or four hours of playing and dancing will soon pass away, but some books or prints will be a daily amusement to us. But will not you be disappointed, said he, if we spend this evening in our ordinary way without company? No, surely, answered I, I am happy enough in your society. If that be the case, said he, taking me by the hand, I may follow my first idea. By this time we were at the entrance of the parlour. Mrs. Grandison embraced her son with tenderness, and gave him her blessing. After breakfast we remained alone with Mr. Grandison. Charles took his father by the hand, and said to him, may I ask you one question, papa?

Mr. Grandison. What is it, my dear?

Charles.

Charles. Do you judge it absolutely necessary that I should give an entertainment to my young neighbours to-day?

Mr. Grandison. This does not depend on me.

Charles. Then I may do what I please with the money which you have had the goodness to give me?

Mr. Grandison. Certainly, my child.

Charles. Then I know how I will celebrate my birth day.

Mr. Grandison. Will you let me into the secret?

Charles. I wish for nothing more, papa; nevertheless, I am a little afraid that you will not approve of my project.

Mr. Grandison. Why not, my dear? you may safely speak. I never yet knew you make an ill use of your money. You are at liberty to dispose of it now as you like best: I approve beforehand of whatever you may do. Let us see what you wish to buy?

Charles. Pardon me, papa; I want nothing: thanks to your goodness, I have all things in abundance; I only wish that others may rejoice on my birth day. But do you know whom I have chosen to celebrate it? they are the poor of our neighbourhood. I have procured a list of all the honest and necessitous families around us. How much will these poor people be rejoiced at the little feast which I shall prepare for them! The sons of our rich neighbours, whom I might have invited, enjoy superfluities every day as I do; but those whom I mean to regale to-day, often want a morsel of bread. How joyful they will be over the feast which I shall give them! and I shall have more pleasure in their enjoyment, than I should have had in all the diversions that I might have taken with my companions. But this is only on condition that you are not displeased with it, papa.

Mr. Grandison. And did you think, my dear son, that I could be displeased at this. No, no, I approve entirely this generous design. Your fourteenth year so well begun, cannot fail to bring with it days of happiness. The goodness of your heart will have its recompence.

Charles. My dear papa, I only do my duty. How many favours have I received from heaven during the course of the preceding year? Ought I not to render some of them back to my fellow creatures?

Mr. Grandison. Embrace me, my child, and hasten to accomplish your laudable design. You may give your orders to the servants, and I will take care they shall be obeyed.

What

What do you say to all this, my dear mama? Oh, if I were but as rich as Mr. Grandison, I would give you all, mama, you and my little sister. Might I, in that case, ask you for a small part to enable me to be as beneficent as my friend Charles?

LETTER VII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 27.

YESTERDAY, my dear mama, Charles gave his entertainment to the poor people of the parish. They were feasted with plenty of roast beef, plumb pudding, and the vegetables of the season. I never had more pleasure than in seeing these good people regale themselves. Joy and gratitude were painted on their countenances. They drank our healths in some excellent beer, repeating at every draught, Long life and happiness to Charles Grandison! The eyes of Charles were frequently filled with tears. During dinner time, he took notice of a poor man, almost blind with age, who he fancied was not sufficiently attended to by the rest: he called to a young one, who sat next him, saying, take care of that good man; he is one of my principal guests; I want to see him eat with a good appetite. Father, said he, you deserve the first place in my festival. The young ones ought to honour your old age, that they themselves may be honoured in their turn when they become old.

When the repast was ended, Charles divided the remainder of his money amongst his guests. Yes, mama, he gave them all that he had received from his father. You will readily imagine what blessings they bestowed upon him. He was so moved with tenderness, that he could not contain himself. He took me by the hand, and we went off together without being able either of us to speak a word. It was not till we had entered the house that he said to me, Well, my dear friend, can there be a greater pleasure than in comforting the unfortunate? Oh, no, answered I, throwing my arms round his neck, you could not have given me a more delightful entertainment. I felt myself as much affected as
my

my friend. Alas, thought I, how much are the poor to be pitied ! They often want the first necessities of life, whilst we are seated every day at tables, covered with delicacies, where our only trouble is how to chuse the most delicious. I shall, from this day, be the more grateful to heaven from whom we receive these favours, as well as more compassionate to those who suffer for the want of them. Yes, my greatest pleasure shall be to give them comfort, by following the example of my friend Charles.

After dinner we went to take a walk. We expected to pass the evening amongst ourselves, in our ordinary amusements ; but what was our surprize, when on returning to the house, we found there a large company ! Mr. Grandison had invited all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood with their children, to celebrate the birth day of his son. We had a pretty concert ; and after it a ball. Charles and his sister did wonders. How much I wished that I could sing and play as they did ; but you know, mama, it is not my fault that I cannot. You were not able to give me the advantage of masters. At present I partake of that benefit with my friends ; and I hope to profit so much by it, as to be able one day to equal them.

I am obliged to break off here, my dear mama, being just called upon to partake of a little tour into the country. I expect a great deal of pleasure from this tour, which I will not fail to give you an account of in my next : but I forgot to tell you that Charles made his present yesterday to his sister of the little starling, in return for a pocket book which she had presented him with. Emily is already quite fond of her bird. I never saw so diverting an animal. I wish my sister could see all the care that Emily takes of it ; but I wish yet more to be with her, for then I should also be with you, my dear mama.

LETTER VIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 27.

WE had not so much pleasure yesterday as we expected, my dear mama. The weather was very fine at our setting out; but a violent shower of rain coming on obliged us to take shelter in a very indifferent little inn, whilst the storm lasted. Edward grumbled and put himself out of humour. Emily was vexed: and as for me, I must confess to you, I was not very well pleased. Charles, who is always master of himself, was the only one of us whom this little accident did not disconcert, as you will perceive by the following dialogue.

Edward. How unlucky it is that this rain is come; all our pleasure is at an end now.

Charles. Perhaps not: we will have our tea here, and by that time the rain may cease. If it should not, we can easily send for the coach, that my sister may not be obliged to walk through the wet.

Emily. I thank you, brother, but I had much rather it were dry.

Charles. I do not doubt it; a walk would have been more agreeable to you. But our gardener was wishing for rain this morning, because the plants and trees have need of it. Now, whose wishes do you think ought to prevail, his or yours?

Edward, (with a contemptuous smile.) Oh, those of the gardener, no doubt.

Charles. Why, truly, I think so too; for without rain the trees must suffer much from the drought; and would you not be very sorry if we should have no fruit? And what will become of the poor, should the heat destroy the corn, and if a bad harvest should raise the price of bread?

Emily. Oh they will be sadly to be pitied.

Charles. Let us rejoice then at the rain which may prevent these evils. Besides, if it deprives us of the pleasures

pleasures of our walk, it will afford us others in return; we shall behold the verdure more fresh and brilliant, and the flowers in our parterre will bloom with redoubled lustre.

Emily. Enough, brother; you have convinced me. I am no longer angry at the rain. Let it fall if it will, I shall find no fault.

Edward. One day longer would have made no great difference: it would have been better for us if it had not fallen before to-night, or to-morrow, and then we might have had our walk to-day.

Charles. But those who happen to be obliged to travel either to-night or to-morrow had rather it should fall now. Would you have the weather governed according to your fancy?

Emily. Charles is in the right; the desires of different people are so contradictory to each other that it is impossible all the world should be pleased.

Charles. Believe me, we should be very unhappy if all our prayers were granted us: but to return to the weather. What a small matter it is that we should be deprived of our pleasures for one day, in comparison to the good which this rain will produce to others as well as to ourselves.

Emily. But look at the poor birds; I cannot help pitying them.

Charles. They know where to seek shelter when the rain incommodes them: besides, as my papa says, there is a kind of oil in their feathers which repels the wet.

Emily. I am glad of that: it seems to me that every thing around us is very wisely ordered.

The rain now became more violent; however, Mrs. Grandison did not forget us; the carriage was sent, and we were soon conducted back to the house. Emily amused herself with her starling. Charles and I made a party at shuttle-cock to supply the exercise of a walk. As for Edward, he remained in the dumps, and could find out no way of consoling himself but by teasing his dog. I have learned a good lesson from him to-day: for I see, when we suffer our humours to get the better of us on every little disappointment, we are sure to be very often unhappy. Well then, I will do my best to accommodate myself to every mischance that may

may befall me. There is one, however, to which I cannot be insensible; it is that of being separated from you and my little sister. I stretch forth my arms to embrace you without the power of doing it. A thousand times in the day I fancy that you are doing the same by me; but, alas, we can only draw near to each other by our sentiments. But what then, are not *they* sufficiently lively and tender to reunite us?

LETTER IX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 29.

I Must relate to you, my dear mama, a droll adventure that befall us last night.

We had scarcely been half an hour in bed when we heard a great noise. What is it, said I to my friend? I know not, answered he. Perhaps, said I, some thieves may have broken into the house. At this instant we heard Edward cry out violently. Charles immediately leaped out of bed, hastily threw something over him, and seizing his sword, Follow me, William, said he, it is in Edward's chamber. I lighted a candle at our lamp, and we went up into his brother's room, to see what was the matter. Charles did not discover the least sign of fear; but to confess the truth to you, I trembled all over. On entering the room, we saw Edward lying on the ground under a table, which had fallen on him, with all his books and papers. After having assisted in raising him up, Charles said, What is the matter, brother? what has happened to you?

Edward. I do not know; but I have been terribly frightened.

Charles. But by what accident came you on the ground?

Edward. I will tell you; but let me recover myself a little.

William. Have you seen any one? Are there thieves in the house?

Edward.

Edward. No, I believe not; but I don't yet know what it is.

Charles. Then why did you cry out so?

Edward. You would have done the same, had you been in my place. I don't know; I fell out of the bed. It was a ghost, I am sure, that dragged me away.

Charles. Do you think so, Edward?

Edward. It was a ghost, I tell you; I am sure of it.

Charles. Indeed, Edward, I thought some dreadful accident had befallen you; but I see it now only as something to laugh at. But you look quite scared, and William too is all in a flutter. I will go and fetch you some hartshorn: you had better take a few drops.

Edward. But don't go down alone; call one of the servants.

Charles. There is no occasion; let us take care not to make a noise, lest we wake papa and mama.

William. And can you venture to go about the house without any one with you?

Charles. Why not, my friend? What is there to fear?

Edward. I am no more of a coward than you, but I should be afraid to go. Harkye, Charles—

William. You call to no purpose; he is out of hearing; and he went off very deliberately. He certainly has great courage. But, Edward, how did all this happen?

Edward. I will tell you when Charles comes back.

William. Then here he is.

Edward. Have you seen nothing, brother?

Charles, (with a smile.) Oh yes; I have seen the passage, the staircase, my chest of drawers, and this bottle. Come, take a few of these drops; they will give you courage to face the ghost.

Edward. I desire you will not make a jest of it.

Charles. Why not? it is the best way of treating a ghost.

William. That is because you do not believe it will come back again.

Charles. It is true. But tell me, Edward, how comes it that we are all three out of our beds at this time of night? but, in the first place, how came you to get out of yours?

Edward. It was the ghost, I tell you.

Charles. It is rather a dream that you have had.

Edward. No, indeed; I was quite awake.

Charles. Tell us then all about it. —

Edward. It was thus: you know, I do not like to sleep with a light in my chamber; I had just put out my candle, and got into bed, when I heard something tread softly on the floor; I rose up on my seat, and drawing aside the curtain, saw clearly in the corner of the room two lights, which appeared sometimes great, sometimes small, and which moved about.

Charles. It was the dazzling of your eyes, no doubt.

Edward. The dazzling of my eyes, indeed! I tell you it was a real object; I saw it as plain as I see you.

Charles. Well, and what followed?

Edward. I remained perfectly still, hardly daring to breathe; at length the lights were extinguished, and I heard something trot about the chamber, and then throw itself violently against the door.

William. The mere recital chills me with fear. —

Edward. With all Charles's steadiness, he would have been as much frightened as I was.

Charles. But why did not you call out for a light?

Edward. How could I? terror had stopped my mouth. For a moment all was still: then I heard something glide against the wall; and by the pale light of the moon, I saw a great phantom, all in white, standing against the window curtain. It seemed every moment to become taller and larger. I put my hand before my eyes, lest I should see something still more dreadful. I crept softly out of bed, in order to escape out of the chamber; but the phantom, as it appeared to me, began to leap about, and then came up close to me: in my fright I fell against the table, which I overturned upon me, uttering at the same a loud cry, which was what you heard. But hush, I think I hear it again.

William. I think so too; I heard something move by that bureau.

Charles. I lay a wager it is a rat hid under it.

Edward. But a rat is not white; besides, what I saw was at least as big as our great dog in the court-yard.

Charles. We have nothing to do but to search: if it be here, we shall see it.

Charles

Charles immediately began searching into every corner, under the bed, the bureau, and the drawers; at length he cried out, Here is the ghost; I have found him. And what at last was this ghost? you will never guess, my dear mama: it was no other than a great white cat, belonging to the tenant, which had stolen into the house, and ran into Edward's chamber. At the sight of it we all three burst into laughter. Charles rallied his brother on his credulity, and the cat made her escape as soon as she saw the door open: Edward appeared, however, a little confused at this adventure. I cannot comprehend, said he, how this cat could appear to me of such a formidable size. It is the property of fear, answered Charles, to represent things falsely, and to magnify them to our imagination. But the two flambeaus which I saw? they were the eyes of the cat, which appeared either large or small as she opened or shut her eye-lids. Believe me, all the stories that we hear of apparitions are like this of our cat. Could we trace them to their source, we should find their causes quite natural.

After this conversation we returned to our beds, and slept very well the remainder of the night. This morning at breakfast we diverted Mr. and Mrs. Grandison with our night alarm: they bestowed great praises on the coolness and resolution of Charles. I must confess, I never saw his presence of mind fail him on any occasion. As to Edward and me, we were not the last to laugh at our own weakness: indeed, I am ashamed not to have shewn more courage. I hope that this little history will serve to amuse my sister, and to inspire her with more boldness on a like occasion than has been shewn by her brother.

Adieu, my dear mama; you do not write to me so often as I desire, or as I have occasion for. Emily talks to me frequently of my sister: she wants to know if you are as well satisfied with her as ever. Write particularly about her, I beseech you, both to gratify my own affection as well as the enquiries of my young friend who vouchsafes to interest herself for a little girl whom I love so much. Embrace her for me, and convince her how tender the regard is that I bear her.

LETTER X.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

SEPTEMBER 6.

I Sensibly feel your tender reproach, my dear son, that I do not write to you often enough : were I at liberty to give myself up to it, no occupation would be more pleasing to me ; but you may easily conceive how much my time is engaged by the affairs of my family, and the attention that I think it necessary to pay to your little sister : I am obliged, you know, to instruct her myself, not having a fortune sufficient to procure her the instruction of different masters. But my cares are well repaid by her happy disposition : she learns every thing with the greatest facility ; her industry is not to be repulsed by any difficulty ; and I am every day astonished at the rapid progress of her understanding ; nor do her sentiments afford me less cause of satisfaction. It would be difficult to conceive a heart of more rectitude and sensibility. All that you have written to me from time to time about Emily, pleases her infinitely. The pretty letter which this young lady wrote to her mama, on the subject of the poor people who suffered by a fire, and of which you sent me a copy, has made a lively impression on her. She finds something to say about it every day. O my dear mama, said she to me yesterday, had I been rich, I would have done like Emily ; how much pleasure must she have had in relieving those poor Miss Falfstons ! Yes, my child, said I, she has reason to be happy, and I am so also, in seeing you capable of taking part in the troubles of other people ; it is a proof of a good heart : and this disposition gives you a right to expect the same sympathy in others towards you. These affectionate sentiments are necessary amongst mankind for the mutual consolation of their troubles. This is very true, mama, said she, for when I suffer any uneasiness, if my little friends appear afflicted for me, it lessens the evil by one half at least ; besides, I am sure to love them the better for it, and that is always a pleasure. Is not this a very delicate sentiment, my dear son,

son, and altogether charming for its simplicity? I hear such continually from her, which excite in me the tenderest emotions; nor am I less affected by those which you display in your letters: I feel that they come from the bottom of your heart; and it is with joy that I receive them back into mine. They soften my afflictions, and prove to me that I have not lost all that I possessed on earth, when I lost my husband, since my children remain to cherish me with as much tenderness as I have love for them. Yes, it is to you and your sister that I commit the care of my happiness. It will not be a painful one to you; for to see you made happy by your virtues will not fail to render me so.

All Mrs. Grandison's letters to me are filled with the most flattering accounts of you. The friendship which has long united us has, no doubt, its share in these encomiums: nevertheless, I am willing to believe that you have so lively a sense of her goodness, as to guard you from doing any thing which may justly incur her reprehension; it would indeed be shameful in you to deserve it, having before you so perfect a model as Charles. We never love those long whom we cannot esteem: continue then to follow the good example of your friend. A young man endowed with such noble qualities, ought to inspire you with a laudable emulation; and there is no way by which you can repay his tenderness, but by endeavouring to make yourself worthy of it.

I see how much you suffer in not being able to imitate his beneficence. What pleasure should I feel, could I put it in your power to exercise this attractive virtue! cultivate it, nevertheless, in your breast, against the moment that fortune may enable you to follow these generous emotions; in the mean time, my dear, receive the trifle that I send you: I wish it were more, but it is all that the present state of my affairs will permit. I have transmitted to Mr. Grandison whatever is wanting for your necessities: what I send you, is destined for your pleasures; and these I know consist in such things as are most worthy of a sensible and generous heart. Farewel my son. I embrace you with all the transports of a mother whose felicity depends on the tenderness and virtues of her children.

LETTER XI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 12.

A Thousand thanks to you, my dear mama, for the present which you have sent me. A trifle do you call it! permit me to contradict you in this; I, for my part, think it a great sum. You are not rich, and yet you make me a present of two guineas for my pleasure: ten times as much, were you possessed of a large fortune, would be less to me. But alas, I fear that you may have put yourself to some inconvenience, in order to enrich me; and this thought interrupts the joy that I feel in receiving these marks of your bounty. Be at least persuaded, that I am sensible of all the value of this gift, and that I know how to employ it in a manner with which you will be satisfied.

I must own to you, that I felt a little proud when I related to Emily what you wrote to me of my sister. I seemed as if I valued myself more on her perfections than on those which I might acquire myself. Emily appeared flattered that her conduct had merited your approbation. She becomes every day more sensible and more amiable. Since my little sister knows so well how to profit by what I write to you concerning my friend, I will relate to you another adventure which has lately happened to her. I must confess freely, that she was a little in fault at the beginning, but the conclusion does her so much honour, that I cannot forbear relating the whole to you as it happened. The poor child was yesterday in the parlour with Edward; they amused themselves by turns, in playing little tunes on the harpsichord. You know, there is in this parlour a japan cabinet, filled with very valuable china. Emily had the curiosity to open it, to look at some Chinese figures which Mrs. Grandison had lately had presented to her. She took one in her hand in order to examine it nearer. Edward, who is ever at some unlucky trick, cried out suddenly, mama is coming. Emily, fearing to be caught in the fact, hastily put back the china into
the

the cabinet ; but in her fear and precipitation, threw down a cup which broke into a thousand pieces. She was seized with consternation. It was a cup of great value, which she knew her mama preserved with the utmost care, as it made part of a set which was only used on particular occasions. Edward quitted the harpsichord, on hearing Emily cry ; and this is the conversation which passed between them.

Edward. You have done a pretty piece of work there, truly. I would not be in your place for a good deal.

Emily. O brother, how can you teize me so, when you see how I am distressed already ? you should rather give me your advice.

Edward. What advice can I give you ? if you were to go to all the shops in London, you would not find such another cup as that. You have nothing to do that I know of but to set off for China, in order to match it.

Emily. What pleasure can you take in tormenting me thus ?

Edward. What had you to do rummaging in that cabinet ?

Emily. If it had not been for you this would not have happened.

Edward. Nay, it was you that did it ; you had no business to touch the china.

Emily. It is true, I did wrong ; however, if you had not put me in a fright, I should not have broken any thing.

Edward. This set of china that mama was so fond of, see, it is now incomplete ; there might as well be not a piece of it left.

Emily. I would give all that I am worth in the world that this had not happened.

Edward. Oh yes, you may lament now ; that will do much good.

Emily. O brother, how can you be so cruel ? Charles would not torment me thus.

Edward. Well, well, don't cry any more, and I will tell you what you had best do.

Emily. Let me hear, dear Edward ?

Edward. Nobody knows any thing of what has passed : we have nothing to do but to gather up the broken bits, and place them by each other in the cabinet.

net. Mama will not look in it this morning. During dinner, you may say that you heard some china fall in the cabinet; I will be ready to support the fact: Mama will of course go and look, and, without doubt, will conclude that it fell of itself.

Emily. No indeed, brother, I will not do this.

Edward. And why not; you accuse no one by it?

Emily. No matter, it is a bad expedient; to tell an untruth is worse than breaking the china.

Edward. Very well; I have shewn you a way to get out of the scrape, which you might take advantage of; but it is your concern, not mine.

Emily. Alas, what shall I do?

Edward. I am really frightened for you; but I am very good thus to trouble myself about you, when you desire to be punished.

Emily. Yes, I had rather be punished than deceive mama; I will go to her, confess the fault, and ask her pardon, promising, at the same time, never to touch the key of her cabinet as long as I live.

Emily was just going out, when she saw her mama enter the room: she trembled, and changed colour; and before she was able to speak, burst into a torrent of tears. She expected a sharp reproach: what then was her surprize, when Mrs. Grandison, who had overheard all that had passed, took her tenderly in her arms, and caressing her, said, you are a good girl, my dear Emily, I do not know what it is that you have broken, but if it be the most valuable piece of china in my cabinet, I forgive you, in consideration of your courage and frankness. As for you, Sir, continued she, addressing herself to Edward, go up into your chamber, and meditate on the lesson that your young sister has given you. It is well for you that your father knows nothing of all this, or he would be more severe than I am. Go and blush for the falsehood that you meditated: I see, henceforward I must not depend on your word, but may rest in confidence on that of your sister.

You perceive, mama, how well Emily was rewarded for not following the bad councils of Edward; for she would have paid dear for his falsehood, as Mrs. Grandison had overheard all. The relation of this adventure will not, I think, be useless to my sister; not that I suspect her
of

of ever being capable of deceiving you. Heaven forbid I ever should! but it will be a fresh encouragement to her to persevere in the good principles that she has received from you. Ah what good fortune is hers to receive them from your own lips! It is a long time, alas, since I have enjoyed that happiness: raging seas divide me from those whom I love best in the world. Oh when shall I embrace you! When will you see us both, my little sister and me, at your knees, vying with each other in giving you proofs of our affection!

LETTER XII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

I CONGRATULATE myself, my dear mama, on having it in my power to make you acquainted with a new instance of the moderation and generosity of my friend. No, I cannot often enough repeat it. There is not, I believe, in the whole universe, a young man of so noble a character.

The earl of ——— made him a present, a few days ago, of a fine dog, of a very rare and uncommon kind. Young Falkland, one of our neighbours, had before this asked the earl several times to give it to him, but he could not obtain it of him, because this young man is remarkable for his ill treatment of his dogs. He has no other pleasure than in tormenting them, either by the most cruel discipline, or by encouraging them to fight till they tear each other to pieces. He has already above a dozen in his house: you would think, perhaps, that this was sufficient; but no such thing: he has besides a collection of all sorts of animals, particularly cats, monkeys, and parrots; and with these creatures he passes one half of the day. He must have, methinks, a most contracted mind thus to lavish his time in such a miserable occupation, instead of devoting it to the study of the arts and sciences. Notwithstanding the multitude he has of these beasts about him, he was quite enraged when he found the earl had given his dog to

another after refusing it to him. What was the consequence of this? Charles had scarcely been five days in possession of it when the poor creature was found dead in a corner of the house. It was not till yesterday that we discovered, by means of one of Falkland's servants, that he had contrived to get him poisoned out of spite and jealousy. What monsters are there among mankind! I say monsters; the term is not too strong. Yes, my dear mama, I call him a monster, who can deprive another of what he cannot possess himself, with no other view than to give him pain. But the following conversation which passed between Edward, Charles, and me, as we were walking in the garden yesterday, will shew you how my friend revenged this piece of knavery.

I was lamenting the death of the poor creature. I am very much afflicted, said he, also: I could hardly have believed that the loss of a dog would have given me so much trouble: but this was an animal of such singular beauty, and he was already become quite attached to me.

Edward. It was a shocking action on the part of Falkland to poison him: I would never forgive him as long as I lived were I in your place.

Charles. I must forgive him, however, unless I resolve to be as wicked as he is.

Edward. You are too good, brother; for my part I shall hate him as long as I live.

Charles. I do not hate him, but I despise his character; and I pity him yet more for being the slave of such violent and detestable passions; to destroy an innocent animal with no other view than to deprive another of it. He who can be guilty of such cruelty in cold blood would stop at no excess.

Edward. And the traitor dared to call himself your friend.

Charles. I am not now to learn that we must not give credit to mere words, and that we must know people well before we reckon upon their friendship.

Edward. Don't you intend to break entirely with such a dirty fellow as he is?

Charles. I do not mean to insult him publicly, I shall content myself only with holding as little intercourse with him as possible. The society of a young man of his base way of thinking by no means suits me.

Edward.

Edward. Pshaw; this is not enough. Shall I cut off his ears, Charles? you have only to say the word.

Charles. I'll take care then how I say that word: his ears will not bring me back my dog.

Edward. Well then, I have another scheme. Falkland has a dozen spaniels and greyhounds; we have nothing to do but to poison them in our turn; he deserves this revenge.

Charles. But have the poor beasts deserved it?

Edward. What then, do you mean to let him escape unpunished?

Charles. That is not my affair, I shall not take his punishment upon me; it is enough for me to leave him to his conscience.

Edward. I shall be curious to know what my papa will think of this adventure. I do not wonder now at his always being so careful to keep us from too strict an intimacy with this young profligate.

Charles. It is a proof to me that my father understands the heart; and I learn from it that we ought to consult our parents in the choice of our friends: as they have more experience than we have, they know better how to distinguish characters: by their wise advice I hope to preserve myself from dangerous connexions by which I might be corrupted. But, Edward, I think, we ought not to acquaint my father with this base action of Falkland's.

Edward. How then will you manage it?

Charles. Methinks, we shall mortify him more by a cold contempt than by our complaints.

William. This is a noble way of thinking.

Charles. It will be best, believe me. But let us talk of something more agreeable. Come, shall we take a walk in the fields this fine evening?

Edward. Stop a moment; look yonder, don't you see something up in that tree?

William. Methinks I see a bird in it with very extraordinary feathers, and he flutters as if he were in distress.

Charles. It is very true; he is caught by his wings in the tree.

Edward. How lucky this is: it is Falkland's parrot that has escaped out of his cage, I know him very well.

Now we have him in our power, he shall pay for the dog. His master would not take ten guineas for him; he shall be well punished now.

Charles. O my dear Edward, the poor creature suffers sadly: be so kind, William, as to get me a ladder, I will get up into the tree and disentangle the poor bird.

Edward. To give it to Falkland, I suppose?

Charles. To be sure: Is it not his?

Edward. He killed your dog, and you mean to save his parrot.

Charles. And why not? It would make me happy, if I could from this time forth do him any good in return for the injury that he has done me.

Edward. You had better be advised; you will never again have so good an opportunity of being revenged.

Charles. I look upon it as such: it is sufficient revenge to me, to shew him that my heart is better than his.

Edward. Oh yes, he is very capable of feeling this to be sure.

Charles. Well then I shall have the satisfaction of feeling it.

Just then the gardener brought us a ladder. Charles climbed into the tree himself, and found the parrot entangled with his wings between two branches, and held fast: he soon disengaged him, and immediately charged one of the servants to carry him to young Falkland.

What do you think of my brother, said Edward to me, as Charles left us?

Can you blame him, answered I, for being so generous?

No, certainly; but I do not feel myself perfect enough to imitate him.

—It is our part to become so from so good an example.

Charles now came up to us, his face was animated with the most sweet expressions of satisfaction: I never before was so sensible of the pleasure which arises from doing good. O my dear mama, preserve, I pray you, all my letters, that I may read them over again when I return home. I should be very unworthy of such a friend, if the lessons that I daily receive from his conduct did not inspire me both with inclination and power to profit by them. I wish he were known to all the young people of our age. If we feel so much pleasure in

reading

reading of the good actions of others, what do we not enjoy in doing them ourselves! O my dear mama, I will ever cultivate this sentiment, that I may become the more worthy of your tendernefs. I falute my little fifter acrofs the great fpace which divides us, once for myfelf, and once for Emily:

L E T T E R X I I I .

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 16.

WE affited yesterday, my dear mama, in gathering in the fruits of autumn. The air was mild, and the fky ferene: nothing was heard on all fides but fprightly fongs accompanied by the fife and violin. It was a charming fight to behold, between the trees, young boys climbing to the higheft branches to gather the fruit, whilft the women and girls received them below in their aprons, in order to fill their baskets. We too were employed in ftripping thofe branches which hung within our reach. All thefe labours carry with them an air of feftivity which fills the heart with pleafure.

We obferved fome little country girls meanly drefsed earneftly look at us over the hedge. When we had finifhed our bufinefs, one of them beckoned to the gardener, and we could perceive her talking to him in a fupplicating manner, at the fame time cafting frequent looks at my friend. Charles perceived it, and when fhe had done fpeaking, called the gardener to him. I will give you their converfation, which will be the beft way of relating the thing.

Charles. What was that little girl asking fo earneftly?

Gardener. I will tell you, Sir. Every body hereabouts knows the goodnefs of your heart. She has been asking me to beg fome fruit of you for her mother who is at fick home.

Charles.

Charles. Does she ask it for her mother? She is a good girl for that. Go and give her as many apples as she can carry. It will be a pleasure to me to reward her for loving those to whom she owes her life.

Gardener. I will go then and give her some of the windfalls, they will do well enough.

Charles. How friend! What would you pick out the worst that we have for a poor sick woman! No, no, I insist on your giving her some of the choicest.

Gardener. I fear, that will lessen our store.

Charles. Did not you tell me that we had an extraordinary plenty of fruit this year?

Gardener. It is true, Sir, we have hardly room to hold all our hoards.

Charles. Well then, out of the abundance which heaven bestows upon us, let us at least give some to those who have nothing.

Gardener. Ah, my dear young master, it is not without reason that you are so beloved and honoured. You are a blessing sent to us by heaven. I will punctually obey you, for I know full well whatever you do will be approved by your parents.

Upon this the gardener went to execute Charles's orders. Edward, having heard what had passed, came up to his brother, and said; I don't disapprove of your good-nature, but I cannot bear to see the common people always coming with some petition to you.

Charles. But, my dear brother, if they did not ask of us what they want, should we be so attentive to them as to think of it without? We ask our parents every day for a thousand superfluous things; suffer then the poor at least to lay before us their urgent necessities.

Emily. Charles is very right. Would it not be a sad thing, that we should have so much more than we want even for our pleasures, and that the poor should be without even the common necessities of life? I will tell mama this evening of the situation of this little girl's mother, and I am sure she will send her some assistance. Mr. Bartlet, who was just then coming up to us, overheard what Emily had said, and praised her for her humanity. Charles asked him, if apples were good for a sick person: Undoubtedly, said he, if they be ripe. This fruit, said he, which is produced in almost all

climates,

climates, is by so much the more valuable, as it will keep the best part of the year. How great is the wisdom and goodness of our Creator, who thus provides for us during winter, when the exhausted earth is no longer in a state to produce these delicious fruits by which we have been nourished and regaled in the summer season.

O my dear mama, I shall always be full of gratitude to the Creator of the earth, who thus provides for the wants of his children with the tenderness of a parent. Alas, mama, how many ungrateful children are there who devour the provisions of winter, without once thinking of the beneficent hand which provides them! Heaven preserve me from ever being one of this number: we, in particular, who owe so much to it for being permitted to share its bounties with so good a mother! Yes, mama, I should be thankful to Providence if I possessed nothing on earth but you. Vouchsafe to receive from me the homage of these sentiments, and continue to me those by which you have always honoured me. I ask this both for myself and my little sister, and as a pledge of your granting it, I accept the first kiss which you will give her, since I cannot have the happiness to partake it with her.

P. S. Mr. Grandison has this moment received a letter from the earl of * * *, the first lord of the bedchamber, to require the attendance of his son Charles at court. They are ignorant of the reason of this. My friend sets off to-morrow with Mr. Bartlet. How much shall I regret his absence! I who have lately lived in the pleasing habit of seeing him every instant, must now pass whole days without his society! Neither do we know how long he may be absent. Mr. Grandison is not at all uneasy at this message; the earl's letter is too gracious to be the prelude to any thing undesirable. But in the mean while I lose my friend. Nothing but the hopes of something good to him could console me for this separation. He has promised to write to me. O my dear mama, with how much joy shall I send you the copy of his letters!

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 20.

I HASTEN, my dear mama, to send you, according to promise, a copy of the first letter that I have received from my friend Charles. You will in it see what happened to him on his journey and at his arrival in London. I shall expect with impatience the next news that he will have to send me; my heart forebodes that it will be good. Judge then how eager I shall be to make you partake of it. Full of this sweet hope I embrace you and my little sister more tenderly.

LETTER XV.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FRIEND
WILLIAM DANVERS.

I DO not yet know, my dear friend, what our journey to London will produce; the beginning of our expedition has not been the most happy. A superstitious mind might look upon this as a bad presage; but you and I, my dear William, thanks to the good sense of our parents, are in no danger of being disturbed by vain prognostics. We had scarcely gone a few miles before one of our horses stopped short and would not advance a step farther. The postilion thought to get on by exercising his whip, which I could not see without pain; I cannot bear that so gentle and useful an animal should be treated hardly. However, we soon perceived that the poor creature had met with a hurt in his foot, and that it was not his fault. We were therefore obliged to go gently on to the nearest inn where we provided ourselves with horses and pursued our rout with renewed expedition, till an unlucky accident stopped

stopped us. In a rugged part of the road the axletree of our chaise suddenly broke: happily we were none of us hurt; but we were obliged to get out of the carriage, and there being no house within a good distance, we had no other course left us but to walk on foot. I should have made myself very easy under this accident, had it not been for my concern on account of our worthy friend Mr. Bartlet: I feared much lest his health might suffer from the cold and dampness of the air and the fatigue of the walk. The sun was already set, and we proceeded, slowly followed by our servant Henry. A violent rain came on. At length, after a half hour's walk, we perceived to the right a small house at a little distance from the road. We were let in by an honest labourer, bowed down by the weight of years and hard work, and his wife who appeared to be as old. We were hospitably received by this worthy old couple and their children. The eldest son ran to fetch a wheelwright in the neighbourhood, and then went with him to assist the postilion in mending the chaise as well as they could; which they could not complete till the evening was far advanced. As it was then too late to pursue our journey, we resolved to pass the night in this little hut which, under these circumstances, I found as comfortable as the most superb palace. Whilst one of the daughters was preparing for us a simple repast; gentlemen, said the old man, do not be uneasy, we will give you up our bed in which you may refresh yourselves after your fatigue. It was with difficulty that Mr. Bartlet was persuaded to agree to this proposal, but at last the pressing intreaties of our host and his wife prevailed. They had placed but two covers on the table. Mr. Bartlet perceiving it, said, Have you already supped, my good friends?

No, Sir.

Well then we must eat together; our meal will be the heartier for it.

We should not have thought of taking that liberty, Sir, replied the old man, but since you order it you shall be obeyed.

The rustic meal was soon put on the table; it consisted of a piece of cold meat, with vegetables, cheese and butter and some good apples. Plain as this repast

was,

was, I never made a better supper in my life, and slept so soundly after it that Mr. Bartlet had some difficulty in waking me the next morning. I have just now eat an excellent breakfast and take the opportunity, whilst Mr. Bartlet is thanking our kind hosts for their hospitality, to write you this. I am now obliged to break off, but as soon as we have paid our first visit to Lord — you shall hear again from me. Present my duty to my papa and mama, and remember me affectionately to my brother and sister.

I remain, my dear friend, ever yours

Charles Grandison.

LETTER XVI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 23.

I SAID right, my dear mama, when I told you that I should have good news to send you of my friend Charles. I enclose you a copy of a letter that he has written to me, and one from Mr. Bartlet to Mr. Grandison. I have scarce time to transcribe them before the post goes out. I would fain express to you the joy which fills my heart: but I can only say what a felicity it is to see my friend happy, and to wish this to my dear mama!

LET-

LETTER XVII.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FRIEND
WILLIAM DANVERS.

DECEMBER 22.

COULD you ever have guessed, my dear friend, what could be the object of my journey to this city? Without doubt no, since I myself hardly dare now to believe it. Well then, it is by order of the king, who has just bestowed on me the post of page of honour, and invested me with a place about his children. I know not to whom I am indebted for these favours; but they try to persuade me that I owe them to my own conduct. But it seems to me that I have only fulfilled my duty, and that alone deserves no recompence: I regard therefore what has befallen me as the pure bounty of heaven, which thus rewards the virtue of my worthy parents. I rejoice more on their account than my own. Mr. Bartlet has written to my papa; you will doubtless see his letter. I have scarce time to assure you that I am ever your faithful and affectionate friend

Charles Grandison.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. BARTLET TO MR. GRANDISON.

My dear Friend,

WHAT happy news have I to send you, and how much will the heart of Mrs. Grandison be filled with joy! Your amiable son—but you well merit those favours with which heaven has vouchsafed to recompense his goodness. I always told you that he was destined

to

to be the happiness of your future life. And so young to be thus distinguished by his sovereign's favours, whilst all good men applaud the act! Yes, my dear Sir, there is no one here, but who, after having seen your son, pronounces him worthy of his promising destiny. But I will no longer keep you in suspense. Know then that the king has conferred on him the post of page of honour, and given him a place about the royal children as a fit object for their emulation. The earl of —, whose wife is sister to * Major Arthur whose life was saved by Charles, had represented your son to his majesty in so advantageous a manner, had spoken so highly of his good sense, his acquirements and goodness of heart, as to inspire the king with the desire of seeing him; and it was after his first interview with him that he conferred on him these favours.

The earl, who introduced Charles to his majesty and was present at the audience, declared that he never saw any one received so graciously. The king himself, after ordering his children into his presence, vouchsafed to present them to him. Your amiable son answered all questions put to him with a respectful freedom and a nobleness of expression quite astonishing for his age. The young princes were desirous that he should from that moment remain about them. But he represented to them the occasion there was for his remaining yet some time in his father's house, in order to profit by his instructions, and to render himself more worthy of the high office allotted him.

He owned to me afterwards, that he had another reason for asking this delay: it was, that his friend William having only three months more to spend in England, he much wished to pass the remainder of that time with him. Thus you see, his presence of mind never forsakes him; nor can the seductions of fortune make him forget the duties of friendship.

The earl gave yesterday a grand entertainment in honour of your son. Charles received the compliments of all the company with as much grace as dignity. The many praises bestowed on him excited not in him the least emotions of pride; and he left the company all cap-

* See letter from William Danvers, Vol. I. p. 138, which letter it was thought unnecessary to repeat amongst these.

tivated by his amiable qualities. Do not think, my dear friend, that the enthusiasm with which I speak of your son is the effect of that partiality which I feel for your family: you will find the same testimonies in his favour in the letter which Lord —— has written you.

We shall be detained about six days longer here, and then I hope to bring back to your arms the worthy object of your tenderness.

P. S. The earl of —— has made me open my letter again, to inform you that Edward is presented with a lieutenancy in the same regiment with Major Arthur, of which he is now lieutenant-colonel.

L E T T E R X I X .

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 26.

I WAS so impatient, my dear mama, to send you my friend Charles's letter and that of Mr. Bartlet, that I had not time to give you those reflections which the good fortune of my friend have given birth to in my mind. Indeed were I to attempt to say all that I think on this subject, my letter would not be finished to-day. I will therefore confine myself to the more easy and delightful task, of attempting to describe to you how sensible I am of his faithful remembrance of our friendship. What then! Could he for the sake of my society, during the remainder of my stay here, resist the desires of the young princes and sacrifice all the pleasures of a court! Ah, he has not made this sacrifice to an ungrateful friend. You will witness for me, mama, how much I ever loved him, that all my letters were filled with expressions of my tenderness to him. Well then he is now become a thousand times more dear to me. During his absence I have been made too sensible how necessary he is to my happiness. Notwithstanding all the caresses of Mr. and Mrs. Grandison, notwithstanding the friendship of Edward and Emily, I find that I miss him every hour in the day. I seem as if I were but half myself
without

without him. I have no other resource but to employ myself continually in doing something for him. Yes, mama, all the business that we did when we were together I now do alone, in order to render his absence less tedious to me. I have cultivated his garden, and ornamented it with the flowers of the season, that he may see at his return what care I have taken of all that he is interested in. I have continued to copy a set of designs in architecture which he had begun: they are not, it is true, so well drawn as he would have done them, but they are better than if I had done them for myself. I am sure that his friendship will excuse the weakness of my pencil, and that he will see them in his collection with pleasure. I have also transcribed into his music books all the new airs which we have had since his departure. I have arranged the books of his library, I have fed his birds, I have given something to his poor people: in short, I have attempted to do all that he would have done himself. It is at these times that I have more than ever felt the force of that maxim which you have so often repeated to me, that application to business is the best means of composing the mind under grief or uneasiness. Ah, had I been condemned to idleness during this interval of my friend's absence, how should I have been to be pitied! I have laboured not to leave a moment in the day vacant, lest I should fill it with my sadness. As a proof of this I send you a little piece which I have just translated, on the advantages of industry.

Adieu, my dear mama; now that my friend is so far from me, I doubly feel the pain of being so from you. I have no consolation but in knowing that you love me, and in feeling how much I love you.

THE ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY.

MR. Dorville, a rich manufacturer, was the most inveterate enemy to idleness. He not only dedicated the whole day to labour himself, but took care also to have every person of his family employed in the same manner. Liberal to all whom age or infirmity had rendered incapable of work, but implacable toward those idle vagabonds who, with the advantages of health and strength, came to beg at his door. He would ask them why they did not work; and if they excused themselves by saying that they could get no employment, he would offer it them in his manufacture; but after once refusing it, they dared never more approach his presence.

He never suffered a bale of goods either to be packed up or opened, without obliging his two sons, Francis and Robert, to put their hands to it. He had a large garden behind his house, in which he made them both work under the direction of his gardener: and during winter, he would employ them in turning and other works of ingenuity. His three daughters also had not more time allowed them for idleness. They had the charge of the domestic œconomy, with every other occupation suitable to their sex.

The better to excite their industry, Mr. Dorville paid each for his work; and those amongst them, who had distinguished themselves by their activity, had an extraordinary reward. These little perquisites they had the liberty of laying out in their own pleasures and amusements.

No quarrels or ill humours were ever heard in this family. They enjoyed perfect health, and each day brought with it new pleasures, by making them taste the sweets of their own labours.

If the boys presented to their sisters a nosegay of carnations or hyacinths, they received from them in return either embroidered ruffles, purses, or strings for
their

their canes or watches, all the work of their industrious hands. If their desserts were furnished by the fruits of the young trees which they had planted and grafted themselves, they had the satisfaction to hear their parents praise them, by acquainting their guests to whom they owed their regale; at which each would take his glass, and the company in chorus drank to the health of the little gardeners.

Seven days in the year were celebrated as festivals in the family; these were the birth days of each of the children, and those of their father and mother. Pleasure and mutual tenderness reigned on these occasions: particularly on the birth days of their parents, when they generally gave an entertainment to the children, to which they invited their young acquaintance. The feast always ended in a ball, at which youthful vivacity, heightened by music, animated every look and motion, whilst their fond parents beheld, with transports of joy, their playful gaiety and natural graces.

Who would believe that these children should ever grow weary of a way of life so full of pleasure? This was, however, the case. Francis one day went to pay a visit to his young cousins: he returned home with a sorrowful countenance. His father, from some indirect words which he let fall, comprehended at once the cause of his chagrin: he, however, did not appear as if he observed it. In the mean while, as Francis wore the same face of sadness the next day, Mr. Dorville having engaged him to take a walk with him after dinner over his plantations, they had together the following conversation.

Mr. Dorville. What is the matter with you, my dear Francis? the air of sadness which I observe on your countenance, makes me very uneasy.

Francis, (affecting a cheerful air.) Nothing at all, papa.

Mr. Dorville. Come, come, notwithstanding that smile, your whole appearance has less of cheerfulness than usual.

Francis. I cannot disown it.

Mr. Dorville. What is it then that makes you thus sad?

Francis. Ah, if I dare to tell you!

Mr. Dorville. Are you afraid to open your heart to me? Am not I your friend?

Francis. True; but, pray, papa, do not question me any more on this subject.

Mr. Dorville. And why not, since it afflicts you?

Francis. Because I think you would not afford me any remedy.

Mr. Dorville. Do you think then that I had rather see you afflicted than happy? I thought you had a better idea of my tenderness for you.

Francis. O papa, do not mistake me; no, no, I am sensible, you have no greater joy than to see us rejoice.

Mr. Dorville. I do not see then what can hinder you from making me your confidant; but hold, we will settle this matter between us. Tell me your grievance, and I will promise on my part to do all in my power to remove it.

Francis. Well then, papa, since you will have it, I must tell you: you keep us like so many slaves to our work from morning to night; there are my cousins, you see how their papa lets them spend their time; shall not we have as much fortune as they will?

Mr. Dorville. What, my dear child, is this all that afflicts you? nothing can be easier than to satisfy you in this business. God forbid that I should make you work against your inclinations; you are at full liberty to take your rest, and not to return to your work again till you yourself desire it.

Francis, happy to enjoy his liberty with the consent of his father, spent the rest of the day in loitering about here and there, sometimes in the house, sometimes in the garden.

Mr. Dorville always rose early; and when the weather was fine, generally amused himself with a walk into the country, and took with him those of his children who the day before had been most diligent and attentive to their work. The next morning after this discourse, the early dawn promised a most beautiful day; Mr. Dorville was preparing to go out; Francis heard him; and though he was very sensible that he had

not deserved the indulgence, he nevertheless hastened up, and asked his father's permission to accompany him. Mr. Dorville willingly consented. They went together, and seated themselves at the top of a hill, from whence they had a view of the surrounding country. It was in the early part of the spring. The meadows, which but a month before were buried in snow, now displayed the most lively verdure. The woods were covered with tender foliage, and the fruit trees adorned with the gayest blossoms. The harsh whistling of the north wind no more grated on the ear; nothing was heard around but the sweet warbling of birds. Young lambs and playful colts were seen sporting in the rich pasture grounds. Echo resounded with the cheerful song of the labourer, as he trod the furrowed land. The roads were filled with troops of country people; some conducting their waggons loaded with corn, wine, and other merchandize; others carrying on their shoulders baskets filled with herbs and flowers. The young milk maids seemed to walk in cadence: all bent their steps towards the city, the gates of which were just opened to receive them. Francis, affected by this scene, felt his heart so elated with cheerfulness that, throwing himself into the arms of his father, he exclaimed, O papa, I have you to thank for the pleasure which this moment affords me!

Mr. Dorville. If all our friends were but here to enjoy it with us! I am sorry we did not call on your cousins as we passed by their door.

Francis. Oh they will not be up these two or three hours at least.

Mr. Dorville. Is it possible? Why then they spend one half of the day in sleep?

Francis. I have sometimes called on them at nine in the morning, and they had scarcely their eyes open.

Mr. Dorville. No doubt, they are objects of your envy just now.

Francis. No truly, papa; if I were asleep like them, I should lose all the pleasure I enjoy now.

Mr. Dorville. This is one advantage then arising from industry; it calls us up early enough to make us relish the charms of a fine morning.

Francis.

Francis. But, papa, cannot I be an early riser without working?

Mr. Dorville. And what will you do when you are up?

Francis. I would go and walk sometimes to one place, sometimes to another: to-day I would ascend the hill; to-morrow I would enter the thick forest; another time I would seat myself on the banks of a river.

Mr. Dorville. It is very well, my dear, but we have three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; if we take from these all the cold and wet mornings, there will scarcely remain sixty-five such as this of to-day. Would you walk out through the thick fogs, and when it rains or snows, or when the impetuous winds render the hoar frosts more biting?

Francis. No certainly, I should have very little relish for walking in such bad weather.

Mr. Dorville. What then will you do with the other three hundred mornings, if you do not work?

Francis. I don't know.

Mr. Dorville. Tell me freely then; do you think that you would find it a very pleasant thing not to know what to do with yourself?

Francis. No; I confess, time would seem very long to me.

Mr. Dorville. Would it not be better to go briskly to work, than to be rubbing your eyes, yawning, and stretching out your arms, and then sinking into your chair like a person overcome with fatigue.

Francis. But, papa, if I do not work, I can amuse myself with some play.

Mr. Dorville. You know very well, I have never hindered your amusing yourself: but let us examine whether to work, or to pass our time in vain dissipation, yields us the most solid pleasure. I am far from wishing that my children should not be as happy as they are capable of being. You shall always play and never work more, if you can prove to me that play will give you more satisfaction than work.

Francis. Take care, papa, it will not be very difficult to prove this.

Mr. Dorville. Well then, let us see; I am willing to run the risk.

Francis. Did you never observe, that when I am at play, I run, I jump, I dance, and make a thousand gambols; but when I work I do nothing of all this.

Mr. Dorville. Nevertheless, I have often seen you and your brother laugh and amuse yourselves when you have been at work together.

Francis. That is true; but yet it is better to be at play.

Mr. Dorville. There is not a day passes but you play; have you any thing to shew me in consequence of all this play?

Francis. No, papa, I have only the remembrance of them.

Mr. Dorville. And have you nothing remaining from your work?

Francis. Oh yes, I have in my garden above a dozen young trees which I have planted and grafted myself; all my beds are furnished with good vegetables, and my borders with fine flowers.

Mr. Dorville. Is that all, my dear?

Francis. No indeed, papa; I have in my chamber a great cupboard full of my workmanship in straw and pasteboard, besides a thousand little toys of ivory and ebony, that I turned in my lathe.

Mr. Dorville. But, without doubt, you look at all these things now with regret, when you think how many drops of sweat they cost you? here you will say, I spent a whole day's labour on this.

Francis. And suppose they had cost me as much again?

Mr. Dorville. What then?

Francis. Why, papa, so long as I see my cupboard furnished with the fruits of my labours, whilst I gather nosegays for my sisters, or fine fruits, and good vegetables to present to my mother, I find myself so happy, that I no longer think of the trouble that these things cost me.

Mr. Dorville. Tell me: all the time which you have spent in cultivating your garden, or in turning; do you wish now that you had passed it in play?

Francis. No, certainly, for then I should have had nothing to shew for it to-day.

Mr. Dorville. You would have had the remembrance of it at least. Do you reckon that nothing?

Francis. It is but a very little thing.

Mr. Dorville. I think, it appears from your own account, that play only amuses the present moment, and that it does not even always do that in proportion to our expectations; and that work, on the contrary, after having agreeably occupied us, leaves behind it some useful enjoyment. After twenty years are past, you will have a renewed pleasure in gathering fruits from the trees which your hands have planted, though you will by then have forgotten all your frivolous pastimes. Decide therefore yourself, which affords the most solid pleasure, useful labour, or vain amusement.

Francis. O papa, according to the light in which you have set the thing, there is no room to balance. Labour, without dispute, renders us most happy.

Mr. Dorville. You see then, it was not without reason that I have urged you to follow it. Were I to say to you, come Francis, work no more; I will have you spend your whole time at play. Would it not be making you miserable for the rest of your life?

Francis. Oh yes, I can feel this now: every different play would soon become tedious and insupportable to me.

Mr. Dorville. And do they not, on the contrary, appear more sweet to you after labour?

Francis. Yes, papa, I confess, they do.

Mr. Dorville. At those times, I myself urge you to enjoy your pleasures. You know how often I have invited your cousins and your other companions to come and share in your amusements. Have you forgotten how you have wrestled together, and run races, and thrown the bar?

Francis. No, papa, I remember it very well; you have yourself been so good as to assist almost always at our sports; and I have often seen you smile, when I have happened to have the advantage.

Mr. Dorville. And this was pretty often the case.

Francis. Because I am stronger than any of my companions, especially my poor cousins; I never feared to engage with both of them at once.

Mr. Dorville. Perhaps they are not so old as you?

Francis. Oh, you know very well that I am not so old as the youngest by a full year.

Mr. Dorville. You are better fed then?

Francis. I beg your pardon; they live better every day of their lives than we do.

Mr. Dorville. I do not see then how you came by all this strength, unless it be the effect of labour.

Francis. Excuse me, papa, I do not know how that can be; because I am so much weakened sometimes by hard work that I can hardly stir.

Mr. Dorville. But, my dear, who are those that run best?

Francis. Those who frequently run races.

Mr. Dorville. What is the reason of this pray?

Francis. Because they are used to run.

Mr. Dorville. Nevertheless, running weakens them sometimes, as labour does you.

Francis. Without doubt.

Mr. Dorville. But the next day are they less alert, or you less brisk?

Francis. It is true.

Mr. Dorville. One word more. Have you never observed that some people have their limbs much more strong and nervous than others?

Francis. Oh yes, our blacksmith for instance: you have only to look at his arms; every muscle is expressive of vigor.

Mr. Dorville. And how, do you think, has he acquired this vigor?

Francis. How should I know? this man is the whole day with his body bent over his anvil; and he has been accustomed from his earliest youth to wield a hammer which I can scarcely lift with both hands.

Mr. Dorville. What, do you think he is stronger than I am?

Francis. O papa, I should be very sorry to see him lay hold of you, even if I were by to assist you.

Mr. Dorville. This is a farther proof then that labour strengthens the body. Here is a blacksmith who uses more violent exercise than I do, and yet he is more robust. You use more violent exercise than your cousins, and you are more robust than they are: labour must certainly have something to do in this.

Francis.

Francis. I own I begin to think it.

Mr. Dorville. You told me just now, that your cousins eat very delicately.

Francis. It is very true.

Mr. Dorville. I think, however, they have frequent disorders of the stomach.

Francis. Yes, almost always.

Mr. Dorville. Are you ever troubled with those complaints?

Francis. Never, papa; you know very well that my appetite never fails me.

Mr. Dorville. Yes, but on some days I observe that you eat with more pleasure than ordinary; especially after you have been digging in your garden.

Francis. Yes, truly, I make a brisk attack upon your provisions after I have been hard at work.

Mr. Dorville. But how is this; work strengthens your arms and your stomach; it whets your appetite; and shall I prohibit it? No, certainly; I wish to see my son do honour to my table, without fearing indigestion, like his cousins: and I should be very sorry to see his companions outdo him in wrestling, or running races.

Francis. But, papa, I have been told by many people, that being so rich as you are, you ought not to make us work.

Mr. Dorville. These people talk like blockheads, and you will be a still greater blockhead if you believe them. If you remain every day in bed till nine o'clock, can I with all my money, make you enjoy such a fine morning as this?

Francis. No, certainly.

Mr. Dorville. For these many years to come, you will have to gather of the fruit of those trees which you have planted. You may also, from time to time, make presents to your sisters and friends of the pretty pieces of workmanship which you have made. This is the fruit of your industry, and a source of enjoyments which are for ever renewing. But with all my money, can I make the consequences of your amusements, when once they are past, equally sweet?

Francis. Alas, no papa.

Mr. Dorville. In short, can I, with all my riches, make your limbs robust, or preserve your stomach from indigestion?

Francis. Nor this either.

Mr. Dorville. Behold then what advantages you owe to labour; advantages so precious, that not all the gold in the world can procure them.

Francis. I cannot deny it.

Mr. Dorville. And why is it that I get money? Is it that my children may be happy or unhappy?

Francis. That they may be happy, without doubt.

Mr. Dorville. And which of the two is the most happy, he who slumbers away the best part of the morning in bed, or he who by rising with the dawn may, when the weather is fine, walk in the country and contemplate the ravishing beauties of nature?

Francis. The latter, undoubtedly.

Mr. Dorville. Again; which is the happiest, he who wastes his life in pursuit of vain pleasures, which by habit will become insipid, and which, when past, leave no trace behind them; or he who employs his time in useful and pleasant labours by which he secures a thousand sweet enjoyments for the time to come?

Francis. Oh the latter, certainly.

Mr. Dorville. I do not ask you whether it be best to have the limbs strong and robust, or enervated; a fresh and lively complexion, or sickly paleness; vigorous health, or continual weakness; and a good appetite, rather than perpetual indigestion.

Francis. Oh, it will not admit of a question.

Mr. Dorville. You have just allowed that labour gives us all these advantages.

Francis. I have.

Mr. Dorville. Should I not then be highly blameable, if in compliance to the opinions of certain silly people, I were to neglect to cultivate a love for work amongst my children, under the vain pretence that I am rich? when, with all my riches, I should but make them the more unhappy.

Francis. Yes, yes, I see it plainly now; what a block-head I was when I grew tired of my work. Come, papa, the day is advanced; I am impatient to return to my usual occupations. I hope to have a pretty bouquet to give to my sisters, and some excellent strawberries for your dessert.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. Come, my dear, I am charmed to see you so reasonable : this encourages me to consult you on an affair of importance which I have in my mind. We will talk about it to-morrow.

On the morrow, Francis a little proud, but still more curious to be of this consultation with his father, hastened the next day to attend him, with some degree of importance in his air.

It is a long time, son, said Mr. Dorville, since I have been thinking how to place a certain sum of money most advantageously for my children.

Francis. You are very good, papa.

Mr. Dorville. I am therefore very glad to consult you on this business.

Francis. Me, papa ; Oh nothing can be more simple ; you have only to throw it into trade.

Mr. Dorville. It is in that already, my dear ; but on the contrary, I think of withdrawing it from trade, in order to make it more secure to you : in our way of business we are exposed to many losses ; I experience this every day ; and in case some great stroke should befall us, I should wish to place a certain part of my fortune so securely as to ensure a comfortable subsistence to my children for the rest of their lives.

Francis. I should think, you might purchase houses ?

Mr. Dorville. True, but then there is the hazard of their being burnt.

Francis. In that case buy land, that cannot be burnt at least.

Mr. Dorville. That is true ; but then if we do not ourselves attend to the cultivation of them, they will soon become barren and sink in value, after we have been at much expence on them, so that in the end we shall find ourselves poor in the midst of large possessions.

Francis. I do not know then, papa, what advice to give you.

Mr. Dorville. Why truly, child, I see no way of absolutely securing this sum, but by spending it in such a manner that we never can lose the interest of it.

Francis. How, papa, spend a sum of money for fear you should lose it ?

Mr. Dorville. Even so ; for instance : if I should lay it out in giving you useful acquirements, which would make

you independent of all reverses of fortune; you then would be, in whatever situation chance might throw you, able to procure the necessaries of life. You understand accounts and book-keeping; you know every thing belonging to the cultivation of trees; you are a tolerable turner; your brother and sisters have also their particular talents: it has cost me a great deal of money to have you instructed in these things. I will sacrifice yet more to make you complete; and then I shall look upon you as possessing more riches than those who have a great inheritance; for we may lose our fortune, but useful knowledge remains with us for ever.

Francis. But, papa, you are in very easy circumstances; you are master of a good manufacture; and I think with that we never can want.

Mr. Dorville. Much richer people than we are have experienced reverses of fortune, and it is good to be prepared against all possible events. I recollect a story which will illustrate this observation: I will relate it to you.

Francis. Pray do, papa; I shall be glad to hear it.

Mr. Dorville. A young gentleman in Germany paid his addresses to a very amiable lady, and asked her in marriage of her father. The father said to him, I will give you my daughter very willingly, but have you a good trade to maintain her and her children? A trade, Sir, answered the young gentleman? are you ignorant that I possess a large country seat in your neighbourhood, with a considerable estate besides? All this is nothing, replied the father of the lady; your house may be burnt, your land may suffer devastation; besides this, many other ruinous accidents may happen to you, which I cannot foresee. In a word, if you wish to obtain my daughter, you must learn some trade, or I shall not be satisfied. It is the absolute condition of our alliance. It was in vain that the young gentleman remonstrated: the father would not recede. What was to be done? he loved the lady too passionately to give her up. He put himself apprentice therefore to a basket maker, the easiest business he could think of; and it was not till after he had made a very neat basket, and some other pieces of workmanship, before the eyes of her father, that he could obtain the lady.

During the first years of his marriage, he laughed inwardly at the foresight of his father-in-law, and the whimsical condition which he had imposed upon him; but he had soon occasion to see the matter in a much more serious light.

War

War was declared: the enemy entered his province. They ravaged his lands, cut down his forests, demolished his castle, pillaged his effects, and obliged him and his family to take flight: our rich gentleman found himself all at once reduced to indigence. At first he did nothing but deplore his ill fortune, living with difficulty on the little money that he had saved; but this resource soon failed him. He then bethought himself of the trade which he had learned. His spirits began to recover, and he gave himself up to work with the more ardour, as he had taken refuge in a city where his name and rank were unknown. His wife, between the intervals of her domestic occupations, comforted him under his labours. The children were employed to sell the baskets which he made. In this manner he provided decently for the support of himself and family, until the happy moment arrived, which by the return of peace restored him again to the possession of his fortune.

This story made a lively impression on Francis. He related it himself to his brother and sisters, who were also as much taken with it. It put them upon making a number of reflections on the wisdom of providing resources against the unexpected turns of fortune. Alas, they did not then foresee that they soon would have occasion to apply this to themselves. A little time after, a fire broke out in the night in one of Mr. Dorville's magazines; and all the buildings belonging to his manufactory were consumed before any assistance could be got to stop the flames. Another man might have been cast down by this disaster; but, on the contrary, it served only to fortify his resolution, and redouble his activity. All his friends were eager to support him. His industry made the best use of these advantages, by labouring to repair his losses. Nor did this reverse of fortune prevent his daughters from being sought in marriage by the richest and most sensible men; because they knew that in them they should find women capable of conducting the affairs of their house with œconomy and prudence. As for his two sons, they applied themselves with such indefatigable ardour to business, that in a few years their affairs were not only reestablished, but carried to a degree of prosperity, which they had never known before that misfortune which seemed to have overthrown them for ever.

LETTER XX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 27.

O MY dear mama, what danger my friend Charles has been in! Alas! I have been within a little of losing him! I tremble yet whilst I think of it. What would have become of me if he had been as brutal as his adversary; if he either had lost his life, or taken away that of his antagonist, and been obliged to fly his country? Happily all has terminated to his honour; whilst he is preserved to his family, and to his friend, he has given us fresh reason to love and esteem him. But I am too long without satisfying your curiosity: read, pray read the letter which Mr. Grandison has just received from Mr. Bartlet. I have spent the whole evening in transcribing it in order to send it to you. O my dear mama, how many times has my heart beat whilst I was taking this copy! But it is not of me that it speaks; forget me I pray you for a few moments that you may be the more at liberty to attend to my friend.

LETTER XXI.

MR. BARTLET TO MR. GRANDISON.

My dear Friend.

SEPTEMBER 26.

I CAN never sufficiently congratulate you on the happiness of possessing such a son as yours. I was witness yesterday, without his knowing it, to an adventure which does him infinite honour. But why should I be astonished at his conduct, when I only see in it the effect of the good example and wise lessons which he has received from you. We fell in company yesterday with a Mr. Stukely, son to Lord G—a young man of a most violent and brutal character: though he is but eighteen years of age, he is devoured by ambition and envy. I had already observed that he was jealous of the post which your son had obtained. He threw out many
spiteful

spiteful sarcasms which Charles with admirable self-command passed over in silence. They engaged in a game of piquet together, Stukely, like a bully, took advantage of your son's moderation, pluming himself on a false courage. He took occasion to quarrel with him at play in so pointed a manner, that Charles could not refrain from shewing his indignation by his looks. I will give you their conversation word for word.

Charles. Methinks, Sir, you do not seem to take much pleasure in this game, had not we better leave off.

Stukely, (throwing the cards on the table.) Very true. There is very little pleasure in playing with people who understand nothing of the game.

Charles. It is very possible; I do not understand it so well as as you by a great deal: I do not play so much.

Stukely. If you are not better informed in other things, I fear you will find it somewhat difficult to support the honour that you so lately obtained.

Charles. I do not look upon the science of gaming to be absolutely necessary to this purpose. But let us talk of something else if you please. You have a very pretty snuff-box.

Stukely. You would like such an one perhaps with your new dignity.

Charles. It would be quite useless to me; I do not take snuff. I think it better not to accustom myself to it at my age.

Stukely. Do you mean by that that I am wrong in taking it?

Charles. By no means. I have nothing to say against what you or your parents think proper.

Stukely. My parents have nothing to do in this business; it is sufficient that I like it.

Charles. Very well. Each according to his own way of thinking.

Stukely. What a dutiful little boy! He won't take a pinch of snuff without asking leave of his papa and mama.

Charles. It is very true, I do nothing without consulting them.

Stukely. I ought not to be surprized at this: you are not so old as I am yet, therefore are not fit to think and act for yourself. You want time for improvement.

Charles. I hope indeed to be better informed when I come to your age.

Stukely.

Stukely. Do you mean to insult me, Sir? by telling me that you are better informed than I am!

Charles. Better than you, Sir? I am incapable of so gross a rudeness. You must certainly comprehend what I said, that at your age I hoped to be better informed than I am now.

Stukely. You have the art of evading your own words.

Charles. No, Sir. I think before I speak: my words, therefore, need no evasion.

Stukely. Enough. Shall we go in the garden together?

Charles. With all my heart, Sir. I have no objection.

Stukely rose up hastily, putting his hand to his sword: *Charles* calmly laid his in an armed chair, and followed *Stukely* with a firm air. I waited till they were out of the room, intending to follow them, as I perceived plainly that *Stukely* meant to pick a quarrel. They walked at some distance from each other towards a little grove at the farther end of the garden. I went a shorter way to the same place, and hid myself behind a clump of trees, where I could conveniently listen to their conversation, which was as follows.

Stukely. Where is your sword? You had it on just now.

Charles. True, Sir: but I left it in the house.

Stukely. Go and fetch it, if you please.

Charles. Why, pray? I do not want my sword to walk in the garden.

Stukely. No: but you want it to repair the offence that you have given me.

Charles. The offence! It is somewhat strange that I should have offended you without knowing it.

Stukely. You have offended me, however, and I only waited till we were alone to take notice of it.

Charles. You might as well then have done that before. I should not be afraid of witnesses to what had passed between us, conscious as I am that it is against my principles to offend any one.

Stukely. To what end are all these words; fetch your sword. I will either have satisfaction, or you must ask my pardon.

Charles. Ask your pardon, Sir! Had I offended you I should not wait till you required it: but as the matter stands it is perfectly useless.

Stukely. But why did you leave your sword when you saw that I wore mine?

Charles.

Charles. What was this to me, Sir? I see no reason why I must regulate my actions by yours.

Stukely. It was however, to say the least, a great imprudence on your part.

Charles. As how, pray? Had I taken you for an assassin I should doubtless have kept my sword. Then indeed you would have had cause to take offence.

Stukely. You put me out of patience; my sword is now in the scabbard, but take notice, I advise you to beware.

Charles. I am very easy, Sir, having nothing to fear.

Stukely. Nothing to fear? Do you expect that I can bear without resentment, that a person of inferior birth to myself, and my junior by four years, should arrive at a preferment which I think I have a better right to?

Charles. You have been a long while in coming to the point. I guessed that this was at the bottom of your displeasure. You are very good to give yourself the trouble to envy it me, when I do not envy you the advantage of your high birth.

Stukely. What, do you despise this advantage then?

Charles. Certainly not, but I should be very foolish to be jealous of it, or to dispute it with you sword in hand.

Stukely. Why so pray?

Charles. Because my sword can no more take your birth from you, than yours can the post which the king has been pleased to confer on me. Reflect upon this; and then tell me, whether there is any occasion for us to cut each other's throats.

Stukely. But people fight often to prove their skill in the sword.

Charles. We may as well do this with our foils; and I will, if you please, meet you at the fencing school, where we may try our skill to the utmost, and settle this grand quarrel.

Stukely. Do you laugh at me?

Charles. God forbid: but I must confess, I fear, our duel will be laughed at, and that the world will say, here are two young cowards who have agreed together to give each other a scratch to make parade of their courage. Will you listen to me, and accept of a satisfaction which will suit us both much better?

Stukely. What is it?

Charles.

Charles. It is this: that in all things in which you are really my superior, I shall never blush to acknowledge you as such; and that I believe you have the same sentiments with regard to me.

Stukely, (putting up his sword.) Well then, it is I that ought first to render you the homage so justly your due. Yes, amiable Grandison, you have conquered, and I yield to you. You have made me but too sensible of the unworthiness of my behaviour. Would you could but pardon me as sincerely as I reproach myself.

Charles. Enough, Sir; I have no longer any resentment.

Stukely. Let this scene, I conjure you, remain for ever a profound secret. It is enough for me to carry about me the remembrance of it, without meeting the reproaches of others.

Charles. Be easy, Stukely: I give you my hand as a pledge of my secrecy.

Stukely. And I receive it with confidence: I do not dare to ask your friendship; but let me live in the hope of obtaining it, by assisting to make me more worthy.

After having embraced, the two young men returned back together into the house. Nobody knew any thing of this adventure. It redounds as much to the honour of your son, as to the disgrace of his adversary, had he not in some sort repaired it by the last part of his behaviour. Throughout the whole of this delicate circumstance, Charles manifested a courage without rashness, and moderation without weakness. Though young and unarmed, he knew how to bring his adversary to terms by the force of his reasons. In a word, I know not which the most to admire in him, his prudence, or his intrepidity.

LETTER XXII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

OCTOBER 2.

MY friend Charles is at length returned, my dear mama. What was our joy at seeing him again. The moment of his return served as a signal for a feast. Without saying any thing to Mr. Grandison, the young boys of the village had

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had erected, with the bows of trees, a triumphal arch at the entrance of the avenue. The young girls, in their best attire, waited with baskets of flowers, which they strewed before him. It was by a cry of, Long live Charles Grandison, that his approach was first announced to us. We immediately ran to meet him, Mrs. Grandison leading the way. He threw himself out of the carriage into the arms of his parents. Mrs. Grandison pressed him to her heart, bathing him with her tears; and Mr. Grandison, as he embraced him, strove in vain to conceal his. As for Emily, her arms seemed fastened round his neck; and Edward also was much rejoiced: though the eldest, he seemed to look up to his brother with a kind of respect. But, mama, I cannot describe to you what I felt. I wept, I sighed, as if I had been in trouble; whilst my heart was filled with the most lively joy. Ah, when it came to my turn to embrace him, how closely did I hold him in my arms! I thought of you at the same time. Ah, said I to myself, if I could but this moment carry my friend into the presence of my mama! The servants ran backwards and forwards, crying out with joy, They would have given the world to have embraced and kissed him as we did. No one was ever beloved like him; nor was any one ever so worthy of it. All the country people came yesterday evening, and danced under our windows; and to-night there was a general illumination throughout the village.

Charles has received this morning the compliments of all the neighbouring nobility. What an honour at his age! But he is not rendered proud by it: on the contrary, he is more modest than before. Is not this the best proof in the world that he is worthy of his dignity?

Just as we were sitting down to table, the old gardener Matthews came in: he is the husband of Mrs. Grandison's nurse. He lives about three miles off, on a pension allowed him by Mr. Grandison, upon which he passes a happy old age. He advanced slowly on his crutches to pay his compliments. Charles saw him at the end of the avenue, and ran to meet him. He took him by the hand, and brought him to his mother. He made him sit down to table next to himself. You see, mama, that honours have not changed the nature of my friend. A young page of honour makes an old gardener sit by his side, and serves him all dinner time! Not that I saw any thing so extraordinary in this, but I could per-

ceive

ceive that Edward was inwardly astonished at it. I do not know how it is, said he to his brother after dinner, but this visit of Matthews seemed to give you more pleasure than all the rest. It is true, answered Charles: the words of this honest man are not made up of vain compliments; they come from the heart. He would not, at his age, have walked three miles on his crutches to congratulate me, if he had not been sincerely rejoiced at my good fortune; and besides, ought I not to love him who had the care of dear mama's infancy? I am sure, he loves her as if she was his own daughter. Charles was in the right; for during the whole meal, I had my eyes fixed upon this good old man; and though he was in the gayest spirits, I could frequently observe his eyes filled with tears when he turned them towards Mrs. Grandison. The worthy Matthews wished to return home early because of the length of the walk; but in order to enjoy his company longer, Charles easily prevailed on his father to send him back in his carriage.

You may well imagine, my dear mama, that I could not be witness to all these scenes without figuring to myself the happy day on which I shall return to you. Alas, I shall have no place or dignities to bring back to you, but I shall at least have done all in my power to bring you back a heart less unworthy of your affection. No illuminations will celebrate my return; but I shall see your eyes, and those of my sister, shine through their tears with all the brightness of joy. I shall receive no flattering compliments on the advancement of my fortune, but I shall receive from your mouth the words of love; I shall receive your kisses and caresses. I do not envy my friend the favours bestowed on him by the bounty of heaven: I feel that he deserves them better than I. But when I see him in the arms of his mother, I ask why am not I in those of my dear mama. I have nothing but you to love on earth, and I am far from you. You are all my riches, and I possess you not. O mama, my dear mama, I must break off: I must not give myself up to these cruel reflections. I should have strength enough, perhaps, to support them for myself alone, but not for you. It is not my own grief which I fear, it is yours. I should not dread afflictions, were it not for the fear of afflicting you.



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